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[AN UNEXPECTED SHOT.]

MRS. LARKALL'S BOARDING SCHOOL.

By the Author of "Man and His Idol."

CHAPTER XVI.

A GOOD MORNING'S WORK.

I looked upon his brow—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood up proudly in that hour,
When others might despair.
He had the power: in his eye
There was a quenchless energy—
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the darling's sake.

L. E. London.

ABOUT noon on the day on which the events just described transpired, a cab stopped in a very narrow, very dark, and not in any respect inviting lane in Walbrook.

It was not an artery, this wretched lane; it was a mere vein in the anatomy of the city, yet it inspired the citizens with profound respect, not because it was narrow, or dark, or dirty, perhaps—though the city mind is conservative in its love for these qualities—but because every man who lived in it was either rich himself or the cause of riches in others.

The houses were, for the most part, mere nests of offices.

On gloomy days—and those bright enough elsewhere were gloomy here—you saw gaslights flaring from five-story attics, and gaslights streaming up through ground-glass patches from the cellars. And these lights told their tale. They showed that, from roof to basement, every house was let in distinct rooms, each one pertaining to some different person—merchant, lawyer, bill-broker, as the case may be—and each devoted to the one purpose of making money.

The building at the door of which the cab stopped was neither better nor worse than the rest.

On either side the ever-open door there was painted a list of names, so long that there was hardly space

for them, and this showed that the occupants were very numerous.

The list immediately engaged the attention of the person who sprang from the cab, and who, having somewhat nervously run his eye down the names, stopped at that of "Mr. Walmesley Dyott, third floor," and then immediately plunged into the house.

It was a young man with peculiar coloured hair, dark, neither black nor brown; and with a frizzy moustache of the same odd tint. His complexion was of a deep olive hue, and, agreeing with it, his eyebrows and eyelashes, were black. The latter were very long, and when the lids were drooped they hid the fact that the eyes, in singular contrast, were of a bright blue. The bearing of the man was gentlemanly, and for the rest, he was dressed in deep mourning.

The name on the doorpost was repeated in white letters on a black door, on the third floor, and a smart rap caused the door itself to open as if by magic, moved by invisible hands.

The youngman walked in.

An elderly gentleman with very white hair, a rosy, port-wine face, a waist of some forty inches in girth, and no legs to speak of, stood warming his back and hands by the office fire.

This was Mr. Walmesley Dyott, an easy, affable man, who was chatting pleasantly with his three head clerks, who all sat on tall, attenuated stools, and were all at the moment sniggering over some small joke with which the principal had favoured them.

As the stranger entered, the old gentleman bridged his nose with a double gold eye-glass, and not recognizing the face, was about to trot off into his private office.

"Beg pardon," said the intruder, "Mr. Dyott, I think?"

"Yes, at your service. I've not the pleasure—"

"In the matter of Protheroe," said the other suggestively.

"Oh, ah, yes—you are Mr. Leveson of Spring Gardens?"

"Yes."

"Walk in, then. Happy to see you. Was reading

your letter only this morning. Curious thing, sir, if all right—very curious and very sad."

They had by this time passed into the private office, where there was also a bright fire, with two old fashioned, high-back chairs before it. One of these the lawyer took, the other he offered to his visitor.

"Now," he said, "let me hear all about it."

"You are aware," said the stranger, "that it is now eleven months since your client, Mr. Arnold Roydon Protheroe, quitted Calcutta, on his return to Europe—he had made a fortune, and tired of business, I suppose, he made up his mind to seek his own country, and end his days here."

"You forget," interposed the lawyer. "It was the state of his health which obliged him to come home."

Leveson gasped, as if not knowing what to answer.

"Ah, yes, his health was very bad," he ventured to say, "and that no doubt led him to form the idea of spending some time on the continent before he came home. I imagine he went about a good deal, didn't he?"

"Well, he was at Paris when he sent the bulk of his goods on—I have them carefully warehoused—I afterwards had letters from him at Dresden, at Munich, and other places."

"And the last—where was that from?"

"Tis here," said the lawyer; and he rose and fetched a bundle of letters carefully tied round with red tape. "From Strasburg, and it is in this that he mentions his intention of having a peep at the Black Forest."

Again the visitor's manner became strange.

That allusion to the Black Forest did not seem particularly agreeable to him.

"What was the date of that?" he asked.

"The 28th of September, last year."

"And that was the very latest communication with which your client favoured you?" asked Leveson with some trepidation.

Mr. Dyott ran over the papers with his thumb.

"I think so—no, by the way, there is this brief note," he said at length: "I'd put it at the beginning instead of the end. This is from Baden. The date is much later, Oct. 14th. He mentions the Alps as the

point toward which he was bearing on his homeward course—the way that notes very badly written.

"Do you think so?"

Leveson's teeth chattered.

"Yes; the poor fellow's hand was evidently shaky. Ah, well, we're all a little bit so at times; wrote it after dinner prayers."

It was with a thick, hollow, and by no means cheerful laugh that the stranger acknowledged this pleasantry. Then the features went back suddenly, almost spasmodically, into their grave, set expression.

"I asked about that letter," he said, "because I thought it possible Mr. Protheroe might have written you, as he did me, on quitting Strasburg. I should explain that I was at the time in Paris. I had written to Mr. Protheroe to say that I was in Europe. I left India a month after he did, so that it would afford me much pleasure to meet him. His reply was that he was going on to the Alps, and would be happy to meet me at Chamouni. I was to be there by the 16th Oct. I think I have the letter."

The young man drew a packet of letters from his pocket. Some of them, as the lawyer's quick eye detected, were in the hand of his client, Protheroe; but the letter sought was not amongst them.

"Now," pursued Leveson, "I come to the end part of the story. Circumstances prevented my reaching Chamouni at the time. Business affairs made it difficult for me to get there. When I was taken ill, was laid up for a month, and it was some time after I got well that I gave any serious thought to my father's dearest friend and your client, Protheroe. I had fancied it strange that he had not written to me; but then he was travelling, and our doesn't fancy letter-writing at such a time. Besides, how could he suppose that I should stay long at a wretched Parisian hotel?"

"Exactly. He knew nothing of your illness?"

"Nothing. At last I began to grow uneasy. I wrote to you—I wrote to his bankers;—but do what I would I could learn nothing. This result I communicated to my father when I wrote home to Calcutta. My father, Digby Leveson, was, as I explained to you, one of the executors to the will. Believe I could receive a reply, a few letters informed me that my poor father was worn out."

Tears—palpable tears—rolled up into the eyes of the young man.

He passed the back of his hand across his tearful eyes.

And through two of the gloved fingers the tearful eyes watched the effect of the pantomime on the rubicund face of the lawyer. The effect was good. It was all that was to be desired.

So he proceeded.

"In spite of my natural grief, and the strong ties which recalled me to India, I determined to devote a week to finding out what had become of the wanderer. I started for Chamouni, since it was the last place to which I could trace him, and on arriving there a harrowing scene awaited me. On the very day of my arrival, the mountaineers had succeeded in rescuing the body of a man from one of the fissures or crevasses in the mountains, into which he had fallen, during a storm, six weeks before. It was impossible to recognize the face of the man thus disintegrated from beneath the snow; but there were circumstances which left little doubt on my mind as to the identity of the body."

The lawyer changed his position. He was growing interested.

"Indeed!" he said.

"The circumstances," pursued the other, "were simply these. I learned that it was an Englishman—an elderly man, who had, contrary to the advice of the guides, insisted on ascending the mountain, to a certain easy distance, and had unfortunately dropped through a treacherous layer of snow down a crevice of unknown depth. In the books this Englishman had described himself as Mr. Arnold; I saw the name in his handwriting. What more natural than that he should have travelled under his first rather than his third name?"

"He might have done it, certainly," said Dyott.

"Clearly. But we have not to cast about for proofs of identification like these. With the body of the deceased, and evidently belonging to him, but parted from his rotting clothes, were certain relics. I produce them."

A nervous, tremulous hand thrust into the side-pocket of the man, brought out a packet, which he laid upon the table.

This he proceeded to open.

"See," he said, "here is, first, a watch. It is massive—worth fifty guineas, at least; and inside the case there are these words: 'To A. R. P., from a few friends. Calcutta, 1820.'"

"That is the poor fellow's watch!" said Mr. Dyott; "there can be no question about it. And the chain, I have seen him wear."

"You can identify that, eh?"

"Distinctly."

"I am glad to hear that, because it smoothes the way for what must be done, and corroborates the evidence which these things afford. Here, in addition, is a gold snuff-box, same initials. This also was a presentation, of an earlier date. See, also, a gold tooth-pick, signet-ring, initials in cypher on it, and pocket corkerew. But the strongest piece of evidence remains. Here is a small tin-case, and it contains the passport actually used by our poor friend."

With a sigh of relief at having got on so well thus far, Leveson handed the lawyer the passport, and sat watching him as he read it.

"This puts an end to all doubt!" said Dyott, when he had ceased reading.

"I knew you would say so!" was the reply.

"And what action do you wish me to take on this?" asked the lawyer.

"Let me first add that I caused the remains of the friend whom I so respected to be interred in the little graveyard of Chamouni, and that I immediately set out for England. A return of the fever which attacked me at Paris has prevented my calling on you before, and offering you a full explanation of how matters stand. It is very necessary, I suppose, that something should be done?"

"Certainly. The will must be administered to."

"And it will be necessary to obtain it from India?"

"Yes; but I have a copy transmitted to me at the time it was made."

It was a simple statement this, yet it greatly perturbed the singular young man. It was very difficult for him to sit still in his chair as the lawyer rose, and gestured about, and found his keys and lost them again, and finally unlocked a tin-box inscribed "Protheroe," and drew out a crackling sheet of parchment.

"What is the date of that?" asked Leveson, with assumed indifference.

"18th Sept., 1846."

"No codicil?"

"None."

The questioner dropped back in his chair, and drew a long, low breath. Then there came a sparkle into his eye and a flush into his cheek; but his brow was wet with a cold dew that had come out upon it as he asked these momentous questions.

As he sat there, Dyott fixed the gold glasses upon his nose, and proceeded with professional rapidity to read over the will, numbing the greater portion of it as of no value; but reading out, boldly and fairly, such passages as he knew would interest his listener.

The property of the lost man seemed large, as set forth in the document; whether it remained so was a point for the executors to ascertain.

"Two persons seem to have been appointed executors," said Dyott. "There is Richard Oldridge, of the firm of Oldridge, Peakridge, and Kompe, Calcutta; and the other, your late father, Digby Leveson, or his representative—that would be yourself."

"Yes. I am his heir—his only son. By the way, as a matter of form, I may show you the newspaper announcement of my father's death. This is cut from the *Times*."

The young man produced from his pocket-book a half-sheet of note-paper, in the middle of which had been pasted a cutting from a newspaper, which he now read. It was in these words:

"At Calcutta, on the 25th March, Digby Leveson, Esq., of Manchester, England, in the 63rd year of his age."

"I recollect," said Dyott, as the other read this, "the name struck me when the death was advertised, and I suppose your object in coming to me is that we may set to work to prove the will, realize, pay the legacies, and so forth. There are no instructions about the funeral in the will, I see, or that would have been the first thing to see to as executor."

"I am glad," was the answer, "to find that it is so; for being on the spot, I took the readiest means of disposing of the body, and it would have been anything but pleasant to have had to disinter it from its grave in Switzerland, and bring it here for burial, had such been the poor fellow's wish."

"Well," said Dyott, "you'll write to Oldridge."

"I have done so."

"Already? Very good; we shall have the answer all the sooner. Meanwhile the death had better be advertised to apprise the relatives of what has happened. There are only two mentioned in the will. There's Palmer, the nephew—"

"It's of little use to advertise so far as he is concerned," interrupted the executor.

"Indeed! Why?"

"He has not been heard of for years. He wandered away, you know, on the continent, fell into all sorts of bad courses, turned brigand and I don't know what. Was last seen in a soldier's uniform in Bohemia—and there's every reason to suppose that he was shot for desertion."

"You've heard this?"

"Yes. Shall be happy to tell you all about it

another time. Well, then there remains Gertrude Norman, his wife's daughter."

"And that reminds me," said Dyott; "who was his wife?"

"Some Indian widow, I believe," replied the other, nervously.

"And she's dead?"

"I presume so. I never heard. She is not mentioned in the will."

"And the daughter. Where is she?"

"At a school at Brighton—Mrs. Larkall's. I have the address somewhere. I will write to her. There will be time enough for you to make an official communication when the will is proved."

So it was arranged. Other details were talked over, and then the young man took his leave of the unsuspicious lawyer, who resumed what appeared to be his chief occupation, that of warming his back by his office fire.

Leveson no sooner left the house than he jumped into a cab. Then he pulled down the blinds, and began rubbing his hands.

"So that's well over!" he muttered. "I've dreaded to face that ordeal for months. I did think I never could do it; and yet how easy it was! I thought to meet a fellow with an eye like an Old Bailey lawyer's and a forty-horse power of cross-examination, and he turns out to be a very lamb, not even in wolf's clothing! Once or twice I was nearly floored; but I'd well studied the story I was to tell—and those trinkets gave it such an air of probability. The man's own jewels! How little Dyott suspected how they'd been come by. All I have to do now is to trump up a power-of-attorney authorising me to act for Oldridge, and take care to prove the will and get the money before the announcement in the *Times* can get out to India. That done, all is safe."

The cab stopped at a house in Spring Gardens.

Mr. Leveson jumped out, let himself in with a key and hurried up to one of a number of sets of chambers into which the house was parcelled out.

There was only a sitting-room and bedroom, and having locked the outer door, the young man looked himself at once to the bedroom.

His first act was to divest himself of his coat, waistcoat, necktie and collar. There was a small mahogany case on the dressing-table, full of bottles. From the set he selected one which contained a colourless fluid. Some of this he poured into a glass, and then, with an old silk handkerchief, proceeded to rub it into his hair, eyebrows and eyelashes.

Under this process they rapidly began to change colour—to grow many shades lighter.

Next he tore off the moustache with his finger and thumb, for it was false and only stuck upon the upper lip. Having done this, he poured out a wash-basin full of water and plunged his head and face into it, rubbing all vigorously with a large sponge. As the result of this, and the application of rough towels, hair and face alike assumed an entirely different hue.

"Capital!" he exclaimed, as he looked in the glass, "it's cost me a small fortune to get together the things for this transformation; but it's the perfect; all except the eyes. Why shouldn't they be changed? The Calabar bean would reduce or expand the pupils, and so alter the expression, but not the colour. I've had a mind to try that next time. Now for my own clothes and I shall feel myself again. It's capital, though; capital!"

We may leave the gentleman completing his singular toilet. It is enough to say that about an hour later a handsome young man, with light hair, blue eyes, and a costume remarkable for its elegance, lounged out of this house, and strolled away into the park.

That young man was Roland Hershaw.

CHAPTER XVII.

BETWEEN THE WOLF'S EYES.

A sudden thought, and in that thought was—death!

They feel his heart—no motion there; Gifford

They feel his lips—no breath. Seakley.

COURAGE is a quality we all admire.

Yet it is the lowest of the higher qualities of our nature, and is the most common of them. At best it hardly rises to the dignity of a virtue, and at worst it degenerates into something very like a vice.

Virtue or vice—whichever form it took in him—Roland Hershaw had a full measure of this quality. Nothing frightened him—nothing held him back from his set purpose. Difficulties might induce him to take fresh paths to reach his point, but they could not turn him back, or make him give up what he had set his mind upon accomplishing.

Courage had placed him in the position he occupied. And so what it now moved him to attempt! By strange means, he had possessed himself of the papers of a man of enormous wealth, about whom all he knew was that he lay in a lonely, unhonoured grave. Upon

that wealth he had dared to live for months past—"dared" is the term, since every cheque presented in the name of the dead incurred the risk of Roland's detection and punishment.

Partial success had made him reckless. What he now resolved on was far more bold, more desperate than anything he had yet attempted. The will of the dead man was in his possession, and he had determined to prove it, and to enjoy the benefits of it.

But see what this resolution entailed. It had first been necessary, for reasons which will appear hereafter, to identify the dead man, the hapless Protheroe, with an unknown, who had perished in an attempt to ascend the Alps, and of whose fate the newspapers of some months before had been full.

How this was accomplished we have seen.

Next this daring adventurer had taken advantage of the accidental fact of the death of one of the executors to the will which had occurred opportunely, and had passed himself off as the son of that man—chancing the probability that there might be a son in existence. To do this obliged him to have recourse to a disguise, to an assumed name, and to a residence which might at least serve as an address. What more it might lead to was impossible to say, since such a career once embarked in, has no limits.

And supposing all to work well, how was the executor to touch the money, and devote it to his own uses?

That he had hoped to effect by bringing forward the outcast, Peter Wolff, as the old man's dissipated nephew, Peter Roydon Palmer. The idea was worthy the man and his genius; but in carrying it out the thing had broken down. Peter had been too sharp for his master. He had, as we have seen, boldly asserted that he was the man whose name and character he was hired to assume.

This had upset all Hershaw's calculations.

It had not, however, defeated his project, or caused him to think for an instant of abandoning it. He had still another string to his bow. Peter, his ally, might become his enemy, but the only effect of that was to increase the difficulties of his position. There would be one more to fight—that was all. An obstacle of his own creating, impeding his path. Very well, it would have to be removed. Peter must die. And pending his death, things must go on as if he did not exist. The will, which Hershaw had safely under lock and key, and according to the provisions of which only he had to shape his course, said explicitly that failing Protheroe's nephew, Palmer, his wife's daughter Gertrude should inherit the bulk of his wealth.

It would have been easier to set up a nephew who would have shared the plunder. But, failing that, the clear course was to secure the fortune to Gertrude, the wife's daughter, having first made her his wife, so that what became hers became his.

Assuredly the man who set about making himself the hero of this plot, did not lack courage. But in his case was it a virtue? Did it not more nearly resemble a vice?

In spite of all this responsibility resting upon him, Roland's heart was light as he went in the direction of Hyde Park. The day's success with the lawyer had singularly elated him. And now, by way of treat, and to relieve his mind by a change of thought, he was bound for Dr. Amphlett's.

He would see Amy there.

So he kept thinking to himself, and as he did so, he became so gay and light-hearted that his spirits only found vent in song.

This pure, unalloyed passion for Amy Robart was the wonder as well as the redeeming feature about the man. It might have saved him. But the tide of circumstances was strong against him, and that bore him on and on, till it seemed as if even love itself would turn to sin.

Dr. Amphlett was at home.

He came forward to meet Roland—wearing his scarlet fez and black velvet gown as usual—and held out both hands very cordially. But his face was flushed, and there was an excitement about him rather unusual.

"You are come to see my patient?" he asked, and the cold steel-blue eyes rested on the face of the younger man with unpleasant scrutiny.

"Yes, she is better or worse?"

"Better, much better. You will come into the museum? That's right. I will ascertain if it is practicable for you to see her."

"How! If it is practicable?" asked Roland. "Do you forget who it is who has placed her in your care? At any hour, at any moment she must be forthcoming to me. Must, do you understand, *must*?"

The doctor smiled in a manner habitual to him; but which was peculiarly irritating to his visitor, though he could hardly tell why, except that there was more scorn than humility at it.

"There are moments in which it might be dangerous," he said. "This may be one of them. But I will see."

Saying this, the old man moved half-way across the room, as if about to go, then stopped short.

"About the amulet," he asked, "have you yet found the key to it?"

"No."

"That is a thousand pities. I have thought over it a great deal, since we last met."

"Indeed, what have you thought?"

Dr. Amphlett half-raised his bushy eyebrows, and his cold eyes met those of Hershaw.

"I've wondered where you got it," he said.

"Why?" said the other, not unmoved, though struggling to appear so.

"Because, I should imagine that it belonged to some wealthy personage, who had, during a period of revolution or terror in India, concealed his diamonds and other valuables, and had left this singular clue to them. Now, as you were introduced to me as a young Russian, who had spent the greater portion of his life in England, and I suppose never ventured out to India, it was a source of surprise to me—"

"My dear sir," interrupted Hershaw, "the relic came into my hands quite promiscuously—quite, I assure you. It was one of a lot of old curiosities which I once picked up."

"You seemed to have an idea of its value, too," suggested Amphlett, "even at first; you knew, for you told me, that it related to valuable property."

The face of the man addressed darkened at these words; but he threw them off with a quick, forced laugh.

"Why, doctor," he said, "don't you see that I took my cue from you? At our first meeting you told me that in that wonderful East of yours even stray poems and silly romances concealed important secrets—you remember it, don't you?"

"Ah, yes; I recollect."

Of course he did, and then the two stood sniggering together as people do who think they mutually deceive each other, yet have a lurking consciousness that all is not so smooth as it seems.

At length the doctor quitted the apartment to see after his patient.

"He either suspects or knows," mused Roland, with a grim look.

Then he rose and sauntered about, coming at last to a sideboard, on which were displayed innumerable curiosities in the way of fire-arms. Fond of all manly sports and exercises, he soon became interested in the collection, which was antique and curious, though in truth his own affairs left him little inclined to think of anything beyond them.

As he stood thus, there was the faintest possible sound in the direction in which the doctor had left. Without looking round, Hershaw saw, out of the corner of his left eye, that one leaf of the double-door had swung open, and that a man's face was peering in. More by instinct than any other faculty, he was conscious that directly the intruder became aware of his presence, he gave a start, half-suppressed an exclamation, and slunk back.

Roland did not move a muscle—did not turn his head; but his face changed on a sudden to the whiteness of marble, and a cold perspiration suffused his face and limbs.

Drops fell upon the weapon in his hands, which he could scarcely hold in his trembling hands.

A man less resolute would have betrayed himself: one less prompt would never have come to the determination that he did—sudden, awful, unscrupulous as it was.

It happened that the weapon he was examining was an antique of singular form and Oriental adornment, such as was called in bygone times a petronel, a sort of large horse-pistol with a flint lock, one of those in vogue before the modern invention of percussion-caps.

Near this lay a tray of bullets, curious from being covered with Arabic characters—they were, in fact, charmed bullets, and these characters formed the words of the charm. Several ancient powder-flasks belonged to the collection, and one of them, he had already ascertained, was half-full of powder.

As he stood calm, unmoved, yet quivering from head to foot with the intensity of the moment, Roland loaded the petronel with one of the charmed bullets.

He had scarcely done so, when Dr. Amphlett returned, but not by the door by which he had gone out.

Turning to address him, Roland noticed, without seeming to notice, that the other door remained open, and that there was the shadow of a listening head, an arm and a hand, thrown by a light without the room across the floor of the passage beyond.

"You have not brought her?" he asked.

"No. 'Tis as I feared; you must excuse seeing her to-night. She is too excitable."

The doctor himself was not very calm, not by any means so calm as he strove to appear.

"I was very anxious," said Roland; "but if you are sure, quite sure that harm would come of it, I

must curb my wishes. Beyond all things I would have the dear child well, safe and well."

It might have been his fancy, but he thought Amphlett winced a little at those words.

"I am examining your weapons," Roland resumed, understanding now—for the shadow at the door told him—what made the doctor so unlike himself: but sick at heart at the bare thought lest that should in any way affect Amy; "some curious things! This, for instance."

He balanced the petronel in his hand, weighing it as he spoke.

"It is of great antiquity," said the doctor, "very rare, very singular. I never saw another pair exactly like these."

He took the fellow one from the case.

"Exactly alike, apparently," said the young man, changing them as he spoke.

"Oh yes, a pair, made as a pair," returned the antiquarian.

"I suppose, now, those Arab fellows took some sort of aim with these machines," drawled the other, carelessly. "They couldn't, of course, get anywhere near the accuracy of the modern six-shooters; but it wasn't altogether firing at random, eh?"

"Random!" echoed the doctor, warming to the subject, "you wouldn't have liked to have been the mark of one of the Arab's random shots; no, not even of a flying shot from a mounted fellow. You see that stuffed wolf crouching by the door there?"

Roland saw it. He saw also that the shadow of the forward bending head, the arm, and the hand had scarcely moved. And seeing that, his eyes lit up as if at the reflection of flame.

"I see," he said.

"Well, rough and clumsy as this weapon appears, it is on record that one skilled in the use of it could plant a shot between the eyes of such an animal crouching in the sand—the flaming eyes alone visible above it—at fifty yards."

"Incredible!" said the younger man, whose doubts were as oil on flame.

"It is an accredited fact, nevertheless."

"And with that clumsy contrivance of flint to disarrange the aim?"

"Not so clumsy, as you think," said Amphlett; "see, the flint is rough, but the rest of the arrangement admirable."

So saying, he placed the pistol at full-cock, pointed the petronel instinctively at the wolf's eyes, and by way of illustration, drew the trigger.

To his unutterable astonishment and dismay a loud report followed the act; the recoil of the weapon, rusty and overloaded as it was, sent him back into Roland's arms. And when he recovered himself, he beheld, to his horror, that beyond the open door—on the spot where the shadow had fallen—there lay the body of a man bleeding and groaning.

"My God! What have I done?" demanded the bewildered man.

"You have killed somebody, I think," replied Roland, sardonically.

"Impossible! He cannot be dead?"

"He!—who?"

"Don't you see? 'Tis Wolff! He is insensible. His heart has stopped beating. What in the name of Heaven is to be done?"

He had rushed to the prostrate body, and was bending over it.

"Listen to me!" cried Hershaw, seizing one of the doctor's arms and drawing him round so that they were face to face, though one stood and the other knelt at his feet. "This man was in prison—how comes he here?"

"I—I don't know," faltered the doctor, who had lost all his self-possession in this moment of terror.

"You know well enough, Amphlett," said Roland, sternly, "you know that he is an escaped criminal. You know that you are harbouring him here and will get into trouble through it. Will, I say, will get into trouble, unless you are discreet. Now, hear me, if you—a doctor, too—are not driven quite daft at the sight of a little blood, take my advice, and keep your own counsel. Who knows that this man was here to-night? No one but you and me—"

"And old Jacob," faltered the doctor.

"What! Your old porter? A man without six months' life in him? He's nobody. Now, look at me and take my advice. This wound, accidentally given, may not be mortal. In that case you will bring him round, and all will be well. But he may die. He may, I say. What then? You can add him as an additional subject—a tid-bit to the attractions of the dissecting-table, and all will still be well. Do you understand?"

The doctor had risen to his feet, and stood with parted lips, listening, but apparently only half-comprehending what was addressed to him.

Suddenly the full force of it seemed to flash upon his mind.

"And you?" he said, abjectly; "you will not betray me?"

"My own interests will keep me dumb," was the reply. "And now, Amy—I must see her before I go—where is she?"

"He knows," said Amphlett, turning to the insensible man.

"He?"

"Yes. He has removed her from my care this very night."

"Removed her! To what place?"

"That was his secret."

Roland Hershaw reeled from this man, who spoke these simple words. Then he threw himself beside the prostrate man, and began to tear open his blood-stained clothes.

"Quick, quick!" he cried; "he must be saved. I cannot buy even his removal at the cost of all that is dear to me this side the grave."

CHAPTER XVIII

GERTRUDE NORMAN'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

Helen.—I'd find a way to escape.

Walter.—What would you do?

Helen.—I'd leap out of the window.

Walter.—Your window should be barred.

Helen.—I'd cheat you still.

Sheridan Knowles.

THE interruption to Mrs. Larkall's ball was most unfortunate.

That entertainment had, we know, been given for the express purpose of obliterating the memory of a scandal, and it seemed a cruel chance that made it give occasion for fresh gossip, and surmise and innuendo.

To Mrs. Larkall reputation was life. On that foundation, as on a rock, she had reared the noble establishment that bore her name. But from the first, the envious waves that washed the base of the rock had whispered and babbled of some hidden flaw in it—of hushed-up secrets, of questionable escapades, and those old, worn-out scandals were sure to revive at the slightest occasion for calling the character of the lady or the school into question.

It was for this reason that Bolly Brettle's mad pranks had troubled Mrs. Larkall so much, and the quarrel in the ballroom, with the serious charge against one of her guests, in which it had ended, made her seriously unhappy.

She never ceased to blame poor little Snaggs for the part he had played in the matter.

"But for your unfortunately calling up the police, it might have passed off—it might have been compromised in some way!" she had said to him on the following day.

Thereupon Snaggs had pulled up his shirt-collar, and pulled down his white waistcoat, so as to show the strip of red peeping beneath it, and had replied:

"It would not have been agreeable to your feelings, my dear madam, I am sure it would not, to have had blood shed on the beautiful chalked floor of the ballroom."

"Bloodshed! Fiddlestick!" cried Mrs. Larkall. "Well, madam, you may smile; but if ever I saw murder in a man's eye, I saw it in the eye of that intrusive ruffian."

A strange expression came into the face of Mrs. Larkall on hearing Peter Wolff thus described. She did not start or tremble; but her colour came and went as if with concealed emotion.

Snaggs noticed it. He was wont to say that he understood Mrs. Larkall as thoroughly as the First Set, or the Lanciers, or the Caledonians, and he saw that she was moved. Then he recalled the words she had used in speaking to Wolff, that had he really been Protheroe's nephew Palmer, he would have been most welcome, and he wondered, and held his tongue.

Yes; Snaggs was wise in his generation, and said no more.

But the subject was not one to be forgotten, nor was he the man to forget it. Hence it happened that a few evenings after, Mrs. Larkall was disturbed at her correspondence—and she wrote a multitude of letters—by the abrupt entrance of the dancing-master. He held an open newspaper in his hand.

"Beg pardon, madam," he said, advancing with the sort of slide in which he was accustomed to lead up his lady in the *Trenise*, "but a most extraordinary thing has happened—most extraordinary. Evening paper full of it."

Mrs. Larkall looked up alarmed at the mention of the paper.

"Nothing unpleasant, is there?" she faltered. "Well, no, madam, not particularly so; not, that is to say, absolutely unpleasant. Surprising, rather. Singular, incredible."

"What is it?" said the lady sternly.

"Well, you know that the person who calls himself Palmer—the accused may I call him?—was committed

to prison to await his trial for the robbery of the diamonds?"

"Well—I know that—well!"

"And there he remained safe enough till last night, when the gaoler on going to his cell, discovered that the bird had flown and in his place he had left behind him——"

"What?"

"Another person, a young lad who gives his name as Edward Bruce, and who says that he was admitted by the chaplain, was induced to connive at the escape of the prisoner for a reason which he has admitted to the magistrate; but which is not made public. The paper states that the conduct of this lad has been such as to excite the greatest admiration even among those who blame him for the step he has taken. 'A romantic attachment,' so it says, 'prompted the step, and made the young man listen to a proposal that would have been disgraceful to him, namely, that he should sham insensibility and charge the escaped prisoner with ill-usage; but he found it utterly repugnant to his nature to make this misrepresentation, and when found boldly stated what had happened, reserving explanations for the magistrates' ears, and declared himself ready to suffer any punishment his offence might merit.' Singular, isn't it?"

Mrs. Larkall listened with painful attention. "Young Bruce," she said, "was, if I mistake not, the lover of Amy Robert. And Wolff, who has escaped, was suspected of carrying her off from her father's house. There is something most mysterious in all this! Peter Wolff is at large, then?"

"Yes; he was not recaptured."

"I wonder what his object could have been in escaping. Surely not merely to escape the consequences of the charge against him, which was so slight that it must have broken down?"

"But what else could it have been?" asked Snaggs.

Mrs. Larkall reflected for a moment. "This means danger to Roland Hershaw," she said at length. "There was more between them than I surmised. It must be seen to."

It was not very clear to Snaggs why it must be seen to. What was Roland Hershaw to Mrs. Larkall? If he was or was not in danger how did it become any affair of hers? The little heart in the pigeon-breast of the chirping, twittering dancing-master swelled with jealousy as he asked these questions, and depend upon it that the jealousy of a little man is as fierce and heroic as that of an Agamemnon. Passions are not bounded by anatomy. It is with men as with dogs—there is more pluck in little Spitfire who lies coiled up on the drawing-room rug, than poor Pincher, lying out-stretched on the lawn in the sun, has in all his great body."

"You take an interest in Mr. Hershaw's affairs, madam," Snaggs ventured—and it was all he ventured—to remark.

"What, then?" said the lady, rising and eyeing him sternly.

"Oh—oh, nothing. Of course, nothing. Only—only—you do. I was only observing that you do."

Mrs. Larkall took two of her grand, proud, sweeping steps toward the little man, who dropped into a great arm-chair behind him in mortal terror.

"Mr. Snaggs," she said, "you and I have had one scene. You remember it?"

"Perfectly."

"That is right. I intended that you should do so. I intended that it should teach you a lesson that you would never forget. While you attend to your own business I tolerate—I respect you. When you venture to interfere with mine, I tell you again, and for the last time, that I will not permit it. I am mistress here; and I will remain so. When I need a master, perhaps—perhaps, I say—I may send for you."

The withering contempt which the lady threw into the utterance of these words left poor Snaggs utterly prostrate. It seemed, as he huddled up together in the chair, as if he absolutely collapsed and shrivelled up. He made no attempt at reply, indeed there was no time, no opportunity, for as she ceased speaking, Mrs. Larkall snatched up the evening paper, and marched in her stately fashion out of the room.

On her way to her own room, to which she was retiring in order that she might carefully think over the event which had awakened some apprehension in her breast, Mrs. Larkall encountered Mahala.

The ayah was standing with her dark brow pressed against the glass of a window looking out at the back of the house. It was a dark night and at most she could only have seen into the garden. Yet her attention was so absorbed that she did not hear the lady approaching until she was quite close upon her.

"Mahala!" she exclaimed with some surprise.

The girl started—there was a momentary look of terror, then her dark features settled into their usual stolid expression.

"Madam," she replied, meekly crossing her hands upon her breast, in her usual fashion.

"What are you doing here?" asked Mrs. Larkall. "Nothing, madam. I am only going to my mistress—to do her hair."

"Something has happened," said Mrs. Larkall. The ayah gave a start as of conscious guilt.

"Happened?" she gasped.

"Yes; the man who stole Gertrude's diamonds has escaped from prison. He is at large, and is evidently a desperate and vindictive man. There may be no danger, but—send Gertrude to me."

"Now, madam?"

"Yes, at once; to my own room. You hesitate?"

"No—oh, no. I was only thinking that it was very strange how the man should escape from prison."

Without another word the ayah departed; but there was something in her manner which struck the mistress of the establishment, and she stood watching the dusky form until it had disappeared.

It might have been half-an-hour later when, as the lady sat over the fire, into which she was looking intently—looking with eyes that saw beyond the red glow, far, far into the past—the door suddenly opened, and Mahala stood before her like a ghost.

The ayah had covered her face with her white veil, and pressing her hands to her face, expressed in dumb pantomime some overwhelming emotion.

Her bosom heaved, and she uttered a low, wailing cry.

Before Mrs. Larkall had time to address her, the Indian had thrown herself upon the ground, and was claspings the feet of the schoolmistress in a forlorn and abject manner.

"Girl!" cried Mrs. Larkall, "what does this mean?"

"Gone! gone!" sobbed the ayah, in accents of utter despair.

"Who?—what is gone?" demanded the astounded woman.

"Oh, madam! she—my mistress—Gertrude—I cannot find her."

"Do you mean to say that Gertrude Norman is missing?" said Mrs. Larkall; "that she is not in the house?"

"Worse! worse!" sobbed Mahala.

"Pray, explain yourself. What has befallen her?"

"My mistress—my poor, dear mistress!" cried Mahala, with well-simulated anguish, "is not in her room—is not in the house. No one has seen her for hours!"

"Nonsense!" cried the schoolmistress, in spite of her own apprehensions; "she must be found."

"But her jewels?"

"Ha! What of them?"

"They are gone—all gone! Her boxes and drawers are broken open and ransacked. She is gone, and I shall never, never see her again."

Sitting on the hearth-rug, with her face hidden as before, Mahala rocked herself to and fro, and kept up the wailing sound she had commenced, occasionally sobbing as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Larkall looked on in dismay.

"How could she have gone?" she inquired. "Did any one let her out?"

"No—no one," returned the ayah.

"The windows and the doors—are they all fastened?"

"Yes—all of them."

"But if all this is true, she must have had some way of escape. She could not have gone from the house unperceived, and leaving no traces of her flight? It is incredible. I cannot believe but that this is some trick—some piece of fun intended to alarm us."

She stopped in the midst of her sentence, and looked up with a face full of surprise.

At the open door stood Roland Hershaw, evidently surprised at what he saw and heard, and hesitating to enter.

"Come in, Mr. Hershaw," said Mrs. Larkall, forcing a smile. "It is nothing. Only our madcap young friend, Miss Norman, has been playing us a trick. She, ha, ha!—you will laugh, I know—she has pretended to elope from the school!"

"Indeed! That was a joke, indeed! Ha, ha! And poor Mahala here believes she has done it in earnest, eh? Is that so? Ha, ha! Capital—ha, ha!"

And the lady and her visitor stood laughing at the joke till they caught the expression of each other's eyes, and—both ceased abruptly.

(To be continued.)

FROZEN TO DEATH.—About thirty miles from the boundary line between Michigan and Indiana, in the latter State, about midway between Centerville and Crown Point, lived a German, with his wife and five children, named Krutzer. The eldest was a boy of seven years of age, the next a boy of five, and three girls of less age than the boys, the youngest but an infant. The driver of the stage coach coming from Crown Point to Lake, via Centerville, found that Krutzer's dwelling had been burned to the ground, it is sup-

poised the night previously, but none of the family were to be seen. About a mile further on, however, he was horrified to find the father and two boys frozen to death. The boys were in the father's arms, and it is supposed that he had fallen with them after having been so affected with the frost as not to be able to proceed. The three corpses were placed in the stage, but before it had proceeded a quarter of a mile on its destination, the body of the oldest girl was found in a snow-drift, with a shawl wrapped closely around it, where it had doubtless been deposited by its weary mother while yet alive, in the hope that some chance traveller might rescue it from an impending fate. This corpse, too, was placed in the coach, and again it started on its way, only to find, after travelling a short distance, the lifeless remains of the mother with the two youngest children. The body of the mother was standing erect in a snow drift, with the children in her arms, the youngest one being at the breast.

ROYAL LEVEE.—We are authorized to announce that levées will be held by the Prince of Wales, for the Queen, before Easter, and probably a Drawing-room, by the Princess of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty. Levées and Drawing-rooms will likewise be held by the Prince and Princess of Wales after Easter. The Queen is still unequal to the performance of State ceremonies, and her Majesty's physicians have declared that any such exertion would be prejudicial to her Majesty's health.

THE MEANING OF AN EASTERN SALUTATION.—"What do you mean?" said I once to an ex-ambassador, who had passed a long time in Europe, "what do you mean by the salutation, 'May your shadow never be less?'" "We live," answered the khan, pleasantly, "under a very hot sun in Persia, and we retire to the shadow for repose and peace. The power of a great man gives rest and tranquillity to many, for none dare to injure or molest those whom he protects. So we call that power his shadow, and hope for our own sakes, as well as his, that it may never diminish."

PHYSIOLOGY OF SWIMMING.—The medical authorities of the French army especially recommend that men inclined to disease of the chest should be made to swim. The following are the effects which M. le Docteur Dulon attributes to swimming on the organs of respiration: A swimmer wishing to proceed from one place to another, is obliged to deploy his arms and legs to cut through the liquid, and beat the water with them to sustain himself. It is to the chest, as being the central point of sustentation, that every movement of the limbs responds. This irradiation of the movements of the chest, far from being hurtful to it, is beneficial; for, according to a sacred principle of physiology, the more an organ is put into action, the more vigour and aptitude it will gain to perform its functions. Applying this principle to nature, it will easily be perceived how the membranes of the chest of a swimmer acquire development—the pulmonary tissues firmness, tone, and energy.

MR. SALA'S OPINION OF CANADA.

CANADA has often been declared to be "knocking at the door of the Union." With all humility, I may venture to express the opinion that, if Canada ever resorted to that method of verberation, it will be after the fashion adopted by Mr. Clown in the pantomime. You have seen him knock at the door of a respectable housekeeper, and then cunningly lie himself down athwart the threshold—his parti-coloured stomach prone to the step. Out comes the respectable householder in answer to the summons, and down of course he tumbles over the perfidiously prestrate pantomimist. If Canada knocks for admission, America would do well not to listen.

It seems to me that, abating a few merchants, a few engineers, and a few military men, it has hitherto been nobody's business in England to know what the Canadas are like. It is not the "thing" to go to Canada. One can "do" Niagara without penetrating into the British provinces. We let these magnificent provinces, with their inexhaustive productiveness—for asperity of climate is no sterility—their noble cities, their hardy and loyal population, go by. We pass them in silence and neglect.

We listen approvingly while some college pedant, as bigoted as a Dominican, but without his shrewdness, as conceited as a Benedictine, but without his learning, prates of the expediency of abandoning our colonies. If we meanly and tamely surrender these, the brightest jewels in the Queen's crown, can we tell into whose hands they would fall—what hatred and ill-will might spring up among these now steady and affectionate in their attachment to our rule, but from whom we had withdrawn our countenance and protection? But Canada has been voted a "bore," and to be "only colonial" would apply, it would seem, to a province as well as to a bishop.

I have not the slightest desire to talk guide-book, or

even to institute odious comparisons, by dwelling on the strength and solidity, the cleanliness and comeliness, the regard for authority, the cheery but self-respecting and respect-exacting tone which prevails in society; the hearty, pleasant, obliging manners of the people one sees at every moment in Montreal, with its cathedrals, its palaces, its schools, its convents, its hospitals, its wharves, its warehouses, its marvellous tubular bridge, its constantly-growing commerce, its hourly-increasing prosperity, its population of vivacious and chivalrous Frenchmen, who, somehow, do not hate their English and Scotch fellow-subjects, but live in peace and amity with them, and who are assuredly not in love with the Yankees.

But it really does make a travelling Englishman "kinder mad," as they would say south of the forty-fifth parallel, when he has just quitted a city which, in industry, in energy, and in public spirit, is certainly second to none on the European continent; and which, in the cleanliness of its streets, the beauty of its public buildings, and the tone of its society, surpasses many of them—to know that a majority of his countrymen are under the impression that the Canadian towns are mere assemblages of log-huts, inhabited by half-savage backwoodsmen in blanket coats and moccasins, and that a few mischievous or demented persons are advocating the policy of giving up the Canadas altogether. Happily there is a gentleman in Pall Mall who has been to Canada—who has seen Quebec, and Toronto, and Montreal. The name of that gentleman—the first in the realm—is Albert Edward, Prince of Wales; and he knows what Canada is like, and of what great things it is capable.

THE INSCRUTABLE MYSTERY.

A NEW star appeared suddenly in the society of the aristocratic town of Scarborough. Under no chaperonage, save that of her own royal beauty; introduced by no puissant leader of fashion; surrounded by no *prestige* of high birth or ancient family, Augustine Fales entered at once on her rôle as queen of society.

Nothing whatever was known of her precedents; there were no old servants about her to furnish a single link in the mythical chain of her past history. Those who sought her company knew only that she was beautiful, and in looking on her face forgot that it is customary to ask for reference before accepting strangers as friends.

Perhaps the very mystery that clung about Miss Fales helped her popularity, and gained her admirers. There is a secret something in the composition of almost every person that reaches after the mysterious, and delights in the inexplicable.

She dressed as a duchess might—everything around her was distinguished by elegance. Her silks and jewels were the costliest in the city; her horses were superb; the house she had taken and furnished was almost palatial in its style and appointments.

She had been but four weeks in Harrisburg, and already she counted her admirers by the score. All other belles were deserted, for men to pay their homage to this newly risen luminary. The admiration which might have turned the head of an ordinary woman, had no effect on Miss Fales. She moved through it all, coldly and proudly, accepting homage as her right, showing no partiality, favouring no one above others.

Her most devoted admirer was Philip Howard. He was impatient beneath her coldness, but still pertinacious in his attentions, esteeming himself the happiest of men if permitted to hold her fan or touch her white fingers in attending her to her carriage. He was jealous of all new aspirants to her favour, and moody and miserable if she smiled on any save himself.

Augustine regarded him as a very useful appendage to her train—if she thought of him at all when he was not present—and wondered what people allowed themselves to fall in love for. She had yet to meet the master spirit of her destiny.

The mayor of Scarborough gave a grand ball, and the youth and beauty and fashion of the place were present. Miss Fales was the acknowledged queen. Her purple velvet robe became her royally. That beautiful but trying hue, which so few women would have dared to wear, enhanced the exquisite fairness of her complexion, and deepened the scintillant lustre of her great dark eyes. Her black hair was looped up with diamond sprays; her cheeks, usually pale, flushed like the heart of a damask rose; and her red lips opened only to let fall some flash of wit or sentiment, that bewildered all listeners. The unsurpassed surpassed herself.

As she stood under the full blaze of the great chandelier in the centre of the reception-room, conversing with a knot of gentlemen, and idly stirring the air with her Turkish fan, it was no wonder that Mr.

Dorchester, with all his cold impassiveness, should pause in his advance to the hostess for a second glance at Miss Fales.

A slight, almost imperceptible tinge of colour swept up to his white forehead as his eye met hers; a vague, nameless, inexplicable thrill shot over him as he touched her garments in passing.

He did not glance at her again, but made his courtly greeting to the fair mayoress, wondering all the time what that dark-haired woman was to him that she should stir a single emotion in the heart he had thought for ever sealed to the influence of her sex.

A little later, and the pressure of the crowd brought Fred Malibran to Mr. Dorchester's side. They had been classmates at college; now, in later years, they were friends.

Almost before Dorchester realized what was going on, he found himself before Miss Fales, heard his own name and hers pronounced, and was acknowledging the introduction with his accustomed haughty grace.

She took his arm for a promenade. Neither danced. Mr. Dorchester considered such frivolous amusements beneath him; Miss Fales, from some unexplained reason of her own, never joined the dancers.

The evening passed in a sort of mystic whirl. It was more like the gorgeous fantasy of dreamland, than the cold reality of a fashionable ballroom.

That night, long after he had retired to rest, sleep kept aloof, and the vision of Augustine Fales' glorious eyes shut out every thought of slumber.

He recalled the nameless charm of her manner, the indescribably sweet intonation of her voice, and then anathematized his folly for thinking twice of such an inconsiderable thing as a woman's beauty.

Two days afterwards he met her again at the house of a mutual friend, and there he asked and obtained permission to call on her. The acquaintance thus commenced ripened into a sort of negative intimacy. He went often into her society; she asked him to come; but, when together, both were fitful, uncertain, and at times positively uncivil.

All his life long Dorchester had been noted for his haughty pride; it ran in the blood of the Dorchesters to be arrogant and unbending. Nothing had ever crushed to humility the stately *hautecœur* that had always distinguished him; dispensations that might have softened and humbled other men, only made him stronger and prouder.

In his young manhood he had been engaged to a beautiful girl with whom he had, as it were, grown up, and the time had been fixed for their marriage. The girl was unstable, and a newer suitor enticed her from her allegiance to Mr. Dorchester.

It was hard for him to own himself conquered, but he came to it at last. Failing to secure her love, he must go hard and reckless through life. The consciousness came over him slowly, settling down with iron sternness upon his mind. Once acknowledging to himself the mighty passion that possessed him, he grew impatient to pour it out to her who had inspired it. But she, with a fine intuition, perhaps, of what was coming, carefully avoided giving him an opportunity of speaking. If for one moment she suffered herself to warm to cordiality in his presence, the next she grew cold as ice. She seemed filled with a steady dread of hearing the confession she knew he was so anxious to make—she would have ignored his acquaintance, but he would not be repelled. A spirit like his laughs at the common things that feeble minds call obstacles. He forced her to a private interview at last.

The room was warm—she spoke of the heat. He put a shawl around her, and drew her out into the garden before she was aware of his intention. They stood alone beneath the solemn stars and the young crescent moon sitting away up there so calmly in the purple midnight sky. She looked up to the heavens above her, and shivered.

"It chills me," she said; "it is so vast that my soul fails to take its ample glory in!"

He burst forth, passionately:

"Yes, it is deep, and fathomless, and infinite—so is the passion that burns in my heart! Augustine Fales, you have roused the spirit that I had thought for ever secure from the touch of woman, and only you can quell the tumult. I love you with the whole strength of my manhood. All the pent-up emotions of years are stirred in your presence. Give me an adequate return!"

She broke away from him with a sort of vague terror. Her face grew white as death, her eyes were fixed and glassy with extreme agony, and she shook like an aspen.

"Let me go; your words kill me!" she said, in a choked voice.

He put his arm around her and held her in a grasp of iron.

"No, you shall not go! You shall not take a single step away from me till you have pledged yourself to me, now and for ever. I claim your love as my right. No man should give as I have given, without receiv-

ing a full recompense. You love me, and you shall take me so!"

"Don't, don't! be merciful, Mr. Dorchester. You do not know what terrible fate you are tempting!"

"Augustine, understand me fully. I love you, and your love I will have. No childish thing shall cast us apart. In the sight of Heaven we are one, deny it if you dare! You love me. Be true to yourself and acknowledge it!"

A blood-red crimson swept over cheek and brow—she would have sunk to the ground in very shame, but he held her up. An instant he stood there in passionate triumph, noting every change of the troubled face before him, then his arms closed around her, and his lips met hers.

She sprang from his embrace, and regained the house before he could overtake her. When he re-entered the drawing-room, it was to meet the profuse regrets that Miss Fales had become suddenly indisposed.

Though surprised at the apparent contradiction between her looks and her conduct, Dorchester was filled with satisfaction. He knew she loved him, and what more could he ask? Her lips had not uttered it to him, but the unmistakable language of the soul had spoken it. The trembling lips he had kissed were not unwilling—for one little moment she had clung to him, wildly, passionately, and then tore herself away, as if his very touch was a crime.

It was many days before he saw her again, and then she was so pale, so haggard, and worn, that he had great difficulty in restraining himself before the curious lookers-on. When evening came he called at her house. She was not in, the servant said, but Dorchester thought otherwise, and pushing past the astonished servant, he entered without ceremony. He reached the sitting-room just in time to see the drapery of her he sought disappearing through the door opening into her private boudoir. He would not turn back, but followed her and closed the door behind him.

She faced him with an angry frown on her brow and bitter words on her lips, but his first speech was humble enough to win her forgiveness, because she heard him.

"Pardon me, I am transgressing all laws of courtesy I know, but you avoid me so persistently that there is no way for me but to be a brute. And I would suffer untold agonies but to purchase you one little thrill of joy. Have I forfeited all right to your favour? Am I never to know the bliss of hearing you say I am beloved? Only give me the spoken assurance!"

"You know not what you ask," she said, vehemently. "Great Heaven! did you know—could you see as I see, you would sooner smite yourself dead than seek the curse of my love!"

"Augustine, I will have no trifling. I love you, and you love me. Deny it, if you dare to stain your soul with a falsehood!"

Her alternately white and crimson face spoke eloquently.

"Your looks answer me. Now, then, what shall divide us? There is nothing in the broad earth powerful enough to separate two whose souls the immortal touch of love has made one. Even death itself is powerless."

"Do not tempt me," she exclaimed, in a tone of entreaty. "I must not—I dare not listen to you! I must never see you again if I would do what is right. Leave me, now, and never seek to see my face more. Otherwise, I must quit this place, and go to some spot where you cannot find me—where no breath, nor thought, nor thrill, telling of you, can ever reach me!"

He placed his back against the door as though he feared her instant exodus.

"I shall not leave this room till your word is passed to become mine. I am fully aware that by remaining here in your private apartment I am placing you in an equivocal position, but there is no remedy for it. And I swear to you that I will stay here—though the whole world be looking on in scorn and wonder—till I have your promise!"

Even as he spoke the light murmur of female voices at the hall-door floated up to them. Augustine started forward, pale with apprehension.

"Oh, Dorchester! it is Mrs. Greyson—my rival and my enemy. It would be my ruin if she saw you here. Oh, if you love me, save me!"

He took the clasped hands she lifted to him and pressed them to his bosom.

"My darling, I ask a little thing—only your simple 'yes.'"

"Sir, this is unfair and ungentlemanly. No true man would take this cruel advantage of circumstances."

"Augustine, were I not satisfied of your love, I would scorn to influence you by a feather's weight; but something holds you back from the sweet confession I thirst to hear."

"Mr. Dorchester, you would hate and despise me

if I should lead you on to the fatal step you are insane enough to take."

"Never! Hear me when I solemnly declare that whatever there may be dark about your history, I care not. You love me, and I will dare any fate, knowing that inestimable truth. Come ruin, death, and desolation—I accept it all, willingly, so that I may call you mine! Hark! they are coming. Will you be my wife?"

He took her in his arms, his dark, impassioned eyes on her face, his head bent down so that her lightest whisper reached his ear.

"Yes, anything. Oh, Dorchester! it will be your shipwreck—but remember, you would have it so."

He kissed her, put her in a chair, and left the apartment by one door just as Mrs. Greyson was lifting the latch of the other.

Mr. Dorchester's courtship seemed destined to be a stormy one. Every succeeding interview with his betrothed was fraught with fitful passion. Sometimes she flew to his arms with a sort of nervous gladness, at others she was cold and unimpassioned as a marble statue.

Proud, and absorbed in the beautiful woman he had won, Mr. Dorchester revelled in a new and glorious existence.

If Augustine was an enigma, she loved him alone, and though she chose to be pious of her caresses, he rejoiced in the royal right of possession—a man's most highly esteemed prerogative.

He was too lofty-spirited to question her—to seek to penetrate whatever she was not ready to offer him voluntarily, and so they lived on with the shadow of some black secret between them.

Once, indeed, he had demanded the cause of her inexplicable fitfulness, but she had grown so pale and agitated that he had changed the subject, and mentally made a vow never to speak to her again of the matter. He was happy in her love—he would let that suffice him.

Their marriage was to take place in January, early in the month, and a week previously their engagement was made public.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Howard's servant brought a note to Mr. Dorchester. It was laconic enough and ran thus:

"MR. DORCHESTER.—You have supplanted me where the dearest feelings of my heart were concerned. I ask of you the satisfaction one gentleman has a right to demand of another. Select your own time, place, and weapons. Yours, etc.,

"PHILIP HOWARD."

Dorchester's haughty lip curled scornfully as he read the suggestive epistle. He took up his pen and wrote:

"MR. HOWARD.—I am not accustomed to answer with my blood for my success over any man. I will not fight you!"

"E. DORCHESTER."

Two hours afterwards, Howard called on his rival at his hotel, but Dorchester was out. They met accidentally the same day in a retired park, through which ran a foot-path.

Dorchester would have passed the other with a haughty bow, but Howard planted himself before him. His face was pale with intense excitement, his lip was compressed and stern; he looked like a man who had made up his mind to grapple Destiny to the death.

"Dorchester!" he hissed from between his closed teeth, "you are a coward!"

Dorchester's eye flamed, but his self-control was inimitable. He was impressive as a rock.

"The opinion of a would-be murderer is not to be credited," he said, coldly.

"Villain! you have wrecked my happiness! She would have been mine if you had not come between us. Nothing but blood can atone! There, take that and defend yourself!"

He threw him a pistol, the mate to the one he was bringing to a level. Dorchester cast it contemptuously to the ground.

"Then die!" cried Howard, in a voice of concentrated rage, and simultaneously with the discharge of his weapon, Augustine Fales threw herself between her betrothed and the deadly charge.

She received the whole contents of the pistol in her shoulder, and sank to the ground without a sigh, covered with her own blood.

"Great God! I have killed her," cried Howard, in despairing agony. "I have killed the woman I would have died a thousand deaths to save. But we will go together!" and before Dorchester could lift a finger to prevent him, the reckless man had seized on the second weapon and lay on the ground breathing his last, the name of Augustine on his lips.

The marriage was postponed a month, and for three weeks Augustine lay on a bed of sickness, from which she arose one day to go the next to the altar. Dor-

chester was impatient at the delay. He would wait no longer—and that wild, abbing, winter day, they were made one.

The night was a fearful one. The wind wailed through the gaunt trees, and the unseasonable lightning, white as ghostly moonlight, broke through the heavy clouds at intervals until morning. If one believed in omens, then the bridal day of Dorchester was most unpropitious.

The health of the bride precluded the idea of the customary bridal tour, and amid the loud lamentations of society, Mr. Dorchester took his wife to his home.

The home was all that Augustine could have asked. The wild, romantic grandeur of its situation pleased her sombre fancy, and the interior was fitted up with lavish gorgeousness. Nothing that money could purchase or art devise was wanting. The house itself was of ancient construction, abounding in unexpected apartments, and secluded alcoves, rich in food for a vivid imagination, which might have peopled all those unused chambers with beings of another world.

Sitting beside Augustine in the sheltered room that stormy March evening, Dorchester could hardly realize that he walked in the same world that claimed him a year ago. Then he had been harsh, and cold, and sordid—to-day, he had a kindly disposition towards every living thing. He would not have harmed the cunning spider that was building his mazy net across the sculptured face of his favourite Apollo.

The storm roared without; he could hear the sullen beat of the great waves on the rocky crest; but what cared he for the gloom without? There was light within. He drew his wife closer within the shelter of his arms, smoothing back the soft hair to look into the eyes lifted so tenderly to his face.

A servant entered with a letter. Mr. Dorchester reached forth his hand to take it, but Augustine sprang forward, pale and breathless, and snatching it from the salver, hid in the folds of her dress. Mr. Dorchester looked surprised.

"Excuse me," he said, "I have no wish to pry into your correspondence."

She rose, looked at him a moment with unutterable sadness, pressed her lips to his brow tenderly, almost pityingly, and retired to an inner chamber. Her letter was brief—there was only a mere line—but its effect upon Mrs. Dorchester was fearful. The veins in her forehead swelled into knotted cords; she clenched her hands tightly together, and a smothered groan burst from her lips.

By a strong effort she controlled herself, sat down and wrote a few words, enclosing a bank-note of large amount; then enveloping herself in a dark hood and shawl, she stole down the back stairway and out into the night. It was full a mile to the post office, through a lonely stretch of moor, scantily wooded; but if at any other time she might have felt fear, she knew nothing of it now. Her note deposited in the letter box, she returned swiftly and silently as she had come; and when her husband sought their chamber, he found her apparently sleeping.

After this, an almost imperceptible shadow fell between them. Not even their most intimate friend would have noticed it, but they themselves felt its spectral presence. Augustine grew daily more pallid, and the dark circles round her eyes told of silent suffering. She moaned in her sleep—when, indeed, she did sleep—and woke always with a nervous start, bathed in cold perspiration.

Her letters came regularly now, and on Thursdays she invariably drove to the office herself.

The white anguish of her face touched him, and made him tender with her. He drew her to his side, and let her face rest against his. When she lifted it up, she was calm, and her voice was sweet and steady.

"My husband," she said, solemnly; "remember that I warned you, but you would have it so. And whatever may seem strange to you in my conduct, remember also that I love none other, and that I am bound by what is stronger than death itself to suffer on alone!"

"I trust you, Augustine, only be mindful that others may not judge you as charitably as I do—and have a care."

The ensuing day he went to the city on business. He was an eminent lawyer—if we have not before mentioned his profession—and did not expect to return home until the end of the week. When he did come, he missed his wife's fond greeting, and learned that she had left home the very afternoon of the day of his departure.

He went up to his room, and found there a note in her handwriting. Tearing it open, he read:

"Do not be alarmed. I am called unexpectedly away. Satisfy all inquiry as you best can. Your

"AUGUSTINE."

The next morning when Mr. Dorchester awoke, his wife was slumbering by his side. And no allusion

whenever was made by either to this unexplained absence.

A week after, Mr. Dorchester came suddenly upon his wife in the garden. She did not see him—she was so deeply engaged with a man who stood before her, that she failed to hear his footstep. A crimson tinge heated Dorchester's face as the stranger took her hand and pressed it to his lips. They were conversing in a low tone; he caught only the sound of words.

Mrs. Dorchester's companion was in his very first youth. He could not have passed his nineteenth year—tall, handsome, and singularly attractive in his manner.

A jealous pang shot through the heart of the husband; for the first time he doubted his wife. Hitherto his love had made him blind. Now his eyes were open. He looked on in a sort of savage wonder.

The young man bent over Augustine with a sort of reverential deference, kissed again the hand he held, and disappeared in the shrubbery.

Dorchester's heel ground deep into the earth; he crushed back the cry of rage that rose for utterance, and strode into the house. His wife found him there when she entered, his eyes dark with gloom, his whole manner fierce and repellent. She put her hand in his. He flung it off with a gesture of loathing, and escaping into the library locked the door between them.

She sank down on the floor, lifting her clasped hands heavenward, and crying, brokenly:

"It has come to this at last! God be merciful!"

Connected with Mrs. Dorchester's apartments, and situated in the same wing with them, was a suite of rooms long unused, some for the storage of useless rubbish, and which no one entered from one year's end to another. A lonely corridor led from Augustine's dressing-room to these deserted apartments, the door of which she kept locked, and the key in her possession.

Returning home one night, quite late, Mr. Dorchester had observed the unusual spectacle of a light gleaming from a remote window of one of these untenanted rooms, gleaming for a single instant and then disappearing. He went at once to his wife's chamber for a solution of the mystery. Augustine was still up, and he noticed that the door leading to the before-mentioned corridor was resting on the latch, as if hastily closed.

"Mrs. Dorchester," he said—he never called her Augustine now—"who uses the south rooms in this wing?"

She clutched the table by which she was standing, for support, and her voice shook as she replied:

"They are closed, I have been always told."

"So I thought. But to-night, I saw a light there in the corner apartment, and as I am not credulous enough to believe in the agency of spirits, I am suspicious of the flesh. Besides, if I were naturally superstitious, none of my ancestors were murderers—"

"Murderers! Good God!"

She was absolutely deathly as the words gushed forth.

"I said murderers, madam. What is there so terrible in the word to you?"

She sank down in a seat and covered her face with her hands, while her slight form shook with some uncontrollable emotion.

"I will visit these rooms and see for myself."

He pushed open the door and stepped into the corridor. She flew past him, seizing his hands in wild entreaty.

"Oh, my husband! I beg, I implore of you to desist! See, I will even go down upon my knees before you, and entreat you for mercy! If ever you did love me, by the memory of that love—by the memory of those days when heaven was let down to earth for us to dwell therein—hear me! I pray you, in mercy hear me! You promised to risk and dare everything for my love!"

"Your love! Yes, but then I did not think it a thing to be so lightly bought and sold as I have found it! I did not think it was to be transferred to another before our honeymoon was old."

"Eush! Anything but that! I can bear all your reproaches patiently, save that!"

"You act your part well, madam. I give you credit for it. But it does not shock your ears to listen to a paramour's talk, at night, in a lonely garden?"

"Dorchester! Beware how you try me too far!"

He took a step to pass her. She flew to the door at the farther end of the corridor. It was fastened by a bolt falling over a huge iron staple, and secured by a padlock. This padlock was not there. She thrust her white arm through the socket, and confronted her husband.

"Let me pass," he said, sternly.

"Never!" she cried. "I will hold my post till I die!"

Her slight figure dilated, her cheeks burnt with vivid crimson, her eyes blazed like stars.

He gazed at her with involuntary admiration. There was something in his proud nature that sympathized with the bold courage of this woman who defied him.

"There is nothing here that concerns you," she went on; "it is my secret, and once you promised me never to seek to penetrate it. Does Mr. Dorchester intend to break his word? Truly I have been deceived, for I thought him an honourable man!"

She hissed the words with a contemptuous scorn that cut him to the quick. He drew back instantly.

"You are right. I did promise. I repeat the vow. Whatever these rooms may contain, it is safe from my curiosity. You can take off the locks if you wish, and open the doors. I will not even look that way."

She caught the hand at his side and laid her face upon it.

"Oh, my husband!" she exclaimed, in a choked voice, "you are cruelly tried, but ever true and generous. May God in heaven bless you!"

He made no reply, but hurried away from her and out of the house, where, on the starlit terrace, he paced half the far-spent night away.

Augustine was secluded in her own apartments for the greater part of the time. She did not mingle with society, and received no visitors. She grew thin and haggard, and her husband, his stern soul filled with conflicting emotions of love and jealousy, saw her fading away from him day by day.

There was little intercourse between them now. Both were wretched, but both were too proud to give vent to their misery in the manner of other sufferers. So they lived on.

The spring passed, summer opened in beauty and closed in tears, and autumn drew on.

One ominous night in October, Mr. Dorchester saw in his wife's room the same young man he had once discovered with her in the garden, but he was so pale and changed that he hardly recognized him at first.

They were speaking together in agitated whispers. Augustine's face was blanched with terror of some kind, and the youth seemed entreating her to something with his whole powers of persuasion.

Their interview did not last above three minutes, and when her visitor left her he heard him say:

"In God above lies our help! If He will only be merciful!"

And Augustine had replied:

"I trust Him! Regnaut, terrible as is the alternative, I would choose it before—exposure. Death is beautiful, sometimes—"

Whatever else she said was fraudulent to the listener, as the two descended the back stairs and were lost in the gloom.

From that time Augustine grew even more ghost-like than before. She was nervous, irritable, and terrified at the slightest sound. Her cheeks burned with a feverish heat, her flesh was hot, and her pulse high and rapid.

Mr. Dorchester insisted upon calling a physician, but she persisted in declaring herself perfectly well. All she needed was rest and seclusion. That she had. For three days her rooms were locked—she did not come down to her meals, but had them in her boudoir; and if she slept, it did her little good, if one might judge from the frightful pallor of her countenance.

About ten o'clock one drizzly night, there was an imperative summons at the hall-door of the Eyrie. The servant who answered it found four men, in the uniform of police-officers, and the county sheriff, waiting in the rain. The latter asked for Mr. Dorchester, but he was absent from home, though momentarily expected to return.

Mrs. Dorchester, then; he would see her, the sheriff said.

The servant who rapped at the door waited long for a reply, but at length she appeared, wan and ghastly as air, and rendered still more so by the deep mourning habiliments in which she was arrayed. The servant regarded her with mute surprise, and forgot to deliver his errand until she reminded him of it.

"Some gentlemen at the door are desiring to see Mrs. Dorchester."

"Who are they, Peter?"

"Police-officers, four of them, I should think, and—the man hesitated—" and Mr. Warrenne, the sheriff, m'am."

"Very well," she said quietly; "show them up. I expected them."

"Up here, m'am?" asked Peter, in amazement.

"Yes, this is the place for them; show them up."

They ascended the great staircase slowly, closely followed by Mr. Dorchester, who had just arrived. Mrs. Dorchester met them at the door of her boudoir, and motioned them in.

"I am very sorry," began the sheriff to Mr. Dorchester, "to be obliged to ask permission to search

your house. I assure you that it is a very disagreeable mission, but the complaint has reached the authorities that a notorious criminal who has long eluded justice is concealed here; and we have a warrant for the apprehension of that person. Your permission, of course—"

"I give you permission, gentlemen," said Augustine, calmly. "Nay, I will aid you in your investigation. Follow me."

She passed out into the corridor leading to the south wing, followed by the whole party.

She went through the first room at the extremity of the passage, and flinging open the door of the second chamber, stepped aside.

"There, gentlemen," she said, pointing inward, "there is your prisoner."

They all started back with one accord, their faces pale, their eyes fixed wildly on what that opened door revealed.

The room was bare of furniture, but in the centre stood a massive mahogany bedstead, black with age; and stretched upon that bed was the figure of a woman in the majestic slumber of death, her cold, ghastly face silvered by the rays of the rising moon that swept in at the eastern window.

"Marguerite St. Semmes lies before you," said the cold, steady voice. "You are at liberty to serve your warrant."

The men remained rooted to the spot. Dorchester, only, advanced to the bed's foot, and gazed reverently at the face of the corpse, his breast torn with a variety of conflicting emotions. To him, the scene was an enigma; his wife held the solution.

Silence reigned in the room; broken, at length, by Mrs. Dorchester.

"I call you all to witness me when I declare, on my truth and honour, that Mr. Dorchester had no hand in this. From first to last, I, alone, have incurred the guilt of concealing the woman who now lies dead before us. For five months, I have fed her, and mine has been the only face upon which her weary eyes have rested. Even the gratification of holding the hand of her idolized son, in her dying moments, was denied her. You have hunted her for seven years—an unjustly accused, innocent woman. But death has been kind and taken her away to a place where no human laws can affect her more. All fear and all suffering are over for Marguerite St. Semmes."

At the sound of that name, as before, Dorchester's countenance underwent a rapid change. He pressed forward to the side of his wife.

"Augustine, what relation did that dead woman bear to you?"

"She was my sister—my dear and only sister! She watched over my helpless infancy with more than a mother's devotion; she brought up my wayward life to years of womanhood, and then the curse fell upon her. My mother died in my infancy, commending me to the care of this sister, then eighteen years of age. Nobly did she fulfil her trust. Marguerite! oh, Marguerite! in heaven, the angels will be tender of you for all the tenderness you throw about my blessed childhood!"

She bowed her face to that of the dead, and wept the first tears her eyes had known for months. Dorchester's arm around her waist, drawing her away, recalled her to continue her explanation.

"Twenty years ago Marguerite was married to Guy St. Semmes, and for thirteen years life flowed on pleasantly for her—for us all. Then Mr. St. Semmes came to his death by violence. The papers of the day gave all the sickening particulars; and these gentlemen, probably, could recount to you every link in the chain of circumstantial evidence that branded my sinless sister with the crime. She was seized, and cast into prison. She was tried, and condemned to the gallows. Our family was the proudest and wealthiest in the county. The fame of its ancestors was untarnished. Their honour was unstained by the record of a single base deed. Could we brook the idea of having one of its members—one whom we knew was guiltless—perish like a felon, in the sight of a gaping crowd of curious gazers? Never! Gold is all-powerful, and though it failed to bribe the jurors, it bought the gaoler, and my sister escaped from prison the night before the day fixed for her execution. You all, probably, remember the excitement this event caused. You know how recalled Justice clamoured for its defrauded right—you know how heavy were the rewards offered for the capture of Marguerite St. Semmes, dead or alive. Everything failed. She out-witted the keenest detectives in the country, and she was saved. This was while my father and brother lived. Two years ago they both died, and then the whole weight of this dread secret fell upon me—upon me and Regnaut, my sister's only child. Oh! you can hardly conceive of the miserable shifts we were put to keep our unhappy relative secure. You can imagine a little of the untold agony she suffered through those terrible seven years. Their wretchedness killed her, for she had no other disease. Before my marriage, I kept her

always with me; but I was obliged to travel from place to place, and under different names, to keep up the deception. I met Mr. Dorchester, and for the first time in my life my heart was touched. I loved him with my whole soul, but I dared not marry him on account of my sister. Her secret was one that I could not confide to any living being; and I had made every preparation to leave her and him I loved, when he forced me into an engagement I had never dreamed of wronging him by perpetrating."

"My poor Augustine!"—he was holding her hands now, and gazing down upon her with unutterable fondness—"if you had only confided all to me, I would have been faithful unto death."

"And men would have called your faithfulness a crime. No, Dorchester; I loved you too well to burden you with my secret—my guilty secret, if you will. It was a responsibility I must bear alone. After I married, it was necessary to separate from Marguerite, and a house was secured for her, where she and Regnault dwelt alone until a few weeks ago. Suspicion found her out. I was obliged to bring her here. Worn out, wretched, hunted to death, she never was herself after coming to the Eyrrie. She pined, she said, to rejoin her husband, and the constant thought of him brought her nearer death. Thank God for it. Regnault had information that her last hiding-place was discovered. For three days I have been praying for my sister's death. My petitions are answered. Two hours ago I caught her last sigh, and closed her eyes for that everlasting rest upon which she has entered. There, I have told you all; now do with me as you will. I am ready to receive my punishment at the hands of the law."

Dorchester caught her in his arms, regardless of those around him.

"My noble wife! my darling! may God forgive me for wronging you, even in thought. No power on earth shall take you from me!"

Silently, and with awe-stricken faces, the men withdrew, and at a call from Augustine, Regnault entered. They retired, and left him alone with the dead, to pour out his great grief over her who had suffered so much.

Early in the morning a sealed packet was brought to the Eyrrie by an unknown person, directed to Augustine. She glanced her eye over it, uttered a sharp cry, and fell fainting to the floor.

Mr. Dorchester lifted her up in wildest despair, calling upon her by every endearing name to arouse and speak to him once more. Now that he knew her value he drenched her every breeze that swept over her might bring her a pang of sorrow.

His caresses brought her back to life again; she pointed to the paper on the floor, and asked him to read it through. He did so. It was a large sheet, and closely written; but we will give only the facts needed to explain what we have already chronicled.

It was the death-bed confession of Courtney Rayland, an early lover of the unfortunate Marguerite St. Semmes.

They had been children together, and grown to youth still loving neighbours, and on terms of friendly intimacy. Rayland had hoped, eventually, to win the love of Marguerite, whom he adored with a passion bordering on madness. She had preferred Mr. St. Semmes—and, defrauded of what he deemed his rights, he had sworn a secret oath of revenge. Years passed before everything was ripe for its accomplishment; but the time came at last, and his hand had given St. Semmes his death-blow.

By the most adroit and cunning management, he had succeeded in fixing the crime upon Marguerite; and having seen her condemned to a felon's death, he left the country.

Since then, he had wandered over many lands, seeking rest, and finding none. The spirit of the murdered man was ever whispering retribution in his ears; and at last, driven by an influence he could not resist, he had returned home.

Careful investigation had revealed to him the fact of Mrs. Dorchester's relationship to Mrs. St. Semmes; and now, in his last moments, he was glad to make whatever reparation lay in his power.

This confession was signed by two respectable witnesses, and sworn to before the town magistrate.

Mr. Dorchester breathed a sigh of intense relief when he had finished reading—the last blessing he needed had come.

The confession was made public on the day that Marguerite was committed to the tomb, and Regnault St. Semmes held up his head among men.

And now, Augustine Dorchester, once more fair and blooming and beautiful, queens it in society; but her most imperial throne is the heart of her husband, where, secure from all coldness, she dwells—to him an angel of purity and peace.

C. A.

PAPER FROM THE ANTIPODES.—A firm has been established at Christchurch, in New Zealand, for

manufacturing paper out of New Zealand flax—the *phormium tenax*. Branch firms are to be established in every province. Before long paper-making will be a staple trade of New Zealand, and this colony will be the great paper producing settlement of the southern seas. Australia will be wholly supplied with New Zealand paper; and it is not improbable but that England herself will be glad, in a few years, to add paper to the number of her imports from New Zealand.

THE ROMANCE OF FENWICK HALL.

CHAPTER I.

"THERE'LL be brave flog up at the old hall, now the master is coming home," said old Thomas Marden, the gamekeeper, entering the room of his neat cottage, where his wife—an elderly, and still handsome woman, was busy at her morning task. "They say he's sent a heap of gold from foreign parts, to hire workmen to put the place in order."

"Aye, 'twill seem like the old place again—to have open doors kept at Fenwick, and the holiday folks when Christmas comes round, and the grand folks coming and going. And maybe our Alice will get a bid to the hall, to wait upon the gentlefolk, or to do up the ladies' laces, or some other light work!" replied Dame Marden, pausing in her bread-kneading. "She is purty and fair to look upon, you know, Thomas."

"Ay, ay—and so was her mother before her, you know, dame!" muttered the gamekeeper, moodily; "and what good ever came to her from mixing with grand folks? No, good wife, we will not have our Alice getting above her station—so, prithee, put no thought of the kind into her head."

"But surely, husband, it is none to Alice's reproach if she has got better blood in her veins than the folk hereabout?" ventured the old lady, with a spice of pride. "I know 'twas a sore blow when our Nannie fled to Gretna Green with Captain Sotheby, and when we heard from her, a year after, it almost broke our hearts to find her poor and sick, up in great, noisy Lunnun; but deary me! we ought to remember she was married by the law—and if the captain did desert her, she was no less his wife. For my part, I can't help being proud that our grand-daughter is descended from noble stock on her father's side—and I don't see the need o' keeping her on a level with the humble folk around us."

"But I cannot help thinking that our pretty Nannie might have lived longer and been a good deal happier if she'd married young farmer Naseby, who loved her better, by a hundred score, than Captain Sotheby," replied the sturdy old gamekeeper. "He would have cherished her, instead of deserting her; and when I think of the sad fate of our poor girl, I can't help feeling a kind of bitterness rising up against all these people, who think more of their own pleasure than the truest heart woman ever brought them. So let Alice be kept away from the hall."

"A body would think you'd get it into your head that the squire himself was coming home to trifle with all the pretty lasses in Fenwick; but they say his grand-sister, Madame Montraville, brings a great lady with her—her husband's niece, I reckon—who is soon to be mistress of the hall; so there'll be no danger from him," said Dame Marden, a little tartly. "And I only spoke of our child's going to the hall because I thought 'twas natural young folks should want to see something going on outside of our own little cot."

"Well, well, dame, we won't borrow trouble now," replied the old man with slightly mollified tone. "Better wait till the girl is sent for, and then we'll see. So the young squire's going to be married? Well, I'm powerful glad o' that, for it'll seem more like the old days o' his father; and it's a deal more steady and respectable to settle down on his own place."

"Not so very young, either, is the squire, husband," said the dame. "Thirty-five, last Michaelmas, if my memory's right; and have ye forgot, Thomas, the old story that the gossip told, how he expected to marry a beautiful French woman, and the papers were all drawn up, when she 'loped with some great nobleman, jest because he was richer, and could keep her in grander satins and diamonds, than the squire? It all comes back to mind fresh to-day—let me see, 'twas when the young squire was jest coming of age, and she paused, to reckon the intervening space of time."

"Seems to me I do remember the story—the gossip didn't give it much belief at the time. The gossips always make a good deal out of a little, you know, mother," replied the old man with a smile.

"It was all as true as the book. The old housekeeper at the hall never denied but what things were being got in order for the young master to come down from Lunnun with his wife—'twas up there, you see, he met with the French woman," stoutly affirmed the dame,

"Well, if Squire Edgar got cheated by one French woman, I shouldn't think he'd try another, for his sister's folks all belong to that nation!" returned the old gentleman, who hated the French more than he loved his own English brothers, if that were possible. "Nothing good ever came out o' that foren French country. I learned that when I served under the Iron Duke at Waterloo; and I always wondered how any English could marry and mix with 'em. It was a great trial to the old squire, they say, when his daughter married that flos Mounser Montraville up in Lunnun, when she'd had a score of offers; and I reckon he was glad when young Master Edgar's match was broken off, in hopes he would settle down with an English wife; but now you say this handsome young furriner is coming to be our lady. I'd rather be serving anywhere than under a woman belonging to the nation I helped to beat at Waterloo!" and shouldering his cane *à la musket*, the old gamekeeper walked away from the cottage in high vexation.

"What is it, grandpa? What's grandpa's scolding about?" exclaimed a fresh young voice, as a beautiful girlish face, radiant with health and *piquant* animation, looked in the doorway for a moment. "Is it about the naughty French people, as usual?" and an arch smile flitted about the rosy lips.

"Yes, yes, child, the same old story. He's proper vexed, because they say the young squire is coming home, and is likely to marry the beautiful Lady Engenia Victorio—that's her name, old Jase up at the hall says. He don't like the idea of a foreign mistress. And, besides, he's forbidden you from going up to the hall, when I'd been planning for you to see a bit o' life with the grand folks, and had got old Jase's promise to send for you when they wanted a bit of finery fixed—your little white fingers are so nimble, you know," she said, half-apologetically.

Was it a fancy, that the slender white throat of Alice Sotheby took a slight curve of pride; and her little heart fully rebelled at the liberty her good, garrulous grandmother had taken with her, in thus entering into a compact without her knowledge? Possibly it was the "gentle blood" of her father flowing in her veins that caused the sudden movement. But she answered very sweetly, and in such a light, laughing tone, that no one would have recognized the slender thread of haughtiness running through it, had they not seen the quick arching of her white throat.

"Well, then, grandpa was quite right for once, grandma—about me, I mean; and old Jase needn't fancy she's going to have your little Alice to wait on her grand company, for I'm very sure I should let their thread laces all into bits, I'm so clumsy. Besides, you know, you couldn't spare me at all, grandma dear, for the flowers in the garden would all die for want of watering, and grandpa would have no one to tie his wig, or bring his draught of cool water from Moss Spring; so don't believe you'll lose me, good grandma, if Squire Edgar brings home a dozen French wives to Fenwick Hall."

In a moment more, a slender little figure, crowned with a rustic hat, and bearing a pitcher of brown ware, had left the cottage porch, and was threading the green path that led to a cool, bubbling forest spring; while Dame Marden was inly fretting at the words her grandchild—for whom, in her own way, she was so ambitious—had uttered.

CHAPTER II.

ALICE SOTHERS stood on the margin of Moss Spring; her brown earthen pitcher, filled to the brim, at her feet upon the green, damp grass at the edge of the fount. Her straw hat had slipped from her head, and hung down her shoulders, and the yellow sunlight lay warm and goldenly upon her.

If a great painter could have hung before you his fairest portraits from the Louvre or Vatican, you would have turned aside, to gaze upon the picture framed among the green boughs drooping around the forest spring and bathed in the golden haze of the sunlight.

A slender, yet well-rounded figure, rich complexion, sweet blue eyes, abundant fair hair—these came from pretty Nannie Marden, who had been a Fenwick belle and beauty; but the proud turt of the little white throat, the curve of the dainty red lips, the little grace of movement when animated, and the erect, open bearing when in repose, and a certain *je ne sais quoi* of demeanour which distinguished her from all the maidens far and near—these had come with the "gentle blood" of her handsome, dashing, impulsive father.

But with these personal gifts, ended all resemblance between the gay, unprincipled Captain Sotheby and his child. Well was it for our sweet Alice, perhaps, that her father, after deserting the young wife he had wedded, had fallen in battle on distant soil, and could never return to claim her from the nest at Fenwick, where, shielded by her fond old grandparents,

she had grown into sweetest maidenhood, pure and uncontaminated as a lily.

But to return to the sweet picture beside the forest spring.

After standing very quiet, listening to the clear notes of a linnet in a hawthorn-bush near by, Alice turned suddenly, as a step broke on her ear.

She was not alone; a stranger had advanced down the path, and stood near beside the bubbling water—a grave-faced man who lifted his hat courteously as he spoke.

"Pardon the intrusion! I saw no one till I was close beside the spring. You will give me a draught, I am sure, for I have had a long walk across the orchard-close?"

Alice lifted the pitcher, and the stranger drank a long, deep draught; then filled it again, and set it down whence she had lifted it from the damp grass.

"It is a long day since I tasted such refreshing nectar. Thanks to my lovely Ganymede!" was the courteous acknowledgment, while the stranger's grave eyes brightened with a smile. "But you will allow me to carry your pitcher for you? I am going through the forest-path," for Alice was about turning away.

The girl assented. Somehow, with the spell of those eyes upon her, she never dreamed of a refusal.

Side by side they walked along the woodland aisle, with the branches drooping low. Without effort, the stranger began a conversation, which only ended when Alice reached the terminus of the path, and paused at the stile, beyond which lay the gamekeeper's cottage.

"We part here," said the stranger. "Good-day, then; but I shall not forget my draught at the spring!"

And he disappeared in the turn of the path that led to the high way.

"Some stranger visiting the neighbouring gentry," said Alice to herself, as she walked slowly onward. "How polite and kind! I wonder if he was ever at Moss Spring before? Why did I not think to ask him? Could he have known where I lived? He didn't ask; but seemed to take it for granted that I had reached home. I wish I knew his name!"

And, thus soliloquizing, Alice wended her homeward way.

"A perfect wood-nymph! Who can she be? Old Marden's grandchild? Yes, she is going to the cottage!" was the comment of the stranger, as he paused in the thick copse and looked after the little figure that approached the gamekeeper's lodge. "Why, my paternal estate is richer dowered than I dreamed! Who would have imagined that Fenwick held so sweet a bird? Old Jane did not exceed her warrant, when last night she garrulously recommended the gamekeeper's grand-daughter as the comeliest lass in Fenwick. But where got the girl that ladylike air? Her folks are but of the peasantry; but this sweet child might vie with any noble born—so daintily beautiful! My good sister Montraville, you and I must make friends with this sweet woodland flower."

What would old Dame Marden have said; could she have overheard the stranger's praises? What would pretty Alice, had she imagined who walked by her side down the Moss Spring path, bearing her brown earthen pitcher filled with water? And what, the two haughty ladies at the hall—Madam Montraville, the proud, wealthy widow, and the elegant, dark-eyed Lady Eugenia Victorie, who had refused a score of suitors because she hoped to win the quiet grave-faced, sad-eyed owner of Fenwick Manor, whose indifference had piqued her into coquetties at first, and finally into love?

As the squire neared the old manor-house, he espied the Lady Eugenia walking to and fro upon the terrace. Never had the brilliant belle, in her ballroom costume, looked more beautiful than on that soft, warm summer morning, clad in a robe of India muslin, and with a spray, plucked from the scarlet honeysuckle trailing over the porch, in her jet black hair.

Madam Montraville sat on a rustic garden seat, and when her brother approached, she watched him closely. She had a motive in wishing him to wed her husband's niece, for Lady Eugenia possessed a large fortune, and Madame had acquired many worldly notions since her marriage, which she had engrafted on the old Fenwick family pride.

"It is just the match for Edgar!" she murmured, as she watched him while he paused beside Lady Eugenia. "She has both beauty and wealth; but I wish he showed more alacrity in the wooing. But for my management, he would not seek her at all, I do believe; and I have manoeuvred to bring them together here at Fenwick, where thrown into each other's society, it must end with his being won. Eugenia loves him, I begin to think; at least his indifference piques her, which is all the same, if it leads her to exert herself to captivate him. Edgar must

see that it is quite time he was settled down in life!" and, thus planning, Madame fell into a pleasant dream of the future.

Meantime, Lady Eugenia was exerting all her fascinations upon her companion. She decanted on the beauties of Fenwick and the charms of a rural life.

"I never knew what your English homes were before, Sir Edgar," she said enthusiastically. "In my own country we live for show and adulation; the French are not a domestic people, it said, you know; but for one, I confess that I could be content to dwell in this Eden for ever, forgetting the gay world outside in this paradise of sequestered happiness."

Not a muscle of Sir Edgar's countenance moved, to betray that he understood the drift of the lady's raptures, for he had a way of veiling all emotion in his impassive face. But he replied with the courtesy of a host.

"I am glad my ancestral home pleases you, Lady Eugenia. But, as yet, you see nothing of its rural attractions. To-morrow, if you have recovered from the fatigues of your journey, we will ride over the estate. I believe there are some excellent saddle-horses in the stable."

Lady Eugenia warmly expressed her thanks; and when he left her side she turned away to her own apartment with a gleam of triumph in her dark eyes.

"I shall win him!" she murmured exultingly. "I have commenced practising the right rôle and will profess an adoration of all rustic, rural sights and sounds. Yes, my proud, cold, unimpressible Sir Edgar, ere I leave Fenwick Manor House, I will be your affianced wife! and, with the smile of triumph on her lips, she summoned her maid to dress her hair for dinner.

And already, in servants' hall, kitchen, stables, and gardens, the retainers of Fenwick had settled it, that the handsome French lady, with brilliant eyes and naughty lips, was destined to be their future mistress.

"She's handsome as a picture," said old Jane, the housekeeper; but doary me! I can't help but wishing young Master Edgar had brought an English lady for our mistress! These forin folks never'll let a body get nigh to 'em—and, handsome though she is, I can't help thinking she's powerful proud and cold, wi' that curling lip and black eyes o' hern!"

CHAPTER III.

THE following morning was a warm June morning; and a balmy breeze, rich with fragrant hawthorn odours, fanned sweet Alice Sothorn's cheek as she slowly wended her way from Moss Spring, whither she had been to fetch her accustomed pitcher of cool, clear water. Midway in the path leading through the wood, she met, suddenly, a couple of riders, coming leisurely along under the shade—once, a beautiful lady with scarlet lips and cheeks, dark, flashing eyes, rich, brown hair, shaded by the plume of her riding-hat, and clad in a habit of green, fastened with ruby buttons. The lady's companion was a gentleman, mounted upon a large, black horse; and Alice could not catch a glimpse of his face at first, until he reined up in the path, at whose edge she stood, waiting for the riders to pass. Then, he suddenly turned from his companion, with whom he was gaily conversing, and bowed low as he was passing.

A little throb came to Alice's heart. It was the stranger whom she met at the spring yesterday. And that proud, beautiful lady—who was she? For a moment, the girl felt her cheek flush; then she dropped a curtsy, and walked rapidly onward.

It all flashed over little Alice. This grave, noble-looking gentleman was the new squire; and that beautiful lady on the white steed, with one-gauntleted hand resting on the saddle pommel, and the other impatiently striking a young alder-bush with her delicate riding-whip, was the foreign lady who had come home with the squire's sister, and was soon to be his bride.

"Who was that child, Sir Edgar?" asked Lady Eugenia, with a curl of her naughty lip. "One of your cottagers, I infer."

"Grandchild of my gamekeeper—and the sweetest wood lily my eyes have rested upon for many a day! We will call at the lodge on our return. I must look up my tenantry."

A sudden flash lit the eyes of the Lady Eugenia, and then her long lashes veiled their angry light.

"Certainment, Monsieur Edgar! now you propose turning landlord in earnest, 'tis well to look up your people. The child was pretty, truly. I wonder if I could obtain her for a dressing-maid? My Lisette is so awkward, I shall be forced to send her away."

"Possibly, Lady Eugenia. You can proffer your desire when we call," was the squire's reply. "I think I heard old Jane recommend the girl to my sister the night we arrived at the hall."

Could Sir Edgar have read the motive of the haughty Lady Eugenia, his reply would have been very different. During that brief pause in the wood-

land aisle, while he lingered to speak to the beautiful Alice, a flash of jealousy was kindled in the French lady's heart. She saw, at first glance, the exquisite grace, purity, and beauty of the girl; and resolved at once to place her in such an inferior position, as her own servant, that the master of Fenwick should find no excuse to visit the gamekeeper's lodge. Sir Edgar fell into the plan from another reason. He had suddenly fallen in love with the beautiful Alice; and imagined that, if she dwelt under his roof in the capacity of companion to the ladies of the household, he might have opportunity to study her at his leisure. As yet, his plans were unformed; but it is sufficient to say, that Sir Edgar Fenwick was the soul of honour—and all women were treated with courtesy by him, whether of noble or humble birth.

An hour later, the riders drew up at the door of old Thomas Marden's lodge.

"Welcome home, Sir Edgar!" said the gamekeeper. "Won't you alight, and have a seat in the lodge, and the lady too?"

The invitation was accepted; Dame Marden's home-brewed wine and golden sponge cake were produced; and while the new squire talked with his gamekeeper, the Lady Eugenia exerted herself to fascinate the young girl on whose beauty she looked with so much hate and jealousy. Nor did she forget to put her plan of securing Alice's services into execution; and, so well did she ingratiate herself into the graces of both mother and daughter, that, ere she left, she had won a promise from the girl to appear at the hall on the ensuing day.

"I shall only want you as a *compagnon*, my *petite* Alice," she said caressingly. "To read to me, or repair my laces now and then, you know, *ma chère*—and I promise you, your duties shall be both light and pleasant."

"There, child! didn't I tell you how grand 't would be, to live at the hall with the great folks?" said Dame Marden exultingly, after she watched Sir Edgar and the lady ride away.

"'T will be the making of our Alice, husband, to stay with the beautiful Lady Eugenia Victorie; and who knows but a lord or a squire may be in store for her—for a good many gentry will be coming and going all the time?" she added, after Alice had left them.

"Well, well, have it your own way, dame! You women always will," replied the old gamekeeper.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO months passed away; and during this time, matters had been progressing at the hall, but just in the contrary direction to Lady Eugenia's plans and desires. Sir Edgar had treated her with uniform politeness and attention, as his sister's guest; but not one word of love had passed his lips. Indeed, on the other hand, she imagined that he had become the admirer of the beautiful Alice, whom he contrived to meet daily in the house or grounds; and she felt assured, that, unless some decisive step was taken, the coveted prize would slip from her grasp. Therefore she set her evil brain at work to coin a plan, whereby to disgrace Alice in his eyes, and to effect her own wishes with the girl's dismissal.

One day, there was great commotion at the hall. A valuable diamond ring belonging to Lady Eugenia Victorie, was missing. No one had access to Lady Eugenia's dressing-room but her maid Lisette, and Alice Sothorn.

"It is not that I could dream of suspecting you, *ma petite*," said the lady caressingly, "but you see it is only a form, that causes the officer to search your wardrobe. Most probably Lisette took it, from revenge, as I have threatened lately to dismiss her; and we shall, doubtless, find it among her clothes."

But how great the surprise of all the dwellers at the hall, when the missing diamond was found secreted in a small box belonging to the old gamekeeper's grand-daughter! Had a thunder-clap fallen over Fenwick, and shivered the old turrets that for centuries had stood firm and massive, none would have been so shocked.

"I cannot—will not—believe that sweet child guilty of that!" exclaimed Sir Edgar, with singularly pale lips. "It is some plot. Some other has done this to injure her. Alice Sothorn is pure; I could swear it."

"Brother, you forget that it savours of suspicion, when a Fenwick strives to harbour a peasant girl who has been guilty of so grave a crime as theft!" said Madame Montraville, with cutting pride and irony; for she too, led on by Eugenia's insinuations and machinations, had grown to hate the fair young girl on whom her brother looked with favour; though to her credit be it said she would not have wilfully injured her, and she fully believed her guilty.

"Harriet Montraville, talk not to me in this manner!" replied Sir Edgar. "You forget that I am no boy, to be led at a woman's will into a trap set for my

feet. Let those 'suspect' who please. Alice Sothorn shall not be thrust forth from my house till this mystery be cleared up! Gamekeeper's grand-daughter though she be, know that as good blood as the Fenwicks can boast runs in her veins on her father's side—for, only yesterday, I received this letter from old Earl Sothby, of Warwickshire, whose youngest son was Alice's father, claiming her to be his heir, his other children being dead. And now, just as I am about to inform her of the new life opening for her, this infernal mystery appears. I will not believe her guilty, and am now going to her to inquire into the matter!" and, pale with passion, he left the apartment.

"Eugenia, do you know what has occurred? that Alice Sothorn has been claimed by her grandfather, Earl Sothby?" exclaimed Madame Montraville to her niece, a few minutes later. "It is quite true—Sir Edgar has the letter proving this—and how dreadful that the poor girl has done this terrible thing. It must be hushed up somehow, for she is an earl's grand-daughter now. But how pale you are, I am sure you pity her."

"An earl's grand-daughter!" muttered Lady Eugenia, as she turned away. "It is all over with my chance to become his wife, then!" she said, with pale lips. But in a moment she recovered herself, and continued: "Yet, why do I trouble at this? Guiltless though he may believe her, she cannot be proved so, for the ring was found in her possession!" and, with an evil, exultant smile, she wandered up and down the long gallery where she had met Madame Montraville going to her own room.

But how signally the best laid plans of the wicked are often brought to failure!

That evening—a dark, warm, murky August evening—Sir Edgar paced a sequestered garden-path, racking his brain to find an avenue of escape for poor Alice Sothorn from the disgrace that had fallen upon her, he found himself an unwitting listener to a conversation which raised a lead of distress from his heart.

Lisette, Lady Eugenia's French waiting-maid—and a sprightly, vivacious, jauntily-dressed specimen of her class—was in the garden, standing close to a tall, square-looking fellow, who was evidently her lover, judging by the tones of endearment in which he spoke.

"You perceive, *mon chère* Lisette, that I must have suffered intensely, when I came to this place, and found I could not see you. And then I heard it whispered by the old dame at the *château*, that a dreadful thing had happened, and both you and another *filie de chambre* were kept close till the fact of this theft was settled. She did not know who I was, for I pretended to be your brother; but I waited here, for I knew you would steal out to meet me to-night, after I got the old dame to give you my note saying I had come. And, of course, I did not believe you guilty. But what a sad thing, that this young *démouille* has committed this crime!"

"Alphonse, listen!" exclaimed Lisette, rapidly. "You will see that a bad plot has been laid. *Mam'selle* Alice is no more guilty than I. Lady Eugenia hates her, because our good *squire* has taken a fancy to her, and well he may, for she is sweet as a water-lily! and so the Lady Eugenia made up her mind to ruin the poor girl in his eyes. 'Twas but yesterday morning I saw her, with my own eyes, put her best diamond ring into *Mam'selle's* little *cerclure*, and now she comes out charging her to be a wicked thief. I was behind the curtains at the time, and could not betray myself; besides, Lady Eugenia went out just after."

"*Le diable!* C'est une vixen—this mistress of yours, Lisette!" said Alphonse. "But you will not see the innocent suffer? You will expose *madame*, and rescue *poor* *mam'selle*?"

"Yes, I have been thinking of it all day, Alphonse, how I can best do it, you see, *mon ami*. It is no light thing to throw this off *Mam'selle* Alice's shoulders, back on Lady Eugenia's, for they might say a poor waiting-maid's words were not to be trusted; but I was just on the point of going to Sir Edgar with the whole story, when Jane brought me up your note in a kind of private way, and then I thought best to wait till I had met you, and to speak in the morning. Meantime, I just patted *Mam'selle* Alice on the cheek to-night, and whispered that it would all come out right at last."

"You should never wait for to-morrow to accomplish this work of to-day, my good girl!" exclaimed Sir Edgar in a deep tone, stepping forward from the shadows of the trees near by. "Have no fear of Lady Eugenia's anger; but come with me, instantly, to right this foul wrong before sleep falls on any inmate of the hall, and a brave wedding dowry shall be yours when you marry this good lover of yours!"

"*Mon dieu!* to think you should have overheard it all, Sir Edgar!" exclaimed the trembling Lisette. "But your honour is right. I ought not to have put

off the matter. *Poore* sweet *Mam'selle* Alice, you shall sleep sounder this night than last!" she said, as she followed Sir Edgar in the hall.

"And the dreams of one inmate of my house—foul, beautiful fiend that she is! shall not be so serene as she fancies they will be!" muttered the frate man between his teeth, as he rapidly strode along; his grave eyes flashing, until they softened with another thought, and the whisper—"my poor, precious, persecuted Alice!" passed his lips.

To recount what followed, as Sir Edgar and Lisette appeared in Lady Eugenia Victoria's boudoir, to which he bade her summon his sister Madame Montraville, and Alice Sothorn, the mortification and rage of the discomfited Frenchwoman, the surprise and regret of Sir Edgar's sister, or the gratitude of the fair girl who now stood scatheless from the foul stigma which had almost crushed her to earth, would be unnecessary.

"And now you will send word to my grand-parents, Sir Edgar, that I am innocent of this black crime?" exclaimed Alice eagerly.

"Yes, my little one, and, and proclaim it to all who care to hear; so give yourself no further anxiety, but seek your pillow, for to-morrow I have another tale for your ears. As for you, Lady Eugenia Victoria—know that, only because you are a woman, and unhappily connected with my sister by the ties of relationship, will you be shielded from open disgrace. The reproaches of your own conscience I cannot shield you from!" And so the night's revelation ended.

It only remains to add, that the tale to which sweet Alice Sothorn listened on the morrow, not only related to the request of her paternal grandfathers for the adoption of his home and honours, but to another proffered by Sir Edgar Fenwick's earnest lips; and that shortly after, the papers chronicled the marriage of "Sir Edgar Fenwick, of Fenwick Manor, to Lady Alice, only grand-daughter of Earl Dudley Sothby, of Warwickshire," devoting half a column to a description of the grace and beauty of the young bride.

The different characters of our tale expressed different emotions when this event took place. Lady Eugenia Victoria's lips grew white as she read the marriage in her Parisian *café*—Lisette and Alphonse, made happy by Sir Edgar's generous dowry, rejoiced. Madame Montraville was quite reconciled to what she could not help, when she found that Alice was grand-daughter to an earl—old Jane, and the other servants at the hall, gladly welcomed their sweet young mistress; and Dame Mardian, in a new silk dress and fine lace kerchief, triumphantly exclaimed to the old gamekeeper:

"I always told you, husband, that our Alice would make a great match; but I never dreamed of her being our own *squire's* bride!"

G. H. W.

TROUBLE IN THE RIVER, AND TROUBLE ON THE SHORE.

BY COLONEL WALTER R. DUNBAR.

We could not move along so fast as I should have liked. Our waggons were heavy—too heavy for the roads—and we had to be very careful. We reached Lopopol on the first day of December, where we found Colonel Cheswick, and the others of our English friends, ready to make us comfortable. We had the good fortune here to find an empty waggon, which I bought for forty dollars. We also purchased eight more oxen, and thus we were enabled to remove some of the cumbersome lading from the other waggons. Cheswick advised me to stop and spend the rainy season with him, but I did not wish to do it. The worst streams we would have to ford were between Lopopol and the Kalahari Desert, and I wished to leave those behind me, if possible, before the tempest came.

I was sorry to part with Artoly and Zebul; but Lopopol was their home, and they had made up their minds that they would go no further. I paid them more than I had promised, and I think I left them feeling very friendly and grateful. We remained only three days with Cheswick, and on the morning of the fourth we inspanned, and started off.

December 5th and 6th it rained quite hard, but we marched on. Our waggon-covers were tight, giving ample protection to our goods; and as for ourselves, the rain could not hurt us—we were used to that sort of thing.

On the 8th we reached a broad stream, which we had got to ford. Tickomy, who had acted as our guide since we had left Lopopol, had brought us to the very spot where we had forded six months before; but I was satisfied that the river was deeper now than it had been then. Evidently took its rise in the mountains away to the westward of us, and the rain of the past few days had swollen its current considerably. I rode ahead with my horse, and finally succeeded in finding a bottom upon which I believed

this oxen might take the waggons over in safety. We took the lightest waggon first, lengthening out the track-ropes, and putting on a double team of oxen. As the waggon reached the middle of the river the water washed its bottom, and at one time I feared that the cattle would be taken from their feet; but Jot and Sunam applied their jambucks freely, while Harry and I rode our horses directly below them; and in the end we succeeded in getting safely over. The second waggon was landed as safely as the first. The third got stuck, and we were obliged to put on more track-ropes, and hitch on all our oxen. This new force started it up, and took it over.

The fourth and last waggon was the largest and heaviest; and Abner trembled with apprehension when he saw it start, for it contained the bulk of our ivory. The oxen were all hitched on, and when the rope had been straightened, and the animals were all in their places, we started up. For a while all went well, and I was just promising myself that our work was near a successful termination, when the leading oxen suddenly stopped and turned their heads down the stream. I was hurrying up to turn them back, when I noticed a violent commotion in the water close by them, and presently afterwards the head of an enormous hippopotamus appeared above the surface.

"Invubul! Invubul!" cried Tickomy, who was some distance ahead of me.

"Aye," shouted Abner, whose horse was rearing and plunging furiously, "there's a lot of 'em! May I be blessed if this load of ivory isn't gone!"

By this time I saw that we had come upon a school of these gigantic animals; and I furthermore saw that they were ugly enough and bold enough to give us battle. My first thought was of the waggon. The oxen were panic-stricken, and past all guidance; and when I saw that they were about to wheel off to the left, I called for Jot and Sunam to unhook the track-ropes from the end of the diesel-boom, which they quickly did. This set all the oxen free, save the single pair yoked to the boom, and they scampered for the shore in wild confusion, the stronger pulling the weak, and those that had got lamed being dragged half the distance under water. But they gained the shore at length, where their drivers were ready to meet them, and as none of them had broken from the track-ropes they were secured without much difficulty.

In the meantime, a three-ounce ball from my Antwerp rifle had sent one of the hippopotami down the river, with an ugly hole in his neck. There were three more more of them beating furiously about in the water, seeking for something upon which to fix their enormous jaws. There was but one way in which I could account for the sudden appearance and vengeful hostility of these mammoths. They must have been coming down the river, half-asleep, being brought to consciousness by coming in contact with the oxen.

Directly above our fording place the water was very deep, with a bottom of mud, so we had seen no sign of the interlopers until they mounted the elevated bed over which we were marching. The hippopotamus is not an animal that troubles himself to attack either men or other animals; but when once aroused and angered he is not easily frightened.

From a quiet, docile mass he becomes one of the most terrible and dangerous beasts in existence. My horse, usually so obedient to my will in the presence of danger on the land, was becoming restive in the presence of these amphibious monsters.

As soon as I saw that he was about to make for the shore, I slipped from the saddle and let go, directing Dan to look out for him; and after this I made the best of my way to the waggon, waiting in the water up to my waist. Ben and Abner were already upon the driver's seat; and in a few moments after my arrival Harry joined us.

While we had been making this change in our positions the hippopotami had been floundering after two of the horses which had broken from their halts; but the latter animals proved themselves the most nimble, and got safely to the shore.

We saw the horses land just as Harry mounted the waggon, and we thought that the hippopotami might make off out of the way; but they did no such thing. The stupid mammoths seemed to imagine that the waggon was an enemy, and they turned towards it, uttering a bellowing cry, like the deeper, hoarser notes of a large bull.

As they mounted the elevated bed upon which our waggon stood, half their bodies were out of water, and we gave them a salutation in the shape of cold lead that tipped one of them over; and caused the other two to hesitate. But we did not wait long to study results. We were ready for another discharge, and as we fired the second time, the monsters turned their heads down the stream, and were soon out of sight in deep water.

By the commotion upon the surface we could see that they were making off out of our way as fast as their powers of locomotion would carry them; and

are long we were satisfied that they would trouble us no more. I called to Dan to bring off my horse; but the old fellow was not to be urged into the water by the boy, so I was forced to wade to the shore, as were my companions after me, for their horses were as shy of the water as was mine.

And now we had a difficult work to accomplish, which was to get the oxen into the river and hitch them to the waggon. We coaxed, and drove, and whipped, and pricked; and finally we succeeded in getting three pairs to obey us. These we placed on the lead, and they pulled three more pairs in after them; and by several repetitions of this operation we finally succeeded in getting our team in working order.

The wheels of the waggon, however, had settled so deeply into the river-bottom that we were obliged to hitch on all our horses before we could start it; but it broke from its rest at length, and I fervently thanked Heaven when I saw it once more safely on dry land.

We had been seven hours in our trouble, and the night was fairly upon us as we outspanned our panting oxen; so we camped where we were; and after supper we sat down with our pipes, feeling that we were well out of a very bad scrape. Abner in particular was jubilant. He was not called upon that night to set down any sum of losses in his ledger.

We went to bed about ten o'clock, and just as I was sinking into a dose I was startled from my thoughts of sleep by the barking of our dogs; and as I sat up to listen I plainly heard a loud puffing noise down by the river. I was quickly upon my feet, with my Antwerp rifle in my hand, and as I leaped from the waggon I found Harry ahead of me.

There was a good moon, and though its face was partially obscured by passing clouds, yet its light enabled us to see objects near at hand quite distinctly. We still heard the loud puffing, and upon taking a few steps towards the river we saw two huge beasts standing by the water's edge.

My first impression was that they were two hippopotami—perhaps two of our old enemies come back for revenge. But I was soon undeceived. The clouds swept away from the face of the moon, and there stood revealed to us, not two hippopotami, but two black rhinoceroses. They were of the beryl, or one-horned variety, and of immense size.

Harry asked me if I didn't think we could shoot those fellows; but he had only common leaden bullets in his rifle, and he knew, as well as I, that such missile would leave no serious impression upon the horny hide of those animals. However, he was anxious to fire, and I agreed to fire with him. I rested my piece upon the low limb of a small tree, aiming just behind the first skin-fold from the shoulder. The face of the moon remained unclouded, so that I was very sure of my mark. We fired together, and the rhinoceros at which I had aimed gave a few spasmodic leaps, and then sank down; but the other one was not hurt in body, though he appeared to be somewhat disturbed in mind, if we might judge from his actions. He raised his head with a loud snort, and having snuffed the air a few times, he uttered a low, rumbling roar, and dashed furiously at us. We saw him coming, and dodged him behind a tree; and when he had passed us, we moved nimbly around behind the water waggon.

By this time Ben and Abner were out with their rifles, and most of our servants had also broken cover. I saw that the rhinoceros was furious, and I knew that if he were not very soon disposed of he would do mischief. There is no beast in the forest more savage and reckless than is the black rhinoceros when once aroused. Sometimes, like a fretful, petulant man, he gets up a fit of rage on his own account, on which occasions he ploughs up the ground, tearing out the roots of bushes and small trees, and kicking up the dust generally. I was well acquainted with the habits of the species, and I was confident that it would not take our present visitor a great while to work as much damage if we let him have sway.

My first object was to let the dogs loose, and I called to Jot to cast off their leashes. He obeyed me promptly, and the liberated canines took to the game at once. The rhinoceros had turned his head towards the waggon, and was plunging towards us again, when the dogs were at his heels. This caused him to turn and gave me time to reload my Antwerp. I selected one of the sharpest pointed of my chinquapins, and, as soon as I had loaded, I stepped out and fired, resting my rifle upon one of the wheels of the waggon. The rhinoceros turned his attention a moment from the dogs, seeming inclined to make at us once more; and I don't know but that he might have done so had he not at that moment met with a very serious interruption, for it was evident that my bullet had glanced upon one of the armour-like folds of his hide.

Harry had taken his largest single-barrelled rifle, loaded with a steel-pointed ball, and as the beast turned he was ready for him, having gone around to

the front of the waggon, where he had a flank range at very close quarters. He fired, and the rhinoceros very soon rolled over, past all power of doing further harm.

When the intruders had been thus disposed of I retired once more to my cot, where I slept soundly until morning. When I went out I found that our men had already taken off the skins of the rhinoceroses, and they were then engaged in cutting out some pieces of the meat. I allowed them to do as they pleased with the meat. If they liked it, they were at liberty to eat it; but as for me, I wanted none of it. The flesh of the white rhinoceros is equal in flavour and consistence to the finest, fattest beef; but the black rhinoceros does not carry fat. He is a romping, wallowing, tearing, ugly fellow, and his meat is tough and hard.

MARRYING A FORTUNE.

"Who is she, Ned—that lovely lady with Dr. Campbell?" inquired Philip Otis of his friend, Ned Leland, who stood beside him at the *soirée* given him by his friend's mother.

"Oh, she is the doctor's niece, Miss Campbell, whom he has adopted, I understand; and the other lady you see with them is also his niece, Miss Barton, a cousin to Jenny Campbell, and an heiress of fifty thousand," answered Leland.

"But she is decidedly plain, notwithstanding she is an heiress. What horrid red hair, and ruddy complexion, and what a showy dress—bright yellow! She certainly has no taste!"

"What a dunced pity, now, that that chawming crotchaw, Miss Campbell, hadn't the money instead of her tawdry cousin!" said Mr. Fitzsimmons, an exquisite of the first water, who, joining them, had overheard the conversation of the two gentlemen, "for I do really think I should cultivate the lady's acquaintance if she had; but it would never do for Mr. Fitzsimmons to throw himself away on a poor girl! His relatives would certainly cut his acquaintance instantly!" he added, in a drawing tone, twirling his faint moustache in his delicately gloved fingers. "I think, however, I will be presented to the heiress, Mr. Leland, though she is rather singular in her tastes and appearance."

"Oh certainly, Fitzsimmons, you shall make the acquaintance of the lady. Come, I'll present you," and Ned, with a merry look at his friend Otis, left him, and proceeded to formally introduce Fitzsimmons to the lady in question, while Philip Otis sought Dr. Campbell, and was introduced to Jenny Campbell, the poor cousin.

"Miss Barton," said Ned, as he approached the heiress of fifty thousand, "permit me to introduce to you Mr. Fitzsimmons—an English gentleman of rank—who is desirous of making your acquaintance."

"Aw, I am happy to make your acquaintance, Miss Barton. Hope you're well this evening?" said Mr. Fitzsimmons, extending the tips of his gloved hand as he spoke to her.

"Pretty well, thank you," exclaimed the young lady addressed, in a loud tone, and giving his hand a tremendous shake. "I hope you're well, Mr. Fitzsimmons, though you don't look amazing smart!"

"Oh, I assure you my health is very good, miss," said Mr. Fitzsimmons, lowering his voice as he spoke, for her loud tones grated harshly on his refined ears and delicate sensibilities.

"Well, I'm dreadful glad to hear it, for you do look masterly slim!"

And here the eyes of the girl wandered over the slender, willowy figure of Fitzsimmons.

"But then it's the fashion to look like a candle, uncle tells me," continued the girl; "I must try and stint myself in eating, for I wait to be fashionable and civilized—cause I'm a heiress, you see, and have got my market to make."

Ned Leland, who had stood by during the above conversation, cast a queer look on the girl, and, with a smothered laugh, left them, while Fitzsimmons gazed at the plump figure and frizzly hair before him, and sighed heavily.

The loud voice and countrified manners of the heiress shocked him, and he was on the point of beating a precipitate retreat, as he noticed they were attracting attention; but the vision of the "fifty thousand" rose up before him, and he resolved to overcome his feelings, in hopes of winning its possessor.

All that evening the elegant Fitzsimmons remained at the side of the heiress, and in his soft tones "talked sentiment" to the girl, who, in her seeming simplicity, sat with open mouth, apparently devouring each word from the exquisitely moustached lips of her admirer.

But at supper, Mr. Fitzsimmons again was still

more shocked by her ignorance of everything before them.

"Shall I help you to some of this jelly?" he inquired, as she stood beside her, ready to do the agreeable.

"What is it made of?" she asked. "I never eat anything unless I know what it's made of. Do you know what it is?" she inquired of a gentleman who stood beside her.

"It is calves'-feet jelly, miss, I believe," he replied, with a smile.

"Calves'-feet jelly! Well, I believe I won't have any, for it can't be very clean if it is made of calves' feet; for our calves never had clean feet, and 'tain't likely city ones have, running round those black streets."

Mr. Augustus Fitzsimmons was nearly dying with mortification at her verdancy and the attention it attracted, and throughout supper his face was equally as rosy as his partner's.

At length Dr. Campbell came for her, saying the carriage was ready, and poor Fitzsimmons felt infinitely relieved; and, after bowing her out, he wiped his heated forehead with his perfumed handkerchief, and, taking leave of the lady of the house, departed to his hotel.

As he entered his rooms at the first-class hotel in B——, he threw himself upon the sofa as if completely exhausted with the evening's exertion; and then, fearing no interruption, gave vent to his thoughts in this wise:

"She is 'gawky,' but I can't stop to be squeamish now! I must make a strike with the girl while she is hot!" he said, "for the fifty thousand is a nice little sum. Here I am, in such a dunced fix, that I can't stir out unless I'm dunned at every step for my bills. There's that confounded tailor and the shoemaker, and then that old washerwoman was here twice yesterday, and again to-day! And the landlady is getting suspicious, and won't wait much longer. There's nothing left for me but to marry the confounded dowdy country girl; and then—but once let me get that fifty thousand into my hands, and won't I show 'em a light pair of heels? Dunced pity to sacrifice myself, but it can't be helped, under the circumstances!"

Thus, weaving plans for the future, Mr. Fitzsimmons passed the remainder of the night; and the next forenoon recurred his moustache, and, arranging himself carefully, sought the house of Dr. Campbell to inquire after the health of the heiress.

As soon as Mr. Fitzsimmons had handed the heiress to her uncle's carriage, where Jenny, who had been escorted thither by Philip Otis, was awaiting her, and her uncle had sprung in, the door was shut, and merry peals of laughter rang out on the night-air from the two ladies, in which Dr. Campbell also joined heartily.

"Well, girls, a pretty rig you are leading your old uncle!" he exclaimed, merrily. "Here's Kate making a perfect fright of her pretty self with that shock of red hair, and this horrid yellow dress! I declare I don't wonder she frightened all the bears away!" laughed the doctor.

"But you forgot Mr. Fitzsimmons," laughed the girl. "I am sure he played the agreeable, notwithstanding it cost him a master effort; and Jenny here didn't suffer, if she did enact the rôle of the 'poor cousin,' for she had one of the most gentlemanly attendants in Mr. Otis. I declare I'd give half my fortune and my red wig to boot, if Mr. Otis had been as attentive to me; but I plainly saw that he didn't care for money, and so I despaired of attracting his attention."

"Well, Kate, I must confess you made a capital country girl," responded Jenny. "I thought I should fairly expire with laughter to hear you go on at table; and uncle, I thought, would never get over it. Kate, you have certainly found a most ardent admirer (of your fortune!) in Mr. Fitzsimmons, who is certain to be at your feet from this night."

"Well, girls, I see you are bent on having your own way, and your old uncle will have to give up to your mad capers; though 'tis a pity to spoil Kitty's looks, for she did look like a downright fright to-night. And Jenny, here, what would your charming city friends say, I wonder, to see the rich heiress in such plain attire, and occupying the place of a poor dependant?"

The next morning, the two cousins—Jenny and Kate—were sitting in their room at Dr. Campbell's elegant residence, when the servant brought up the card of Mr. Fitzsimmons.

"There, I knew he would come this morning to inquire for your health, after last night's dissipation, Kate!" exclaimed Jenny.

"He is doubtless smitten with my auburn curls, Jen. Do pray help me fasten them on; and that short, gay-coloured dress—I must wear that! You must come down, Jen, and see how I torture the poor fellow's delicate nerves with my countrified tones and manners!" And, so saying, the gay girl descended to the par-

hour, and in a short time was followed by her cousin.

"Mr. Fitzsimmons, this is cousin Jenny Campbell," said Kate, as Jenny entered the apartment. Mr. Fitzsimmons was about to rise when the door opened; but seeing no one but the poor dependant, as he supposed, merely bowed, by way of acknowledging her presence. "Did you see my cousin Jenny?" asked Kate, somewhat tartly.

"Yes, oh yes; I recognized her," said Mr. Fitzsimmons, looking coolly at her as he spoke.

"Well, then, why don't you shake hands with her, as if you were glad to see her? I thought that was city fashion. Ain't it Jenny," turning to her.

Jenny bit her lips to hide a smile, and answered:—"I believe so, cousin Kate; but then people often omit the custom."

"Yes I expect so; I rather guess it's only intimate friends who shake hands. Ain't it, Mr. Fitzsimmons?"

"Yes, I think so," murmured that confused gentleman, "or those who are engaged."

"But you shook my hand last night," continued the malicious tormentor, "and—and—we ain't yet."

"Nobody knows what may be, most adorable crotchaw!" whispered Mr. Fitzsimmons, in his softest tones, as he moved nearer her on the sofa.

"Oh, Jenny, did you hear that—what Mr. Fitzsimmons just said to me?" exclaimed the wicked girl, not heeding poor Fitzsimmons' reddening face, and faint whispers of "Don't, don't, I beg of you!"

"He called me 'an adorable crotchaw,' and looked dreadful tender at me. Is it love, Jenny, to talk and look so? 'cause I want to know if I'm made love at."

Jenny had turned away as Kate commenced speaking, and now stood at the piano with her back toward them. With face convulsed with laughter, she bent over the music, not appearing to heed her cousin's words.

Swallowing his chagrin and confusion (for these of the "fifty thousand"), Mr. Fitzsimmons asked:—

"Do you sing, Miss Barton?"

"Well, yes, I do sing a little. I sing 'Doxology,' and 'Greenland's Icy Mountains.' Now, Jenny sings and plays on the pianer beautiful, and I'm going to begin to take lessons right off. Uncle says I must, to be fashionable, so I can play afore folks when they ax me. But perhaps you'd like to hear me sing? Zebedee Hall used to admire to hear me, and said I beat all the girls in our town; but then I guess he was a flatterin' me, for he wanted to marry me awful bad. That was after I had my fortin left me, you see," she added; "and I tolled our folks that I didn't want a farmer—I meant to go down to the city to Uncle Campbell's, and see something of the world, and get a city chap, mebbe; but about singing—shouldn't you like to hear me sing, Mr. Fitzsimmons? If you'll pitch the tune, I guess I can sing the 'Doxology.'"

"You must excuse me, Miss Barton, but I do not sing the tune you mention," replied the gentleman, nervously.

"Oh, la sakes! I thought everybody knewed that, and pennyryal tunes; but I'll get Jenny to pitch the air on the pianer."

But just then the door closed on Jenny, as she left the room with her handkerchief to her face, and a faint sound, as of suppressed laughter, smote their ears.

"I rather guess cousin Jenny's got the toothache," said Kate, "by her having her handkerchief to her mouth. I expect these jellies and rich 'lectionary people eat at parties destroy the 'amel of the teeth, and makes folks lose 'em young. Now, mine are rare good and sound, and I don't mean to spile 'em eating much of the peaky stuff when I go to *scurvies*."

Mr. Fitzsimmons, who had been decidedly uncomfortable while Jenny was in the room, and had been on the point of retreat at the first opportunity, now settled himself comfortably again in the large arm-chair; then, mastering his aversion to the red hair and loud tones, tried to look very lover-like on Kate.

But Kate was determined to display her powers of singing; and so, after a preliminary humming of the tune, she favoured him with "Greville," much to the apparent pleasure of Mr. Fitzsimmons. Just as she finished, the door-bell rang, and Mr. Fitzsimmons, rising hastily, excused himself on the plea that he had important business, and must then leave, but he should do himself the honour of calling again on her very soon; and, with a tender pressure of the hand, he left her. On the steps he met Philip Otis, who saluted him with:

"Ah, you've been taking time by the forelock, I reckon!" and then entered.

As the door closed on the retreating figure of her admirer, Kate threw herself upon the sofa and burst into merry peals of laughter, from which she was aroused by the entrance of the new caller. She started up in confusion; but, recovering in a moment, said:

"Mr. Otis, I believe? I will call my cousin Jenny," and left the parlour.

As she spoke to him, and passed him on leaving the room, Mr. Otis thought her not so awkward as she had appeared on the evening previous. He was interrupted at this point by the appearance of Jenny Campbell, to whom he had lost his heart on that evening; and he was soon chatting pleasantly with her.

"I believe the lady whom I met just now was your cousin?" he said. "I have not yet been presented to her."

"Oh, yes; she will be down directly," Jenny replied, and Kate soon made her appearance; and, notwithstanding that she continued to enact the country lass, Philip Otis saw that, despite the country tone and manners, she was a girl of uncommon good sense and character. Still, the poor cousin was more attractive in his eyes than the heiress of fifty thousand, and he left Dr. Campbell's more thoroughly in love with Jenny than on the previous evening.

An hour later the heiress and the poor cousin sat together in their room.

"Jenny," exclaimed Kate, "tell me if I enacted my rôle of the 'country girl' to perfection, for I thought Mr. Otis regarded me somewhat closely, as though he suspected something of the kind."

"Perfect, perfect; couldn't have been better!" exclaimed Jenny, with tears of laughter in her eyes. "Why, you ought to have been an actress, cousin Kate! Poor Fitzsimmons! ah, how I pitied him when you exposed his innocent love-making; and when you insisted on singing the 'Doxology,' I was forced to apply my handkerchief to my mouth and make my exit. And you kept such a sober face all the while!"

"Yes, Jen; and I told Mr. Fitzsimmons you had doubtless got the toothache from eating sweets last evening. I managed to keep a smooth face till he left, though, when Mr. Otis came in, I was laughing most immoderately, and I suppose he thought I was quite insane."

A month went by, and still the two girls kept up the farce. Mr. Otis was very attentive to Jenny Campbell; and she felt that with him she could be very happy, for he had not sought her for her wealth, as others had often, and as many there would have done had they known she, in reality, was the heiress, instead of her cousin Kate.

But the reputed heiress, notwithstanding her fifty thousand, did not abound in admirers. Two or three gentlemen had, at first, endeavoured to approach her "with matrimonial intent," but the frowny head and red face had daunted them, and so they withdrew, sighing over the loss of the fortune with such "an incumbrance."

Yet one had remained besides Fitzsimmons—Ned Leland, a young man of sterling integrity of character and quiet exterior, who saw that beneath Kate's awkward manner and uncouth ways there was much to respect and admire. And, somehow, in his presence the loud voice and uncouth manners softened, and she came near betraying herself several times.

Mr. Fitzsimmons still continued his attentions, and so the time glided on. At length his landlord grew more impatient (notwithstanding poor Fitzsimmons promised to pay "when his long expected remittances arrived"), and threatened him severely; and the tailor and washerwoman thrust their bills into his face each day.

So Fitzsimmons grew desperate, and found that he must at last bring matters to a crisis with the heiress. One evening, therefore, dressing himself with unusual care, he vended his way to Dr. Campbell's.

Upon admission by the servant, he found, to his joy, that there was no one in the parlour but Miss Kate Barton, who was seated on the sofa with an extra frizzle in her red hair, and arrayed in a brilliant red dress which harmonized (?) with her ruddy complexion most wonderfully.

His heart whispered that she was expecting him, and he imagined the fifty thousand already in his possession. No more threatening landlords, and insolent tailors, and whining washerwomen; already, "beyond the seas," he was riding in his own carriage, while his dowdy wife—well, I fear that she did not mingle very largely in the gentleman's anticipations of the future.

"Ah, my dear crotchaw!" he exclaimed, in most tender tones, seating himself beside her, after the salutations of the evening, "were you expecting me?"

"Wall, I don't know as anybody else was expecting you but me," she replied.

"Yes; you are the only one, dearest!" murmured Fitzsimmons, in tender tones; "the only being whom I could wish to expect me, or desire my coming; and, most lovely one, I have come to-night to pour into your listening ears the secret which I have kept hidden in my heart since the night when I first beheld you. I can keep it there no longer. It has burst its bonds, and must be released. Can I hope that my wild worship is returned by you, most adorable girl?"

and he took her hand as he spoke, and raised it to his lips.

"There, I knowed it!" exclaimed Kate. "I knowed you loved me, and told uncle so, when he said the bank had failed where all my money was put. I told him I knowed there was one heart that was true—that would stick fast when money had took wings and flown away. But, what is the matter, Mr. Fitzsimmons? you look dreadful pale, and you tremble all over! I'm afraid you're took sick. I'll get you some camphire, and you'll soon feel better."

"No, no, I thank you, Miss Barton, I am better already; but I think I must be going. I don't feel very well. I wish you a good evening." And, in an astonishingly short period—short as his last examination had been—the confounded gentleman found himself on Dr. Campbell's front door steps.

As the street-door closed on him, Kate gave loud vent to her laughter; and, as once before, the bell again rang, and Mr. Leland was ushered into her presence.

Kate rose to meet him with fluttering heart and downcast eyes, for she trembled for the effects of the same knowledge of "the loss of her property" on him; and she felt that it would be a hard struggle to give up his acquaintance as easily as she had Fitzsimmons. And so, when Ned Leland avowed feelings similar to those she had heard from Fitzsimmons, her voice trembled as she told the same tale of the loss of her property.

"It is not your wealth I care for, Kate; it is not that I would wed, but your own self, minus the paint and red wig!" he answered, smilingly.

Kate started up in astonishment, and unconsciously grasped at the offending wig; but it was there, too securely fastened to be easily removed.

"Oh, Kate, I have known it all along—from the first—that you wore a wig, and used paint, you wretched girl!" he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh; "and though others were deceived, I saw through the disguise at once. Love has sharp eyes, you see, Kate," he added, drawing her to him.

"Kate, tell me if you love me, or that odious Fitzsimmons, who is always in your presence. I must know which, this night!"

There was no need for other answer to the young man than the uplifting of the blue eyes, and the shy, but happy laugh that followed.

And when, a few minutes later, Kate descended to the parlour from her own room, whither she had retired, what a complete change had taken place in her. Hair of the richest brown had usurped the place of the red wig, and from her delicate complexion all traces of paint had vanished; while, tastefully clad in a becoming dress, she stood before her astonished lover.

"I had thought you passable, Kate," he murmured, as he met her, "but now you are more beautiful than a dream. Can it be that you are the country girl who but just now left the room?" he asked, fondly.

"Yes, the same, dear Edward; the same, but miss the 'fifty thousand,' as before, for that belongs to my cousin, Miss Jenny Campbell, who is the heiress, while I am only the adopted child of my Uncle Campbell. Can you take me as I am?" she added roughly.

"All I ask is you, Kate," he murmured, fondly drawing her to him.

After a time, Kate related the interview with, and abrupt exit of, Mr. Fitzsimmons, earlier that evening; and a merry laugh followed at the fortune-hunter's expense.

The next day, Ned Leland had a consultation with Dr. Campbell, to whom he told his love for his niece, and its return, asking his consent to a certain event in the immediate future; and the old doctor only said "Yes," very pleasantly, asking with a smile, "if he knew that Kate had lost her fifty thousand." And it furthermore happened that, on that same forenoon, Philip Otis also sought the doctor on a similar errand; and he, too, went away very happy in its results.

"There, girls!" exclaimed the doctor at dinner, "here I've had two consultations without a single fee, this morning—both on your accounts, you naughty girls! But then I administered the right poisons, and the patients are doing finely, and I think will be out soon, and able to come here to speak for themselves."

Soon after, two weddings took place; and the astonished world of B— learned that Jenny Campbell was the real heiress, while Kate proved the handsomest lady in the town, and niece to the old doctor.

Mr. Fitzsimmons was not seen in B— after that night. He probably "stepped out incontinently," for the landlord of the A— Hotel was heard making inquiries for him, together with the tailor and washerwoman, and various other creditors, who, I much fear, cherish his memory to this day as the gentleman who promised to settle certain bills "when his remittances arrived." Possibly by this time he has replenished his purse by "marrying a fortune."

B. R.

AN IMITATOR OF TOWNLEY AT CAMBRIDGE.—Last week a young man named Charles Traylen, the son of a wealthy farmer and brewer at West Wickham, was charged before the magistrates at Cambridge with threatening to take the life of Miss Harriet Leeds, a young lady of considerable personal attractions, whom he had met at the house of a mutual friend, in consequence of her rejecting his addresses. He had repeatedly pressed his suit upon the young lady, but had been persistently met by a refusal, when he threatened to murder her, and declared he would swing for her, if she did not alter her determination. His conduct at length became so violent, that the friends of the young lady had to call in the assistance of the law. The defendant was ordered to find heavy bail, but his friends refused to be responsible for him, and he was locked up.

ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN OF CHARLES II.

The illegitimate children of King Charles II. were popularly believed to be legion, but he acknowledged only (1) James Stuart, son of a young lady in Jersey, who took holy orders, and died a Catholic priest; (2) James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Lucy Walters, executed for treason by his uncle's command; (3) Mary, daughter of the same lady, married first to William Sarsfield, an Irish gentleman, and afterwards to William Fanshawe; (4) Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton; (5) Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton; (6) George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland; and (7) Anne, Countess of Sussex—all children of Barbara Villiers, the fierce Duchess of Cleveland; (8) Charles Beauclerk, Duke of St. Alban's; and (9) James Beauclerk, sons of Nell Gwynne; (10) Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond, son of Louise Quereville, Duchess of Portsmouth; (11) Mary Tudor, married to the heir of Lord Derwentwater, daughter of Mary Davis; (12) Charles Fitzcharles, and (13) a girl who died young, children of Catherine Pegge; and (14) Charlotte Boyle, alias Fitzroy, wife of Sir Robert Paston, Bart., afterwards Earl of Yarmouth, daughter of Elizabeth, Viscountess Shannon. Three of these founded dukedoms which still exist—Grafton, Richmond, and St. Alban's—and other families trace their rise to connection with the children of the last popular Stuart.—*Historical Notes.*

ADMIRALTY BUNGLING.

How is it that her Majesty's Government cannot supply her Majesty with a single yacht worthy of the Monarch who rules over the nation which professes to rule the waves? Why must the Sovereign Head of the first of maritime powers travel in vessels inferior in form and speed to these which private builders put together in six weeks on the Clyde? For sixpence the citizens of Glasgow can steam from Greenock to Rothesay, at the rate of twenty miles per hour, and can do so smoothly, that the handsome vessel seems rather to skate over the water than to labour through it; yet the Admiralty, with all the wealth of the world's wealthiest power at their back, do not appear to be able to place at the command of our Queen such a rate of water-travelling as Sandy McHolliday, on the banks of the Clyde, can with a single sixpence command.

What signal failures the Government yachts have proved, considering the outlay upon them!

There is the Osborne, a good square tub, efficient only as a churner of the sea. There is the Victoria and Albert, which insists on running with her head down like an ostrich, and which has been altered, to conceal her tendency to carry her nose to the ground, as if she were not a steamer, but a greyhound following the scent. And now we have mistake the third, the Alberta, a vessel which, if the *Times* is to be believed, is under the running speed of the best Clyde boats by two or three knots. This new boat is a phenomenon in her way. She goes nearly as well with two of her boilers as with all four, and when pressed with the full steam of all her four boilers, she spends the additional power in pushing up a great shoulder-wave, the result of her defective form. With four boilers she accomplished fifteen knots and a half; with two boilers she made no less than fifteen, so that half her power gives her the entire speed, or nearly so; and the other half, instead of making her go faster, is employed in weighting her down until she acts as a steam-plough, turning up a deep double furrow of imposing proportions in the sea.

This is most unsatisfactory work. The only really creditable bit of work in the yacht way, possessed by the Queen, is the little Fairy, which, for her size, was a handsome and a clever boat; but this last effort of Admiralty genius is said to be unbecomingly of form, unsatisfactory in her decorations, and, as we have seen, unsatisfactory in her performances.

Should not the Lords of the Admiralty give up their experiments in yacht-building? The Queen ought to

have, as Britannia's royal representative, the fleetest and most beautiful vessel afloat, yet her boats are distinguished for nothing but the large sums they have cost.

There are steamers on the Holyhead station which have done twenty-one statute miles per hour for nine hours in succession, and that in a roughish sea. There were, some time ago, three or four packets, neither large nor new, which could do twenty land-miles per hour in standing-water, and which did it not under extra pressure, with picked firemen and picked coal, and special excellence of trim, but as an average everyday performance.

There is one builder at Kelvinaugh who runs up blockade-runners in batches, and who gets eighteen miles out of them under steam within six weeks from the time when he lays their keels. So much does private enterprise accomplish.

Yet the Government, with all its staff to plan, all its time to consider and to perfect, and all its unstinted means, cannot give her Majesty a steamer at all worthy of the Queenstown ferry or the Rothesay passage, much less can they provide a ship worthy of England's Queen.

BERTHA'S JEALOUSY.

"TEN o'clock—he will not come to-night!"

Bertha Weaver leaned her head back against the cushions of the sofa with quivering lip and a dimness in her eyes that made dancing mists around the gas-lights in the chandelier. Yes, Bertha was dreadfully disappointed that her *preux chevalier* Launcelot Wynne absented himself so perseveringly from her side.

She rose up, and pushing the heavy curtains aside, looked sadly out through gathering tears into the rainy darkness of the wintry night.

Just opposite the house a single gas-lamp threw a long path of flickering brightness upon the pavement, casting dark shadows into the gloomy archway beyond, which led into a covered court, connecting with a ruinous pile of buildings which had been very splendid once, and were correspondingly dingy now. It was not a very exhilarating outlook and Bertha's heart sank within her.

She was a pretty, fresh-looking girl, with sunny braids of rich brown hair, and brown eyes, full of liquid hazel lights—one of those fair, confiding creatures whom you cannot help loving and petting, try you ever so hard, and tears seemed as strange visitants on her peach-blossom cheeks, as snow-flakes would have been on a butterfly's wing!

As she stood looking into the stormy night, a sudden light leaped into her eyes, and a vivid crimson shot athwart her cheek.

"Can it be possible?" she murmured to herself, bending eagerly forward; "Yes, it is Launcelot!"

The keen eye of love is seldom deceived. It was Launcelot Wynne who stood in the crazy archway, talking with passionate earnestness to a woman on whose face the full brilliance of the gas-light streamed, revealing every feature and lineament of her face.

It was a wondrously lovely face—Bertha could see that, as the shawl fell back from the loose golden curls—a face delicate as an artist's dream of ideal beauty with large sapphire blue eyes and tremulous scarlet lips! She clung with both hands to Launcelot's arm, and seemed literally to hang on the words that he spoke, with a look of confiding earnestness in her face that froze the blood in Bertha Weaver's veins to ice.

Involuntarily she shrank away from the window, covering her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out all sense of vision from their aching orbs.

"False! Launcelot Wynne false!" she murmured, leaning helplessly against the wall. "I could sooner have believed that an archangel could sully his pure wings. Oh! this dull pain at my heart—will it never cease?"

She drew back the curtain once more, with irresolute, trembling fingers; but her eyes fell only on plunging rain and streaming gutters, with the light from the gas-lamp dancing on the turbid current. Launcelot and his beautiful companion were gone!

Bertha sank back on the sofa, shading her eyes from the garish, intrusive chandelier, and smothering her convulsive sobs in the embroidered pillow.

Two hours passed away, and she lay there, still and motionless, her brown eyes wide open, and her fingers tightly locked together.

"Oh!" she thought, "why need fate have grudged me the one little bit of sunshine that gladdened my whole life! Heaven knows it has been dark enough! My father and mother died before I knew them; I never had a sister; and it is two years since my poor brother got into trouble about those bank-funds, and had to go to France. Uncle Joseph is very kind to me, but—but—it isn't like my own dear father and mother; and just when I was getting to love Launcelot so very dearly—"

She broke down here in a storm of hysteric sobs and tears, which did her more good, poor little thing! than a doctor's prescription could have done.

All alone, the rain beating dimly against the windows, and the clock ticking in strange hollow accents on the mantel, Bertha Weaver struggled with this great sorrow!

She was sitting at her drawing, the next day, when the servant announced:

"Mr. Wynne."

"My darling little Bertha!" he said, taking her cold hand fondly in his, as he drew his chair up beside her own.

She withdrew her hand quietly.

"You were not here last night as you promised, Launcelot."

"No." (Was it her own fancy, or did he seem strangely disturbed at her words?) "I had an unavoidable engagement, which occupied my whole evening."

"It must have been very important," she said, bitterly.

"It was."

He met her searching gaze with bright, frank eyes—eyes whose truthful light dispelled every mist of doubt.

"Bertha, my love!—my own dearest!—cannot you trust me?" he asked, tenderly.

And she did what woman has done ever since the days of mother Eve—forgot and forgave, and trusted without question or misgiving. For was she not all alone in the world, and was not Launcelot Wynne very, very dear to her?

"Then you will be ready for the opera to-night, Bertha?" he said, drawing on his gloves, as he rose to depart. "I will call punctually at half-past seven!"

She was ready at half-past seven, with a bouquet of violets and heliotrope in her little white-gloved hands, ready and waiting at the window.

"Not off yet?" said her uncle, as he passed through the room. "You'll be late, it is nearly eight o'clock."

"Eight! it cannot be possible!" ejaculated Bertha, eagerly, consulting the dial of her little jewelled watch—Launcelot's own present. But the fairy hands pointed inexorably to "five minutes of eight."

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed by, and Bertha rose up indignantly.

"I will not go out with him to-night!" she exclaimed to herself. "It is too bad of him to disappoint me twice in this way!"

Some instinct—what it was she could scarcely define herself—led her to the window. She glanced out, and as she did so, caught sight of a man hurrying through the gloomy archway opposite, with a slight womanly figure at his side.

It was Launcelot Wynne!

Fired with hot indignation, Bertha Weaver sat down to her desk and wrote a brief, haughty note of final dismissal to her lover.

From that moment she saw him no more.

A year had passed by, and Bertha Weaver was sitting, pale and abstracted, on the deck of a river steamer, when a low, earnest voice accosted her.

"Bertha!"

She started as if a voice from the dead had struck upon her ear. Launcelot Wynne was standing at her side, very white, with compressed lips, and stern, reproachful eyes.

"Do not strive to avoid me," he said, gravely; "I will have an explanation—I consider it due to me. Why have you thus discarded me without reason or excuse? Why have you returned my letters unopened? Why do you shun me like one stricken with the plague? Bertha, I demand a reason!"

"Reason!" she repeated bitterly, "well, since you insist on my putting into words what your own conscience must have long since told you, I simply ask whether your fair friend of the archway still preserves her high place in your regard?"

Her lip curled haughtily as she spoke, and a scornful lightning blazed in her brown eyes.

"Of the archway!" he exclaimed, growing paler as he listened. "Bertha! Bertha Weaver! is it possible that you saw me enter that place? I had hoped—I had deemed that no mortal eye was upon me then."

"I supposed so," she said, coldly. "It is unfortunate that I chanced to become a witness of your guilty secrets!"

"My secrets, Bertha!" he exclaimed, passionately. "I had intended never to have breathed this to a living soul, but your scorn wrings it from me! They were your secrets—your brother's secrets!"

Bertha listened, apparently deprived of the power of speech, while the blood grew chill around her heart. He went on.

"You did not know, Bertha, and I could not tell you, that Richard, sick with the longing to see his native land once more, had rashly ventured hither with his young French wife. He was recognized in the street by one who had sworn never to give up pur-

suing him until he was lodged in prison. In this emergency he came to me. I contrived to secrete them both in the old tenement house behind the archway for a day or two. On the evening that we were to go together to the opera, I received a telegram that the ship on which I had engaged a passage for them under a feigned name, was to sail a day earlier than we had expected. Richard dared not leave his hiding-place, and poor Felicie, under my escort, made all the hurried preparations. I saw them off—with what a thankful heart I need not say. Afterwards, when I returned to tell you what before I had not dared to breathe, I learned that you had left town, and read your cruel note. Bertha, was this kind—was this just?"

She hid her face upon his breast.
"Oh, forgive me, Launcelot! I never dreamed of this. I fancied—I believed—"

"In short, Bertha," he smiled, "you were a little jealous. Are we friends once more?"

Her happy tears answered him.
Just one month afterwards they were married, and Bertha has never distrusted her husband since.

H. F. G.

THE WATER OF THE NILE.

SWEET is the water to the taste, and salubrious to the frame—at once a luxury and a medicine—though, during the inundation, it is so charged with sediment as to require it to be filtered in order to be fit for drinking.

"What!" said the general, Ponceonius Niger, to his soldiers, "crave you for wine, when you have the water of the Nile to drink?"

The Arabs, in their exaggerated language are accustomed to say, that if Mohammed had tasted of the stream, he would have asked of God an immortality on earth, that he might enjoy it for ever; and natives will even create an artificial thirst in order to quench it with the beverage.

Foreigners share the predilection. Giovanni Finati, familiar with the limpid streams of other lands, anticipated with delight his return to Cairo, to have access once more to the delicious Nile; and Maillet accounted it among other waters as champagne, among the wines.

Curious are the changes of colour. During the swell the river acquires a greenish hue, sometimes very decided. This is succeeded by a brownish red, approaching to a blood red, when the highest point of increase has been reached. Then follows a deep blue, which remains from the completion of the subsidence to near the renewal of the rise.

MATRIMONIAL EXPERIENCE.—A woman named Elizabeth Masi, who died at Florence in 1768, had been married to seven husbands, all of whom she outlived. She married the last of the seven at the age of 70. When on her deathbed she recalled the good and bad points in each of her husbands, and having impartially weighed them in the balance, she singled out her fifth spouse as the favourite, and desired that her remains might be interred near his.

MR. E. JESSE ON DOGS.—Perhaps as striking a lecture as any in this book is one on dogs. The lecturer expresses his surprise that these noble creatures should be made the subject of so many unfeeling allusions in colloquial speech. Thus we hear of a "lazy dog," a "drunken dog," a "dirty dog," a "shabby dog," of leading a "dog's life," and of "dogged temper." We call a dandy a "puppy," and a coward a "cur." Mr. Jesse proceeds to explain that all these epithets are absurdly misapplied. The dog is a friend so faithful, a protector so disinterested and courageous, that, instead of being coupled with these despicable adjectives, he deserves all the kindness and affection we can bestow upon him. It is certain that if man were deprived of the companionship and services of the dog he would be rendered in many respects a helpless being. The dog has died in defence of his master, saved him from drowning, warned him of approaching danger, and has faithfully and gently led him about when deprived of sight. If his master wants amusement in the fields or the woods the dog is delighted to have an opportunity of procuring it for him. If man finds himself in solitude, his dog will be a faithful companion; and may be, when death comes, the faithful creature will be the last to forsake the grave of his beloved master.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT COINS AT KIRCALDY.—A few days ago, while a number of labourers in the employment of Mr. Kay were engaged in removing an embankment at the new shipbuilding-yard near Kinghorn, they came upon what was supposed to be a stone, but what on being completely disinterred, turned out to be an earthen pitcher of very ancient make. Curiosity proved stronger than the jar, and it soon succumbed under a few blows from a "pick,"

scattering far and wide its shining silver contents. The coins are of very ancient date, and chiefly consist of silver pennies of the reigns of the Edwards, together with a few Scotch pennies belonging to the reigns of Alexander III., John Balliol, Robert Bruce, and David II. The latest date legible is 1375; it is, therefore, most probable that they were buried between that time and the beginning of the 15th century, one of the most troublesome epochs in Scottish history. There is a tradition of a monastery having stood near the spot where the money was found, and it is supposed that it was hidden by the monks for safe-keeping, and they possibly being massacred or having to fly the country, it has remained a secret. The value of the money at the date of its burial would be nearly £2,000, but its present value as old silver will be about £180. We believe there was about 40 lbs. weight of the coin, which is now being very freely circulated in the "kingdom" of Fife. Large quantities are being rapidly bought up by collectors and coin antiquarians.

ACCIDENTS IN THEATRE.—The Lord Chamberlain lately called a meeting of managers of theatres, in order to confer with them on the subject of accidents in theatres from fire. It was stated by some of the managers that the great difficulty was that theatrical managers had not control enough over the girls employed at the theatre to make them observe the precautions taken for their safety. The managers could have no control over the under-dresses of the ballet girls was at once affirmed by all present, and it was pointed out that it was generally the under clothing which first took fire. Some of the girls wore thirteen or fourteen gauze petticoats. With respect to the solutions for rendering muslin and tulle inflammable, it was pointed out that its effect was not durable. One manager said that he had provided the ladies of his ballet with a solution to render their under-clothing inflammable, and on inquiry after the lapse of a fortnight found that none of them had used it—the girls laughing and excusing themselves on the ground that they had not had time.

ESCAPE FROM WOLVES.

ON a glorious day in Indian summer, about a dozen years since, Russell Marcy was riding over the prairies in the extreme north-western portion of Kansas. He had been on a buffalo hunt with several of his companions, and during the excitement of the chase became separated and lost from them. He had little fear but that he would eventually meet them, although, as the day advanced, he began half to fear that he would have to "camp out," at least once during his life.

Suspicion resolved itself into a certainty as he saw the sun sink in the west without catching a glimpse of the much-coveted camp fire. The light of day had hardly disappeared when a bright moon appeared, and Marcy concluded to remain in the saddle a few hours longer in the hope of catching a glimpse of his friends. It was not until near midnight that he gave over the hope, and made up his mind to avail himself of the first suitable camping-place that offered itself. A small, stumpy tree caught his sight, and, making haste to it, he dismounted, and, first securing his horse, ascended among its branches. The tree was of a peculiar structure, the limbs matted so closely together that a more comfortable resting-place could not have been offered. In his wearied and exhausted condition, it is not to be supposed that Marcy would remain awake; but, while on the very point of passing off into unconsciousness, he was suddenly aroused to a most startling wakefulness.

A sort of long, tremulous wall came borne to him on the night-wind. It was a dreadful sign that he could not mistake, the warning of the fierce mountain-wolf! At the same moment his horse seemed to snuff in the alarm, and made such frantic efforts to escape that he broke from his picket and dashed away. Almost at the same moment the cry was repeated, from a different quarter, and in ten minutes from the time the first was heard, it seemed to Marcy that fully five hundred wolves were making the night hideous with their howls and wailing. Beyond a doubt they had got upon his trail, and he made up his mind that he was to be treated to a sardonic that would effectually drive all sleep from his eyelids. That he was really in personal danger hardly occurred to him, although he was well aware of the superiority of the mountain-wolf in power and sagacity over the common species that inhabit the prairies.

In a few moments he saw the lank form of a wolf, and almost immediately after a multitude that filled the ground beneath and for an acre around the tree. They came from every direction and their number seemed exhaustless. The moon was so bright that Marcy could discern their movements as plainly as if it were mid-day. He saw one fellow accidentally

wounded by the claws of another in the furious struggles that all were making. In the twinkling of an eye he was pounced upon by a score of others and torn limb from limb.

It now struck the hunter that he might direct their attention from himself by firing into them. Accordingly he pointed his gun downward, without taking any aim, and discharged it. A sharp yelp, growling and snarling over the bones told the result. Waiting a few moments, until he judged there was nothing left of the unfortunate quadruped, he fired his piece again, pointing it this time in such a direction that the victim was a red or two from the trees. The others instantly plunged in that direction, and he quickly followed in the wake of his companions. Again and again was this repeated, until Marcy began to wonder whether, if he killed all except one, he would not demand still more, so insatiate seemed their appetites.

The hunter continued this sport until he had slain over a score, and his ammunition had become so low that he judged it best to husband it against future contingencies. Accordingly, reloading it, he placed it across the limbs above him, and engaged himself in looking down upon the strange sight that met his gaze. For a time their actions afforded him amusement, but he soon began to experience an unpleasant apprehension that his position was by no means one of perfect safety. Some were leaping upward so furiously and catching upon the lowermost limbs, that there was really danger of their maintaining a foothold upon them.

Young Marcy judged it best to fire at intervals in order to keep their attention sufficiently diverted from himself. Every now and then large numbers were seen to approach and join the main body until nothing could be seen but their dark, struggling bodies. As the moon at intervals was veiled by some passing cloud their forms darkened, and resembled some hideous denizens of the lower regions; and then again, as their tawny hides, flashing eyes and glistening teeth appeared, the sight was as if possible more terrific than before. The young hunter felt that he was certainly in a strange situation. Alone on the prairie, in the middle of the night, driven to a tree by a horde of famishing wolves!

Despite his fearful situation, and the dreadful uproar beneath, he began to get very drowsy and sleepy. He started with terror when he became conscious of this dreadful fact, and strove to shake it off; but owing to his cramped position and the impossibility of moving his limbs to any extent, he failed. For a time he moved up and down the tree, that is from top to bottom, until he was so exhausted that he concluded to seat himself and watch these

beasts below him. A more fatal mistake could not have been committed. In ten minutes he was sound asleep. Either the wind or the lax condition of his muscles operated to unsettle him, and he commenced slipping from the tree. A limb brushed his face and he awoke. He felt himself slipping, sliding, and sinking! He screamed and clutched at the twigs, but they slid unavailingly through his fingers.

The wolves seemed to grow more furious. He yelled and grasped frantically like a drowning man. But still he sank lower, and it seemed that he was minutes, almost hours, in reaching the ground.

Oh, the concentrated horror of those interminable seconds. The agony of a lifetime seemed compressed in that single moment.

But he passed below the limbs. There was a dizzying through the air, and he struck directly upon the back of a wolf. At the same instant he gave utterance to a sound—a sound so unlike that uttered by a human being, that the startled animals in his immediate vicinity sprang away.

That instant the desperate hunter made a leap upward, and caught the lowermost limb in one hand and grasped it in the other. And as he did so full a score of ravenous wolves leaped after him.

With a strength that sometimes comes to a dying man, he drew up his foot, lifting a wolf bodily from the ground, so that he hung suspended in mid-air. The hunter shook his limb desperately, and the dreadful incubus dropped to earth again, his poisoned claws cutting to the bone of the ankle, and stripping the moccasins from his lacerated foot.

Cowering and quivering like an aspen, he ascended to the topmost limb, and clung to his position until morning. Marcy stated in after life that he seemed neither dead, sleeping, nor conscious during those few hours. He existed as a matter of course, and heard the clamour beneath him; but he heard it with a dull, stolid apathy that recked not what might be the result.

With the light of morning, his senses returned to him. He drew a deep breath, peered down through the branches and saw that the wolves were departing; one by one they took themselves away until none were left. A huge wolf that looked formidable enough to attack a grizzly bear, after walking a hundred yards or so, paused and looked back, with a longing, wistful

look, as though it went hard with him to yield his coveted breakfast. As he sat upon his haunches, licking his jaws, Marcy felt an irresistible impulse to shoot him. During all the tumult, his rifle had remained in the tree. Reaching down, he drew it up, took a short aim, and knocked him over.

Shortly after not an animal was to be seen. He then tremblingly descended. He found his ankle much weakened by the wound, but after walking while it felt more easy. He looked in vain for the meccasin, it had probably been swallowed by one of the voracious creatures, and he was compelled to go without any creature to one of his feet.

Limping and walking all day, he at last came upon his companions, who had become alarmed at his absence, and who had been searching for him. It required a few days before he had fairly recovered from his adventure with and escape from the mountain-wolves.

E. S. E.

ARMY AND NAVY OF DENMARK.

The army of the Danish monarchy consists, according to law, on the peace footing, of 23 battalions of infantry, comprising 16,500 men; 25 squadrons of cavalry, with 2,800 men; and two regiments of artillery, with 2,400 men and 96 pieces of ordnance. This total of 22,000 men, which on the war footing is to be doubled, has been seldom reached of late years.

To diminish the budget the standing army has been kept down to about 12,000 men; but during the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1848-50 there were in the field 49,300 infantry, 16,600 cavalry, and 9,000 artillery with 144 guns. The army is formed by conscription, in which every man in good health who has reached his twenty-second year is liable. The legal time of service is eight years, but *de facto* the recruits are not kept longer than about ten months under arms, and afterwards sent home on furlough, and called up for annual exercises. At the end of the first period of service the men are enrolled on the "first call" of the army of reserve, and at the end of another eight years on the "second call"; the military liability comes with the forty-fifth year.

The navy of Denmark consisted in September, 1862, of 19 sailing vessels with 704 guns, and 28 steamers with 340 guns. Twenty of the steamers were screws, one a ship of the line with 64 30-pounders, two frigates with 42, and one with 44, four were armoured-coasted schooners with (together) 32 60-pounders. There were also 50 paddle-wheel steam gunboats, with about 100 guns, but some of these are said not to be seaworthy; and the same remark applies to the eight larger paddle-wheel steamers included in the list of 28 steam vessels. There was a vote in 1862 of £194,000 for converting some of the sailing vessels into steamers.

The navy was manned in September, 1862, by very nearly 2,000 men, officered by a vice-admiral, a rear-admiral, 26 captains, 23 commanders, and 83 first-lieutenants.

The population at the census taken in February, 1860, was as follows:—Denmark proper, 1,000,551; Schleswig, 409,907; Holstein, 544,419; Lauenburg, 50,147—total, 2,606,024.

NEW ZEALAND IN 1868.

The population of this colony is 1,990,500, including 56,500 natives; the revenue is £1,000,000; the public debt, £2,000,000; the value of a twelve-month's exports, £1,600,000; and of imports, £3,800,000.

There are now in the colony 640,000 acres of farm lands, 3,600,000 sheep, 240,000 head of cattle, 38,000 horses, and 50,000 pigs. The maximum price of bread 2½d.; beef, mutton and pork, 7d.; butter, 1s. 6d.; tea, 3s.; sugar, 6d.; cheese, 15d.; salt, 1½d.; rice, 4d.; and tobacco, 4s. per lb. The price of the best land in the best neighbourhoods is 20s. an acre. In two years the gold diggings of Otago have yielded nearly £3,000,000. In 1861, there were 20,000 houses for 1,600,000 inhabitants. Coal, iron, copper, lime and building stone, sulphur, plumbago, ochres, and various useful earths and clays are found in abundance.

The area of New Zealand is 75,000,000 acres, which is nearly the acreage of the United Kingdom. There is no venomous reptile nor poisonous plant in the colony. Pheasants, partridges, quail, and red and fallow deer are thriving there. There are 83 species of birds, and 100 varieties of indigenous trees. The fibre of New Zealand wild flax, is the toughest vegetable known.

New Zealand has nearly twenty weekly and bi-weekly newspapers, and five bishops, whose incomes average £500 a year each. Nearly all the natives reside in the northern and smallest island. They are believed to be descendants of the Sandwich Islanders, and to have been in possession of New Zealand 500 years. Most of them are educated, and can read the Bible. Many of them have considerable property in

stock, cultivations, coasting vessels, flour mills, and specie. Some of them have accounts at the banks, and are shareholders in joint-stock companies. New Zealand is 11,350 miles distant from England by way of Panama, and 15,500 miles distant by way of Egypt.

THE LOVERS.

BY JEAN INGELW.

WALKING apart, she thinks none listen,
And now she carols, and now she stops;
While the evening star begins to glisten
Between the lines of blossoming hops.

Sweetest Mercy! your mother taught you
All uses and cares that to maids belong,
Apt scholar to read and to sew, she taught you,
But she did not teach you that tender song!

A crash of boughs—one through them breaking!
Mercy is startled, and fain would fly,
But 'ere as she turns, her steps overtaking,
He pleads with her—"Mercy, it is but I!"

"Mercy!" he touches her hand unbidden—
"The air is balmy, I pray you stay—
"Mercy?" Her downcast eyes are hidden,
And never a word she has to say.

Till closer drawn, her prisoned fingers
He takes to his lips with a yearning strong;
And she murmurs low that late she lingers,
Her mother will want her and think her long.

"Good mother is she, then honour duly
The lightest wish in her heart that stirs;
But there is a bond yet dearer truly,
And there is a love which passeth hers."

"Mercy, Mercy!" Her heart attendeth,
And the blush on her maiden brow is sweet;
She lifts her face when his own he bendeth,
And the lips of the youth and the maiden meet.

RAILWAY SERVICE.

Men who have failed in everything else think themselves good enough for serving upon a railway—"discarded, unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and hostlers trade-fallen." It is the same with those who would fill what are supposed to be the "genteel" offices about railways. There is no end of walking gentlemen ready on a moment's notice to manage a railway; or "undertake any department." It is not for a moment imagined that railway business, like every other, requires special fitness, special knowledge, and special training. Everybody has got some luckless protégé whom he would like to "get upon a railway."

A friend of Sir Thomas Buxton's once recommended to him a gentlemanly person to manage a mining company, stating that "he had been a brave officer." Buxton replied, "You say he is brave; what has that to do with the mines? We don't want to fight the silver. Is he a vigorous, energetic dig, who will conquer difficulties? Is he a sharp, clear-headed man, who will not let us be cheated? Is he a man who will do business? Is he a good-tempered man who will quarrel with nobody? You naval gentlemen think of nothing but courage."

To the credit of railway directors generally, we believe it will be said with perfect truth that there is less nepotism, less undue exercise of patronage, less appointing of unworthy persons to fill important posts—and on the railway, from the keeper of a level crossing to a general manager, all posts are important, though in unequal degree—than in any service of the same magnitude and importance. The consideration which mainly governs them is fitness; and the general practice is to put the best men in the best places.

THE BLOW-PIPE.

The *pes-shooter*, as we believe, tolerably well known to most young gentlemen whose education has been attended to in England. Now, there are savages who use a sort of *pes-shooter* twelve or fourteen feet in length, and from which poisoned arrows are blown up to a distance of a hundred yards.

The most celebrated of the tribes who use this weapon are those who inhabit the northern portion of South America; and so fatal do these people find their blow-pipes, that they actually prefer them to the rough guns which they can alone procure from civilized traders.

The blow-pipes used by these natives consist of a tube which is made out of reed that grows in the country. The reed is of a very singular growth, and appears as though it were intended for the purpose to which it is put, for although, as mentioned, it is used of a length of twelve or fourteen feet, yet there is no perceptible difference in the diameter of the two ends of the reed. This reed is carefully inserted within

a bamboo tube, so as to protect it from external damage. The pith is carefully pushed out, and the interior is then as smooth as glass, and offers, therefore, no opposition to the passage of the arrows.

A small stick, about the size of a lady's knitting-needle, forms the foundation of the arrow. Some wild cotton is fastened to the end of this, and thus does away with the windage. The poison, which is thick and glutinous, is laid on about the point; and thus armed, the South American savage is ready to kill.

A strong pair of lungs, and some skill, are requisite to send the arrow with its full force; but even a weak person would be much surprised at the force with which his arrows are propelled by means of a slight puff of breath. These weapons are used principally against birds, which are "potted" as they sit in the trees.

When any creature such as a monkey is required to be slain, the same savages use an arrow, the barbed end of which remains in the wound, whilst the wooden end may be pulled out with ease; the monkey, when wounded, seizes and extracts with his hands or paws the wooden part of the arrow; the barbed poisoned iron, however, remains, and usually produces death in a very few minutes.

Great secrecy is maintained amongst those members of the savage community who possess a knowledge of the component parts of the poison used for these arrows. That "knowledge is power" is perfectly understood, and holds good in this instance, for he who possesses a knowledge of the composition can drive a very hard bargain with his less skillful neighbour, when he has a supply on hand and his neighbour has none.

MILITARY SCANDAL.—A case of scandal is said to have occurred in her Majesty's Household Brigade, and a young officer has been requested to leave his regiment, but has declined. The circumstances of the case are not revealed.

STEEPLE-CHASING.—A movement is on foot in sporting circles for the establishment of an annual steeple-chase to be run by hunters. The object is the improvement of the breed of hunters in this country, and the subscription-list has been headed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

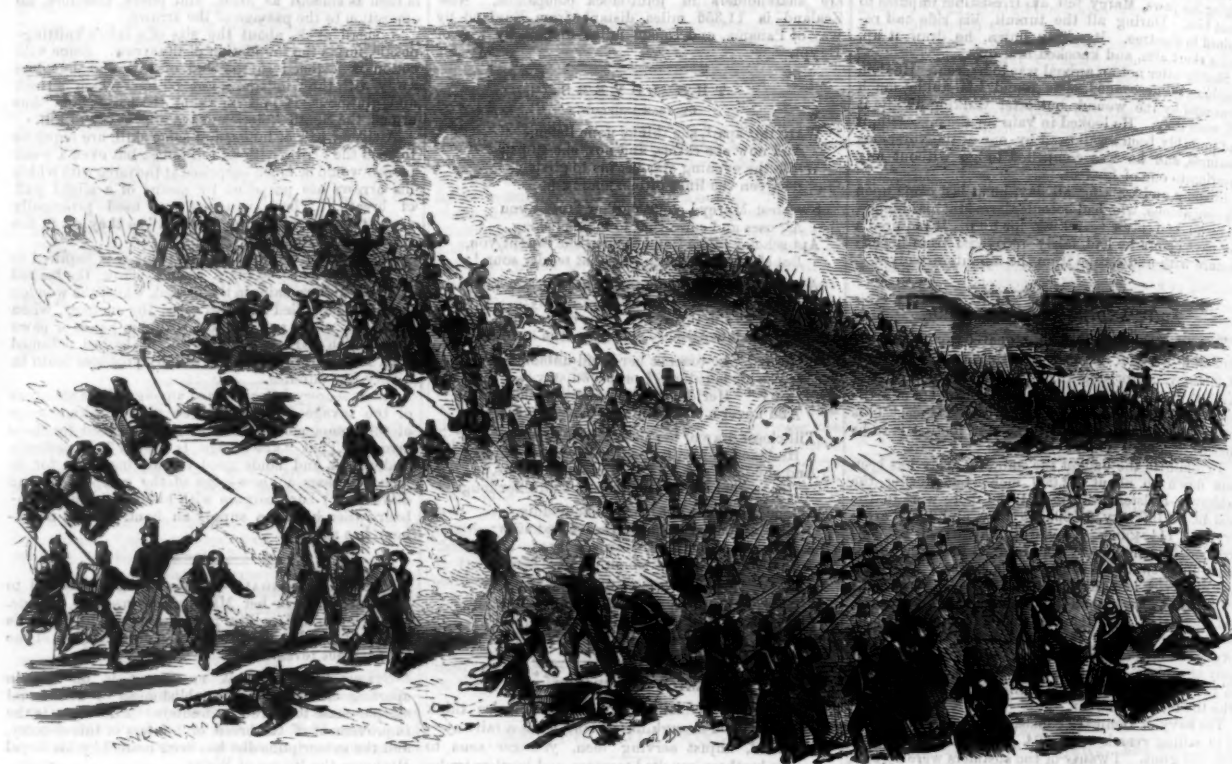
A LIBERAL OFFER.—So great was the anxiety of the Chinese authorities to obtain some of the Whitworth guns which formed the armament of 'Commodore Osborn's' squadron, that they are said to have offered to place pure silver, weight for weight, in the scales to purchase them.

FEARFUL CATASTROPHE.—A sad calamity has occurred in Bohemia. Nine children, on their way to school at a village called Lednitz, took refuge from the cold in an empty chapel, and were found there frozen to death, though the poor creatures had evidently clung to each other for warmth.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.—The Queen has, by letters patent under the Great Seal, declared her Royal will and pleasure that the children of the sons of any Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, shall at all times have the title of "Royal Highness," with their titular dignity of Prince or Princess prefixed to their respective Christian names, or with their other titles of honour.

ANOTHER PRINCE OF WALES.—A man, who gave the name of "George Albert Charles, Prince of Wales," has been taken into custody for breaking a pane of glass, value £8, in the shop of Messrs. Swaine and Adeney, Piccadilly, and also breaking another pane of glass. As an explanation for the offence, the prisoner said it was because the parties refused to take out of their windows the letters of appointment of the Prince of Wales, as he had never ordered them to be given out.

THE ALLEGED CASE OF POISONING BY A MEDICAL MAN IN PARIS.—We mentioned a short time since that a homoeopath, of Paris, had been taken into custody upon the charge of poisoning a lady, whose life was insured in his favour for £22,000. The case, according to French law, is being investigated by the judge specially entrusted with the preliminary steps in the trial (*Juge d'instruction*), the prisoner being all the while under close arrest. It would appear that these investigations have led to disclosures which throw additional suspicions upon the prisoner respecting the death of his mother-in-law, which took place two years ago. A great many witnesses have been examined, and careful analysis made by medical men, upon the directions of the judge. The investigation is not as yet concluded. The prisoner does not seem much affected by his incarceration and the impending trial. Nay, his activity, vivacity, and petulance seem on the increase, as he is very busy with a lengthy correspondence and satirical writings, in which the persons principally engaged in the investigation are very roughly handled.



[REPULSE OF THE PRUSSIAN AT MISUNDE.]

THE WAR IN THE DANISH DUCHIES.

THE attack of the Prussian troops on the Danish fortified position at Misunde was the real commencement of the German war of aggression against Denmark. In this conflict, at least, the aphorism of Napoleon, that Providence is "always found on the side of the big battalions," was not found to be true; for the Prussians were beaten back with a considerable loss of men; and consequently the first triumph in the war rested with the Danes. But since their victory over their invaders at Misunde, the fortune of war has completely changed; and the first success of the Danes may be said to have been also their last. The numerical superiority of their enemies, combined with the unexpected severity of the weather, proved too strong for a successful resistance, and rendered the gallant Danes unable to do more than wage a desultory and retreating contest, retiring everywhere as their foes pressed on, and ultimately finding themselves forced to abandon their entire line of defence in Schleswig.

This result has caused much regret and disappointment. But it was, of course, evident from the first, that such a step must become inevitable if the Danes were left to wage the struggle single-handed; for it was obviously impossible for the small Danish army, however gallant and however well entrenched, to hold their external range of works for any length of time against the united forces of two of the largest military powers in the world. The most they could do was to defend themselves until they were overpowered, and this took place immediately the whole of the German forces were brought up. After a week's successful resistance, the Danish commander-in-chief thought it incumbent on him to abandon the famous Dannewerk, and with it the defence of Schleswig.

The defence eastward of the capital of the duchy depended entirely upon the ability to prevent the Prussians or Austrians crossing the twenty-five miles of the Schlei inlet. The defence of these twenty-five miles was, of course, entrusted to the Danish navy. But on Friday, the 5th, Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia succeeded in throwing a pontoon bridge across the channel, and in transferring a body of troops from the southern to the northern side. The Prince, it seems, was aided in his design by 300 fishing-boats, which conveyed an additional brigade.

The point where this operation was effected was some twenty-five miles north-eastward of the town of Schleswig, at a village called Arnis, close to the spot where the Schlei joins the open sea. The place on

the northern bank at which the troops landed is Capeln, so that when the German force set foot on shore they were within twenty miles of Flensburg. Flensburg was the Danish base of operations—the arsenal from which De Meza drew his supplies—and it is more than twenty miles north of the Dannewerk, where the main army was concentrated.

The result, therefore, of this movement of Prince Frederick Charles was to place an army nearer the Danish base than the Danes themselves were, so long as they remained concentrated behind the Dannewerk and within the Schleswig entrenchments. The Austrian army was also simultaneously advancing in a contrary direction to that of the Prussians; and the Danish commander found himself between two forces, and his entire force threatened with capture if he remained in his intrenchments.

Under such circumstances the commander-in-chief had no choice but to retreat. Accordingly, on the same night in which De Meza heard of the successful crossing of the Schlei by the Prussian Prince, he ordered the evacuation of Schleswig and the Dannewerk.

The Austrian Kaiser and the Prussian King have thus obtained possession of both the duchies; their declared intention being only to hold them as a material guarantee for the fulfilment of treaty obligations by the King of Denmark, which provide for some independent constitutional rights of Holstein and Schleswig. But this can hardly be the honest intention of one at least of the German powers; for it is strongly asserted that Prussia means to filch an accession to her territory, by despoiling Denmark of Holstein, and the intensely coveted port of Kiel, as a harbour for the German "fleet of the future."

Time will show what were the real intentions of Prussia and Austria in this unjustifiable attack on Denmark; and we have no skill in reading political portents, if time does not also, and very speedily too, show them that there is a sure Nemesis to punish the aggression of might against right.

Public opinion in Europe and in this country has strongly denounced the flagitious act which they have committed. Her Majesty's Government have remonstrated with the Austrian and Prussian Governments upon the steps taken by them, both in Holstein and in Schleswig, under the shadow of the protection of the Austrian and Prussian troops, to proclaim the Prince of Augustenburg as duke of those two duchies.

Such a proceeding, as remarked by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, is utterly inconsistent with the good faith that ought to have been observed by Austria and Prussia, admitting, as they do, the bind-

ing nature of the treaty of 1852, by which they are bound to acknowledge the King of Denmark as sovereign of all the states which were under the sway of the late king, and being inconsistent with their declaration that they are ready to maintain the integrity of the Danish monarchy.

It was alleged for some time at Berlin that if resistance were made in Schleswig to the entrance of the German troops, that resistance leading to conflict, that conflict would establish war, and war put an end to treaties. We said, in reply, that that was a most preposterous doctrine, and if that doctrine were once established, any strong power which had an inconvenient treaty with a weaker power would have nothing to do, for the purpose of freeing itself from its engagements, but to make an unprovoked and unjustifiable attack, and then say that war has broken out, and that war puts an end to treaties, and thereby by its own unjustifiable and unprovoked aggression free itself from the engagements. That is a doctrine which no government which has any regard for itself and the principles of good faith can seriously appeal to. It would be an utter disgrace to assent to such a doctrine.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT PRINCE.—The christening of the infant prince will take place at Buckingham Palace on the 10th of March, the wedding-day of its royal parents. The first two names of the young prince will be Albert and Victor.

EXAMINATIONS FOR THE BAR.—Students for the Bar are in future to undergo an examination in English composition, literature, and history, and the Latin language. Students will, in future, also be obliged to attend the private law classes.

VISIT OF THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN TO PARIS.—It is not in March, but about the 25th of February, that the Archduke Maximilian and the Princess Charlotte are expected at Paris, or rather that their Highnesses will be received at the Belgian frontier with the ceremonial due to sovereigns. During their stay, which will be prolonged until the 4th or 6th of March, they are to reside at the Tuilleries.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S VALET.—Henry Shaw, alias Sherck, aged twenty-six, born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, valet to the Duke of Brunswick, has been sentenced, in Paris, to twenty-one years' imprisonment, with hard labour, for stealing his master's jewels. A fellow-servant deposed to having heard the prisoner confess that he had robbed an uncle at Warsaw of 14,000*l.*, and that his uncle had told him to go away and "get himself hung elsewhere."



[THE GUILTY MOTHER AND RECKLESS SON.]

A YOUNG GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY.

By VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

Author of "The Queen of Night," "In Spite of the World," &c.

CHAPTER LV.

Gaze not upon me with your fearful eyes:
There is no stain of blood upon my heart,
Though crime has still been mine.

James Elton.

The strange man seemed amused at the bewilderment of the two women.

More than once he appeared to be on the point of bursting into a rude laugh.

But if such an idea had even for a moment taken possession of his mind, he quickly abandoned it.

He looked at his mother steadfastly, and then, to settle the argument, if argument there was to be, he brought his heavy fist sturdily down upon the table, making the room tremble, and causing the women to tremble too, and the old crockery-ware in the cupboard and the rickety sideboard to rattle fearfully, and the Dutch clock to emit a kind of idiotic grunt in its corner.

"The girl's right, mother," cried he; "the girl's right! The time has come to have a reckoning with that she-devil at the hall, and hang me if I don't let her know what's my opinion of her."

After which, Gilbert Deathson sat down upon the chair nearest to him.

Then he got up again, opened the door, went out into the passage, closed up the outer door with its bolts and its chains, and, coming in again, turned the key in the lock.

All this time the two women had not spoken, but sat in a daze of bewilderment and terror.

"It's as well to be on the safe side," muttered the convict. "They'll be searching after me everywhere, I expect, and devil a nook or corner they'll leave untouched!"

It then, for the first time, occurred to him that he was having all the conversation to himself.

He burst into a loud laugh.

"Why, mother!" he cried; "you and the young one there are looking as scared as if I were an ogre just come off a long journey, and ravenously hungry."

His mother came to the rescue.

It was well she did; for Cicely could find no words to speak.

"The young lady here has heard all your story,

Gilbert," said Mrs. Deathson, reprovingly; "therefore she's naturally scared at you."

The man in the course of his rude, wretched, bad life, had not rubbed off every particle of the refinement imparted to him by good early training.

"Well, then," he said; "perhaps I may be able to make her a little less afraid of me. I didn't kill Jem Forrest, for he escaped out of the water. It was the old story. He was not drowned, because he was born to be hanged, as he was a few months ago. There is no man's life on my heart, miss," he added, turning to Cicely; "though my passion that night nearly made me a murderer. It was John Shadow who killed the nursery governess up at the hall that night."

Tears stood in the strong woman's eyes, as her son spoke.

"Thank thee, Gilbert," she cried; "thank thee for this. I've spent many a weary hour thinking of that dreadful night, and praying that it might prove a dream."

"Well, well," said he; "it was a mistake, though I take no credit for it either. I meant to kill him, so perhaps it's as bad as if I did. Take the will for the deed, they say. However, that's neither here nor there. What we have to do now is to settle the means of discomfiting this woman. It's plain to me that the real marchioness is innocent."

"You are right," cried Cicely; "she is innocent, and we can prove her so. What we want is to prove this other woman guilty."

"Precisely: that would be easy enough, if her one conversation in this house would prove her so. But that is not enough. To establish her guilty, we must find John Shadow."

"He is found!" said Cicely.

The convict gazed at her in bewildered surprise.

"Found!" he said; "why I thought he was dead, or at any rate far out of the reach of all."

"No, he is not dead, though I fear he might as well be—he is mad."

"Mad?"

"Yes, mad!"

"And where is he?"

"In Thornton gaol."

Gilbert Deathson thought a moment.

"Good," he said. "When can I see Mr. Ralph Conyers?"

"To-morrow."

"At what time?"

"Any time you like to name."

Gilbert Deathson laughed.

"Well," he said, "if it be left to me it will be

night-time. "I'm not at the present moment very

partial to daylight, as I might meet a few acquaintances I don't wish to see."

"I understand," returned Cicely, with a shudder. "I understand. Well, we will say to-morrow evening at eight—it will be dark then."

"Good," said the convict, "and where is the place of meeting to be?"

"Here," cried Cicely. "He will meet you here."

She rose to go.

With a rude kind of politeness—a remnant of better times—the convict rose, and let her out, and after saying a hurried adieu to him, and to his mother, she went away, and was soon hastening along the dark road.

During the interview, she had contrived to keep up her courage; but when she was once out in the open air alone, she began to ruminate upon the events of the evening.

What had she done?

Had she acted as her friends would have wished her to act?

She could scarcely doubt it, since, although she had allied herself to one of the outcasts of society, she could not but hope that inestimable advantage would accrue to the cause of the Marchioness of Castleton from the evidence of the convict and his mother.

Meanwhile, the absence of the young girl had caused considerable alarm to her father and to Ralph Conyers.

No one had seen her quit the inn—indeed no one had heard her move in the room.

The most alarming ideas ran through their minds.

Where could she be?

Could she have been induced to meet Reginald Conyers, and have been entrapped?

They did not return until she had been gone some time, and while, therefore, they were still meditating some plan for discovering her whereabouts, she entered.

She looked flushed and excited.

Ralph went up to her hastily and with undisguised concern.

"My dear Miss Crowe," he said. "Where have you been? You have alarmed us terribly."

Cicely's heart leaped up at his words.

The evident alarm he had experienced was sufficient evidence of his kindly feeling towards her.

It was not long before she had explained the occurrences at the cottage of Margery Deathson.

It need scarcely be said that both Burnett Crowe and Ralph Conyers approved of the plan she had formed, which seemed, indeed, to smooth away the difficulties that lay in the path of the real Lady Castleton.

On the following evening Gilbert Deathson received a visit from Ralph Conyers and the schoolmaster.

They were closeted with him for two hours.

At length the day of trial came.

The expectation of the inhabitants was roused to the highest pitch.

Every one had formed his own opinion of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner; but the greater portion of the hamlet sympathized with the French lady, as they called her.

This was in consequence of the undercurrent of thought and feeling spread throughout the neighbourhood by Ralph Conyers and the schoolmaster.

On the day of trial the court was crowded to excess. Every available corner was taken possession of.

Laura Conyers was accommodated with a seat. She was dressed with studied neatness and was very pale.

All traces of the dark skin had disappeared.

Lady Isabel sat with Reginald near the bench.

Close to Laura Conyers were her son and daughter, and Cicely and her father.

There were also two strange looking personages—a man and a woman—sitting near.

These were Gilbert and his mother.

At these two persons Lady Isabel glanced with a puzzled look.

Why were they there?

Why had they not taken their station near her counsel?

Still, never for one moment could she dream of the change that had taken place in the feelings of the woman.

She had again seen Margery Deathson, who had artfully dissembled her sentiments; but she had not seen the son for many years, and could not imagine who he was.

At length her excitement became so great, that she could bear the suspense no longer.

In five minutes more, the judge would take his seat.

She leaned over to her counsel, Mr. Mackenzie.

"That woman sitting yonder," she said, "is Mrs. Deathson, a most important witness. She is on the wrong side."

Mr. Mackenzie smiled.

"When we require her evidence, my lady," he said, "we can easily call her."

But Lady Isabel was not so easily satisfied.

She despatched a messenger with a few lines scrawled in pencil, saying that Mrs. Deathson had better change her seat, and be near those who required her.

The messenger came back in a moment.

"What does she say?" cried she, eagerly.

"She says, my lady," returned the man, whose respect for the "titled party" was hardly sufficient to restrain a smile; "she says, my lady, that she knows what she's about, and she's on the right side where she is."

"Thank you," said Lady Isabel, musingly, as she slipped a gratuity into the man's hand.

What could it mean?

Was the woman going to betray her?

And then, again, who was that rough, uncouth man by her side?

She had not much time for cogitation, for a buzz now ran through the court, talking groups dispersed, and sat down; then a dead silence fell upon everything, and Judge Matthews entered, bowed with his short, stiff bow to the assembled barristers and the public, and took his seat.

Then the usual preliminaries were gone through, and the indictment read, charging Helen Delaune with administering a noxious drug to Milton Conyers, commonly called Marquis of Castleton, with intent to destroy life.

In a clear voice, Laura refused to plead.

There was a buzz of wonder throughout the court, which was hushed again when Mr. Fortescue, the counsel for the prisoner rose.

"The court must understand," he said, "that my client refuses to plead to the indictment—because it is made out in the wrong name. When this error is rectified she is quite willing to plead."

"And what then is the real name of the prisoner?" asked the judge carelessly as he turned over his papers.

"Laura Conyers, Marchioness of Castleton," returned Mr. Fortescue.

CHAPTER LVI.

And justice reigned supreme: though malice wrought
With many wills against her. *Elia's Verdict.*

HAD a thunderbolt burst through the roof of the court and fallen in the midst of the assemblage it could not have produced a greater sensation than was caused by the words of the barrister.

The judge dropped the papers he was sorting and glanced up in astonishment.

A buzz ran through the court, and all turned toward Lady Isabel.

She was deadly pale, and met the gaze of the judge with a confused look, which immediately turned the tide of his feelings against her.

"What is this?" he asked "this is a strange declaration. There will be some difficulty in this if the prisoner persists in making this assertion."

The counsel for the defence spoke for a few moments earnestly with Laura Conyers.

Then he said:

"The prisoner is willing that the indictment should be amended thus—'Helen Delaune, claiming to be Laura Conyers, Marchioness of Castleton.'"

So at length it was arranged.

Then the trial began.

After a speech from the Attorney-General, who appeared for the crown, Lady Isabel was called forward.

She was cross-examined, strictly; but she never once wavered.

She had schooled herself well, and detailed with the utmost minuteness her story of the behaviour of Madame Delaune, during the time that she had been resident in her house as governess, and wound up by stating that in her drawer she discovered a book called "The History of Undiscovered Poisons," which, as a witness would prove, was bought from a certain Dr. Deathson, who afterwards supplied her with poisons.

In the drawer, moreover, were discovered a packet of poisons and memoranda as to their uses—the last in the handwriting of the governess.

Then Reginald Conyers came forward pale and haggard looking, but more resolute than even his mother had hoped.

He swore to having seen Laura pass along the corridor and enter his father's room.

"At what time was this?" asked Mr. Fortescue the counsel for the defence; "be careful now—as the time is everything."

"It was eight o'clock."

"You are certain?"

"Yes, quite certain. I had looked at my watch a minute before, and had set it right not many moments previously at the railway station."

A quiet smile passed over the lips of the barrister.

"I am glad," he said, addressing the court, indefinitely, "I am glad to find that this witness has been so accurate in remembering the time, as it will be seen ultimately, that his evidence entirely disposes of the case against my client."

The next witness called was Mrs. Deathson.

The first words she spoke sent a chill to the heart of Lady Isabel.

"I have been subpoenaed," she said, "on the side of the prosecution, but my evidence belongs properly to the defence."

Mr. Mackenzie glanced at his client uneasily.

The Attorney-General leaned over to him, and said:

"We have been deceived: If these are all the witnesses for the prosecution it will be a disgraceful failure."

He rose, however, and commenced a swaggering kind of examination, intended to browbeat the witness; but, if this was his object, he signally failed.

Mrs. Deathson preserved throughout the utmost calmness, and described in detail the visit which Lady Isabel had paid to her cottage some three weeks before. She narrated also conversations she had heard between her husband and Lady Isabel, and declared solemnly that she had seen him deliver poisonous drugs into her hands.

After her examination was finished, Mr. Fortescue delivered a speech for the defence, which was very brief.

He wound up by saying:

"I will not waste the time of the court by any lengthy address. The whole charge is so frivolous that the witnesses I will call are sufficient to disprove the charge against my client, who would never have appeared in this court and been submitted to these indignities had her husband been in possession, at the present moment, of all his faculties. The first witness I shall call will be Mr. Gilbert Deathson, the son of the last witness; and after him, Miss Cicely Crowe, the daughter of the late schoolmaster of Thornton, who both overheard the conversation, during which the principal witness of the prosecution endeavoured to bribe her to commit perjury. I will also produce Mr. Ralph Conyers, the son of the Marquis of Castleton; who was carried off five-and-twenty years ago by John Shadow and Gilbert Deathson, at the instigation of the so-called Lady Isabel Conyers. He will prove that his mother was with him at Burnley Bridge, at twenty minutes past eight on the night in question, which would have been impossible, had she not started by the train which leaves Thornton at a quarter to eight. In corroboration of Mr. Conyers' testimony, I will bring forward the guard of the train, who will swear to having placed

her in the carriage himself, and seen her in it when the train started. I might mention other facts—the fact of her not having bought poison of any one—the fact of her having resided so long in the family of the marquis, and never being suspected of wrong-doing before—and more than all, the fact that the death of the marquis would, more than all things else, lessen the chance of proving her son's claim to the marquessate. But I prefer to rely upon my witnesses. The fact of the book and the poison being discovered in my client's drawer I will leave the jury to account for in their own way."

The witnesses accordingly were called in the order named by the learned counsel, after which the Attorney-General rose with a very bad grace to reply.

He felt he had an ill-supported case in hand.

He felt he had been duped; but yet rather than withdraw from the prosecution, he resolved to make the best of a bad bargain.

This is the way with lawyers in general, who think more of gaining a case than of maintaining the cause of justice.

So he rose, as I have said, and began an eloquent oration in which he strongly animadverted upon the facts that in Madame Delaune's drawer were found a "History of Poisons," a packet of poison, and sundry memoranda as to the quantities necessary to destroy life in a variety of stated instances. These memoranda were in the handwriting of the prisoner. The question was—why were they made? Of what use would they have been except as calculations before use?

He spoke of the witnesses for the defence contemptuously, except Ralph Conyers, whose testimony he treated with respect.

He concluded a speech strong in language, but weak in fact, by calling upon the jury to mark their sense of the enormity of the prisoner's crime.

Laura Conyers then rose.

This was in direct opposition to the wish of her counsel.

But she persisted, and with a look of annoyance he ceased his expostulations, and sat down.

"My counsel has kindly suggested," she said, "that I injure myself by speaking. I should not speak in direct opposition to his wishes were I not assured that the charge against me is unsupported by evidence and by common sense."

"When I first returned to my husband's house after a long absence—returned as a governess to my own daughter, for he had married again, thinking me dead—I found that Reginald, the son of Isabel Ashton, was to be greatly feared as being the one for whom my son was to be destroyed."

"It was not, however, until comparatively lately that Isabel Ashton received the visits of John Shadow, the wretch who first caused dissension between me and my husband, and who carried off my son after murdering his governess."

"I suspected at once that this man's visits foreboded no good to my husband."

"I therefore kept watch, and discovered that he was regularly supplying her with poison."

"She was warned by Jacob Messenger, the steward of the marquis; that he was a convict, but she bade him mind his own business. This man was included in my list of witnesses, and should have been here to-day, but, through some juggling, no doubt, he has been kept away."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when there was a bustle at the door of the court, and an old man, pale and agitated, forced himself through the crowd towards the witness-box.

It was Jacob Messenger.

At this incident Laura Conyers could no longer restrain her feelings, but cast a look of triumph at Lady Isabel.

"This," she said, "is the witness of whom I spoke."

The judge glanced at his notes.

"This is somewhat out of order!" he said; "but the name of the witness is in the list. He must be heard."

Lady Isabel conferred hurriedly with her counsel.

Then Mr. Mackenzie rose.

"This man!" he said; "is a mere creature of the prisoner—his evidence is too late to be received."

"The court rules it otherwise!" said the judge.

So Jacob Messenger gave his evidence.

After this the judge summed up, and did so, so impartially, that it was impossible to see to which side he leaned.

The jury did not retire to their room.

They stood in the box conferring for a moment, while every one in the court gazed at them anxiously.

It is no exaggeration to say that Laura Conyers was the one in the whole place least excited.

In less than three minutes the foreman announced that the jury had agreed upon the verdict.

NOR GUILTY.

The words sent an electric shock through the assembly.

Every one expected it, but for a moment people were too pleased to give utterance to their feelings.

Then there was a universal burst of applause, which, as the newspapers say, the officers of the court with difficulty repressed.

Laura Conyers bowed to the jury, and stepped forth from the dock into the arms of her son and daughter.

There was a little staring amid idle gapers, who are to be found everywhere; but still a passage was made for the discharged prisoner, who was led out by her children to the carriage, which had been waiting for her outside all day.

This they entered with Cicely and her father, and drove rapidly to Houghton's Hotel, where the marchioness had resolved to take up her residence until the affairs of the estate were settled.

CHAPTER LVII

Upon her heart there seemed to lie
The darkness of a nameless shade;
She paced the house from room to room,
Her form became a walking gloom. *Read.*

If Lady Isabel could at this most critical juncture have consulted her own feelings she would most certainly have departed from Thornton, and fled from the scene of her disgrace for ever.

For she felt herself disgraced, and more than this, in peril.

She was thankful when she had turned her back upon the court—thankful that she had not been arraigned publicly for the attempted murder of Lord Castleton—thankful that she had not been compelled to change places with the late prisoner.

The verdict of the jury had in acquitting Laura condemned her.

It had cast the lie in her teeth—branded her as a perjured wretch; and as she hurried to her carriage, the epithets which were freely applied to her and to her son, upon whose arm she leaned, plainly showed her public opinion was against her.

When she reached the hall she led her son to her boudoir.

Reginald was pale and ill.

The events of the day had crushed him, and as he sank into an easy-chair, it was with a petulance which almost amounted to anger that he said:

"Well, mother, did I not say this would fail? You have succeeded in turning the tide of public opinion against us, and what have you gained?"

Lady Isabel tried to preserve a calm and placid demeanour.

"Reginald," she said, "I have not schooled myself all these years for nothing. I shall not be disheartened easily by obstacles. I have sworn that my deeply laid plans shall not be defeated, and they shall not. You shall still be Marquis of Castleton."

The young man shuddered.

His mother's eyes glared at him in the muffled light.

"How?" he said, "this is without doubt the real heir. I am no one. I am illegitimate; and you—you have no name."

"I shall have one," she answered.

She thought a moment.

Reginald knew all.

Why then did she hesitate to reveal to him her plans?

It was the shame of the mother fearing to let her child see all her guiltiness.

But she threw off the feeling almost as quickly as it had taken possession of her.

This was no time for false shame.

It was the time for action.

To recede was to be destroyed.

Therefore to recede was to her an impossibility, even if advance might be dangerous.

"I shall have a name," she continued, "and you will be Marquis of Castleton. If this woman dies before she can prove herself to be Lady Castleton, your legitimacy will be untainted, and at the death of Ralph Conyers, you will be heir."

"Mother, mother!" cried the wretched young man; "for Heaven's sake do not breathe in my ear such terrible words. Death seems in your eyes a mere puppet to be worked at your will. You cannot sweep away all your enemies. You and I stand isolated, as it were, amid a host of assailants. For my part, I would rather give up all claims to the property and the title, than wade through seas of blood to obtain it. If these persons are to die in order that I may be Lord Castleton—by Heaven, mother, I will refuse to aid you."

His mother glanced at him with glittering eyes.

For an instant it seemed to her that she hated him with the rest.

This soon passed away, however, and she said, in a constrained tone:

"I do not want your assistance. To-day it was

necessary—it will be necessary no longer. I ask you only not to put obstacles in my way."

He made no reply.

"In the first place," she continued, "we must leave this house."

"Leave it?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Because it will be a tacit acquiescence in the verdict of the public."

"No, no. I provide against that by going to our town house."

"I see. Well, and what next?"

"Times are dangerous!" said Lady Isabel in an undertone, as she drew her chair closer to that of her son. "We must provide against emergencies. If everything goes wrong, if after all my years of secret working it is necessary for us to make our escape, we must have money. You know my private fortune?"

Reginald trembled as she spoke.

He remembered too well that private fortune, and how it had been disposed of.

Lady Isabel was too intent upon her own thoughts to observe his confusion.

She continued:

"Where have you placed the papers? Are they safe? They represent twenty thousand pounds, and, if the worst comes to the worst, that will enable us to live in comfort. Why, Reginald, what is the matter? You turn pale—have you lost them?"

With a groan of shame and sorrow, the young man sank at his mother's feet.

"Forgive me—forgive me!" he murmured, as he laid his head in her lap.

In his shame at having so cruelly wronged and deceived her, he forgot the crimes of her to whom he was pleading.

"Forgive you!" cried Lady Isabel, "for what—for what? Speak!"

"Oh, forgive me!" he repeated, "oh, forgive me! I have sold those papers, and the money is all spent."

Lady Isabel gazed fixedly at the other side of the room as he spoke.

For some time she did not answer.

Her great despair exhibited itself in a vacant stare. She felt too crushed to express her anger.

"Reginald," she said, "you have ruined both me and yourself. I possess nothing more but my clothes and my jewels."

There was silence for a few moments.

Then she burst forth again, as she raised him up and made him sit down in his chair:

"I might have thought of this when I confided to you the care of those papers. I might have reckoned upon your reckless, thoughtless extravagance. So, sir, you could have courage to rob your own mother—to sell property which was not yours to sell; but you wanted courage to take a false oath until you were compelled to do so. You draw your line of honesty at petty larceny, I presume."

The young man still buried his head on his hands.

His thoughts flew back over the past.

That past which dated from the visit to Merryweathers, and the drive to Richmond with "Alice," who, since he had spent his wealth, or, at least, become more reserved with his money, had abandoned him.

His mother at length changed her tone.

She remembered how thoroughly alone she stood in the world.

So alone that this son who had robbed her was her only friend.

"I forgive you, Reginald," she said; "but for the future you must be more discreet. I fancy I see my way clear before me. Leave it all to me. Laura will be here shortly, and we shall be without power to do anything. I will go and speak to your father. Have you nothing left?"

The young man seemed to make an effort.

"No," he said, "I have nothing left."

Lady Isabel rose.

It was now evening.

Every moment she expected Laura Conyers, and she had no wish that this daughter of the woman she was injuring, should find her once more engaged in entrapping the marquis.

"Don't follow me, Reginald," she said, nervously; "I am going up to speak to your father."

She left the room and hurried to Lord Castleton's study.

He was not alone.

A nurse was with him, a woman who had been engaged by Laura to attend to his wants.

She glanced uneasily at Lady Isabel as she entered.

As a stranger, she naturally felt nervous.

How was she to behave to this woman, who was neither mistress in the house, nor yet a stranger?

She rose quietly.

"I wish to be alone with your master a moment," said Lady Isabel.

The woman hesitated.

A smile of bitter scorn and anger overspread Isabel's face.

"Are you, too, infected with the general folly?" she cried; "go, leave me—tell the whole household I am here. Do you suppose I am going to murder him?"

The woman left the room sullenly.

She felt she was doing wrong.

But a lady who has for any length of time ruled a house, be it rightfully or wrongfully, has always a certain inherent power of command, and Mrs. Greyson could not bring herself to disobey her.

Lady Isabel approached the marquis.

"Milton," she said, "I wish to speak with you."

The marquis glanced round quickly.

His face did not wear its usually vacant stare.

"What is it?" he said.

Lady Isabel's heart sank.

What if he refused her request?

"I wish for some money," she said.

"How much?"

"A thousand pounds."

"You shall have it. Give me my cheque-book."

She rose, went to his desk, and took out the cheque-book.

"Sign your name here," she said; "I will fill it up."

His senses were rapidly returning; but he was not yet fully alive to the difficulties surrounding him.

He signed the cheque, and Isabel filled it in.

She filled it in for ten thousand pounds.

She had scarcely time to fold up the piece of paper, and place it in her bosom, before she heard the sound of carriage-wheels, and going to the window, saw Laura advancing up the steps.

She returned to the spot where the Marquis of Castleton sat watching her movements with almost childlike curiosity.

She stooped down and kissed his brow.

Kissed the brow of the man whom she had been betraying and torturing for years.

Then she hurried from the room, and made for her own chamber, saying, with a kind of cruel satire, to the nurse, who had been pacing to and fro in the passage.

"You can go in again, now; you will find him as well as when you left him."

Meanwhile, Reginald Conyers had gone to his own chamber, and locked himself in.

What he was about to do he desired none to witness—more especially his mother.

First, unlocking a drawer, he drew out his bank-book and examined it.

There was a balance in his favour of upwards of £2,000.

Then he opened the writing-desk, collected and placed in it all the knick-knacks and articles of jewellery he possessed, and concealed the bank-book in the secret drawer.

"Of that money," he muttered, "my mother must know nothing. Her reckless spirit of revenge will inevitably be her ruin, and I must lay this by for the evil day."

On the following morning Lady Isabel announced to Laura her intention of proceeding to London.

"And when you are in London," said Laura, "where do you intend to fix your residence?"

"Is it come to such a pass," said Lady Isabel, "that I am compelled to give you an account of my movements?"

"Not so," returned Laura; "but I think it right to warn you that if you proceed to my father's town residence it will only lead to unpleasantness. My mother will, in a few weeks, be fully reinstated in her position; and she will certainly not permit you to occupy her husband's home, where you have so long been falsely recognized as his wife."

For once, Lady Isabel was in a position to administer a well-merited rebuke.

"If I am not your father's wife, Laura," she said, as she quitted the room, "remember it is his fault and my misfortune."

Reginald did not accompany his mother to London. The passion which Cicely Crowe had excited in his breast had only been fanned into a fiercer flame by the rebuffs he had received, and now that he was about to leave the neighbourhood of Thornton, perhaps for ever, he had determined to make one desperate effort to secure Cicely for himself.

Giving his mother to understand, therefore, that he would join her speedily in London, he remained behind in disguise to make this one supreme effort to gain the object of his passion.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LAST LOVER.—The ill-favoured Anjou pleased Elizabeth more than he did the people.

The pulpit echoed with objections made to unnatural alliances; and pamphlets were published of so offensive a nature on this subject, that stationers who put them forth got their hands chopped off for their im-

pertinence. And yet the people, pulpit, and pamphlets had their influence notwithstanding. Anjou came a second time, and tarried several months here till his patience was exhausted, and his power of simulation was at an end. They dallied, and pouted, and caressed, and exchanged tokens, and caused much jealousy, and seemed to be mutually smitten, and finally parted for ever. The queen accompanied Anjou stage by stage to Canterbury; she returned to write sonnets descriptive of her imaginary miseries. And all for a hideous fellow whom his own sister loathed, and to whom his most intimate companion, Bussy d'Amboise, once said, "If I were Alencon and you were Bussy, I wouldn't have you for a lacquey."—*Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne, By the Duke of Manchester.*

SELF-MADE;

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Lost Hair," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE END OF CLAUDIA'S PRIDE.

Is she saved by pangs that pained her?
Is there comfort in all it cost her?
Before the world had gained her,
Before the Lord had lost her,
Or her soul had quite disdained her?
For her soul—(and this is the worst
To bear, as we well know)—
Has been watching her from the first
As closely as God could do.
And herself her life has cursed!
Talk of the flames of hell,
We build, ourselves, I conceive,
The fire the fiend lights.—Well!
Believe or disbelieve,
We know more than we tell. *Owen Meredith.*

AFTER a sleepless night, whose lonely anguish would have driven almost any woman who was compelled to endure it mad, Claudia rose and rang her bell.

No one answered it.

Too impatient to wait for the tardy attendance of her servants, Claudia thrust her feet into slippers, drew on her dressing-gown, and went and opened the window-shutters to let in the morning light. Then she rang again.

Still no one obeyed the summons.

She was not alarmed. Even with the knowledge of what had gone before, she felt no uneasiness. She went to the dressing-glass and loosened her hair and let it fall over her shoulders to relieve her burning head. And then she bathed her face in cold water. She was impatient to make her toilet and leave the castle.

She knew that all was over with her worldly grandeur; that all her splendid dreams had vanished for ever; that obscurity, perhaps deepened by degradation, was all that awaited her in the future.

Wounded, bruised, and bleeding as her heart was, she felt glad to go; glad to leave the abode of splendid discord, misery, and crime, for any quiet dwelling-place. For she was utterly worn out in body, mind, and spirit.

She no longer desired wealth, rank, admiration, or even love; she only longed for peace; prayed for peace.

She knew a turbulent future threatened her; but she feebly resolved to evade it. She knew that Lord Vincent would sue for a divorce from her; would drag her name before the world and make it a by-word of scorn in those very circles of fashion over which she had once hoped to reign; she would not oppose him, she thought; she had no energy left to meet the overwhelming mass of testimony with which he had prepared to crush her. If her father should come over and defend her cause—well and good! She would let him do it; but, as for her, she would go away, and seek peace!

You see, Claudia was in a very different mood of mind from that of the night previous, which had inspired her with such royal dignity and heroic courage to withstand and awe her accusers.

There had come the natural reaction from high excitement. And fears which had appeared easy, in the hour of her exalted indignation, seemed now impossible.

She rang her bell a third time, and more sharply than before.

After a few minutes it was answered by the housekeeper, who entered with her customary respectful curtsy.

"She has not heard of last night's scandal," thought Claudia, as she noticed the dame's unaltered manner.

"I have rung three times, Mrs. Murdock. Why has not my maid come up?" she inquired.

"Indeed, me leddy, I dinna ken. I ha' na seen the lass the morn'g," answered the woman.

"What! You do not mean to say that Sally has not made her appearance this morning?"

"Indeed and she ha' na, me leddy."

"Mrs. Murdock, pray go at once to her room, and see if she is there."

The housekeeper went away; and after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned to say that Sally was not in her room.

"But I dinna think she is far awa', me leddy; because her bed is all tumbled as if she was just out of it. And her shoes and clothes are lying there, just as she put them off."

"I will dress, and go and make inquiries myself. This house is a place of mysterious disappearances. I wonder if the beach below is of quicksand, and does it swallow people up alive?"

"I dinna ken, me leddy," gravely answered the dame.

"Mrs. Murdock, can you help me to dress?"

"Surely, me leddy," said the housekeeper, approaching Claudia with so much respectful affection that the unhappy lady said once more to herself:

"She knows nothing of last night's work."

And then Claudia, who was much too high-spirited and sincere to receive attentions rendered by the dame in ignorance of that night's scandal, which she might not have so kindly rendered had she known of them, said:

"Mrs. Murdock, do you know what happened last night?"

"Ay, surely, me leddy, I ken a' about it, if yer leddyship means the fause witness o' that de'il Frisbie," said the housekeeper, growing red with emotion.

"It was a false witness! a base, wicked, infamous calumny! I think the more highly of you, Mrs. Murdock, for so quickly detecting this! And I thank you!" said Claudia, with difficulty restraining the tears, which for the first time since her great wrong were ready to burst from her eyes.

"O ay, me leddy! It did na require the Witch of Endor to see the truth of that business. Ye'll see I ken Laird Vincent and Frisbie and the player queen, wha is worst o' a'! And I hanna served ye, me leddy, these twa months without kenning yer leddyship as well! And see I ken the differ, my leddy! I ken the differ—"

"Oh, Mrs. Murdock, in this deep desolation, I find some comfort in your faith in me!"

"And see I dinna believe a word the fause knave Frisbie says. And neither does auld Cuthbert, honest man! But wae me, me leddy! whate'er our convictions may be, we canna disprove the lees o' yon dell!"

"No, we cannot," said Claudia, with a sigh of despair; "and unless Providence intervenes to save me, I am lost!"

"Aweel, me leddy, ye maun just hope he will intervene. Na, na, dinna greet, dinna greet, see sairly!" the good woman entreated, for Claudia had burst into a flood of tears, and was weeping bitterly.

This refreshed her spirit and cleared her brain. Presently, wiping her eyes, and looking up, she said:

"Mrs. Murdock, I cannot meet those wretches at breakfast. Send me some coffee; and order the carriage to be at the door in an hour; also send Sally, who must be at hand by this time, to help me to pack."

The dame went on this errand, and after a short absence returned, bringing Claudia's breakfast on a tray.

"Where is Sally?" inquired Lady Vincent, as the housekeeper arranged the breakfast on a little table.

"She hanna come yet, me leddy," said the housekeeper, who remained and waited on Lady Vincent at breakfast.

Claudia could eat but little. To all her own sources of trouble was now added alarm on account of Sally. What if the hapless girl had shared old Katy's fate? was the question that now began to torture her.

"Have you seen my footman this morning, Mrs. Murdock?" she inquired.

"Nae, my leddy; the lad aye gaes to Banff for the mail about this hour."

"When he comes send him to me at once. And now please take the service away. And when you go down-stairs institute a search for my maid. And do you, if you can do so conveniently, return and help me to pack."

"Ay, me leddy," replied the woman, as she lifted the tray, and carried it away.

In a few minutes she returned, and assisted Lady Vincent to fill one large trunk.

"That is all I shall take with me. I shall leave the remainder of my wardrobe in your care, Mrs. Murdock, and I must request you to see them packed and sent on to Edinburgh, where I shall stop, before deciding on my future steps," said Lady Vincent.

"Ay, me leddy; ye may be sure I will do a' in my power to serve your leddyship."

"And now pray see if Jem has returned from the post-office."

Mrs. Murdock went, but returned with startling news.

"The lad Jamie has na got back, me leddy; and it o'en appears that he has na gane! I just asked a one o' the stable lads what time it was when Jamie took the horse to gang to the post-office; and the lad said that Jamie had na come for the horse at a'!"

Claudia sprang up and gazed at the speaker in consternation; and then sank down in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, and groaned.

"Dinna do that, me leddy—dinna do that!"

"Oh, Mrs. Murdock! don't leave me! don't lose sight of me, or I shall vanish too—swallowed up in this great ruin!" she cried, with a shudder.

There was a rap at the door.

Mrs. Murdock opened it.

Lord Vincent's footman stood there.

"My lord sends his compliments to my lady, and says that the carriage is waiting to take her from the castle; the tide is rising, which will render the road impassable for several hours; and he hopes she will take that fact into consideration, and not delay her departure."

"Delay? I am only too glad to go! But oh, my poor, faithful servants! Mrs. Murdock, tell the man to send some one up here to carry my trunk down," said Lady Vincent, hastily putting on her sable cloak, and tying on her bonnet.

Her heart ached at the thought of abandoning her servants; and she only reconciled herself to the measure by reflecting that to lodge information with the police at Banff, would really be the best means she could possibly take for their recovery.

When two of the men-servants had carried down her trunk, Lady Vincent shook hands with the kind-hearted housekeeper, and prepared to follow them. In taking leave of Mrs. Murdock, she said:

"I thank you sincerely for your kindness to the strangers that came to Scotland. You are really the only friend that I and my unfortunate servants have met since our arrival here, and I shall not forget you!"

The housekeeper wept.

"When my poor servants reappear—if ever they should do so—you will be so good as to send them to me at Edinburgh. Send them to the Railway Hotel, where I will leave my address."

"Ay, me leddy, I will na forget," sobbed the old dame.

Claudia pressed her hand, dropped it, and went below.

In crossing the central hall, towards the principal entrance, Claudia suddenly stopped, as though the Gorgon's head had blasted her sight. For Lord Vincent stood near the open door, as if to witness and triumph over her expulsion.

With a strong effort she conquered her weakness, and approached the door.

The viscount made a low and mocking bow, and stepped aside.

Claudia confronted him.

"My lord," she said, "you think you have very successfully conspired against my honour; but if there is justice on earth, or in Heaven, you will yet be exposed and punished."

Lord Vincent made her an ironical bow; but no other reply.

"Where are my servants?" she inquired, solemnly.

"I am not their manager, my lady, that I should be conversant with their movements!" answered the viscount, disdainfully.

"My lord, you well know where they are. And if Heaven should bless my efforts this morning, the world shall soon know."

"My lady, the way is open; the north wind rather piercing. Will you please to pass out, and let me close it?" said his lordship, holding the door wide open for her exit.

"Will you tell me where my servants are?" persisted Claudia.

"I do not know, my lady. They have probably stolen the plate and gone. I will ask the butler, and if it is so, I will put the constables on their track," said Lord Vincent, bowing, and waving his hand towards the door.

"I leave you to the justice of Heaven, evil man!" replied Claudia, as she passed through, and left the castle.

She entered the carriage, and was driven off.

Lord Vincent closed the door behind her, and then went into the breakfast-room, where the cloth was already laid.

Neither Mrs. MacDonald nor Mrs. Dugald had yet come down. They seemed to be sleeping late, after their disturbed night.

Presently, however, they entered—Mrs. MacDonald looking very much embarrassed, Faustina pale as death.

Lord Vincent received them with grave politeness, and they all sat down to the table.

It was then Lord Vincent said:

"Mrs. MacDonald, Lady Vincent has this morning left this house, upon which she has brought so much dishonour. It is also necessary for me to go to London to take measures for the dissolution of my marriage. I am, therefore, about to ask of you a great favour."

"Ask any you please, my lord. I am very anxious to be of service to you in this awful crisis. And I will gladly do all in my power to help you," replied this very complacent lady.

"I thank you, madam—I thank you very much! The favour I had to ask of you is this—that you will kindly remain here with Mrs. Dugald, until some plan is formed for her future residence."

"Surely, my lord, I will remain with great pleasure," answered this needy lady, who was only too glad to leave for a season the straitened home of her married sister, and take up her abode in this plentiful establishment.

"Again I thank you, madam; thank you cordially, on the part of my widowed sister as well as on my own part," said the viscount, courteously.

And this point being settled, the party dispersed. Mrs. MacDonald retired to her own apartment to write a note to her sister, requesting that her effects might be forwarded to Castle Cragg.

Mrs. Dugald went to her boudoir to await there in feverish impatience the arrival of the viscount. He did not keep her long in suspense; he soon entered, locked the door behind him, and seated himself beside her.

"She is gone; really gone?" whispered Faustina, in a low, eager, breathless voice.

"Yes, my angel; you heard me say so."

"Really and truly gone?"

"Really and truly!"

"Oh! I am so glad! And her servants, she has not left them behind?"

"Certainly not," answered the viscount, evasively.

"Ah! what a relief! The house is well rid of them."

"It is, indeed, my love!"

"But—but—the dead body?" whispered the woman, in a husky voice, while her eyes dilated with terror.

"It is gone."

"Where? how?"

"I tied a heavy weight to its feet and sank it in the depths of the sea," replied the viscount, who felt no scruples in deceiving any one, least of all his accomplice in crime.

And this shows the utter falsity of the absurd proverb that asserts—"There is honour among thieves." There can be no honour and no confidence in any league wherein the bond is guilt.

Lord Vincent was completely under the influence of Mrs. Dugald, whom he worshipped with a fatal passion—a passion the more violent and enduring because she continually stimulated without ever satisfying it.

Up to this time she had never once permitted the viscount to kiss her. Thus he was her slave; but, like all slaves, he deceived his tyrant. He had deceived Mrs. Dugald from the first; he habitually deceived her.

In this instance he persuaded her that old Katy died under the influence of the chloroform that she had helped to administer, on that fatal night when the old woman had been discovered eavesdropping behind the curtain in Mrs. Dugald's apartments.

What his motive could have been for this deception it would be difficult to say; perhaps it was for the purpose of gaining some power over her; perhaps it was from the pleasure of torturing her and seeing her terrors—for his passion for the woman was by no means that pure love which seeks first of all the good of its object; and, finally, perhaps it was from the mere habit of duplicity.

However that might be, he had persuaded her that Katy was dead—dead from the effects of the chloroform they had forced her to take.

And now that he had really committed a felony by selling the three servants to a West Indian smuggler, he was not inclined to confess the truth. For not upon any account would he have confided to his companion in guilt the secret of a criminal transaction in which she had not also been implicated. He could not have trusted her so far as to place his liberty in her keeping. Therefore he preferred she should believe Katy's body had been sunk in the depths of the sea; and that Sally and Jem had accompanied their lady in her departure from the castle. It is true, the household servants might soon disabuse her mind of the mistake that the lady's maid and footman had gone with their mistress. But if they should do so, the viscount knew he could easily plead ignorance as to the fact, and say that all he knew was, she had not left them at the castle.

Mrs. Dugald listened to his account of the disposition of Katy's body with deep delight. She clapped her little hands in her usual silly manner and exclaimed eagerly:

"That is good! Oh, that is good! But are you sure it will stay down there? *Grand Ciel!* if it should rise against us!"

"There is no danger, love! no danger!"

"We should all be guillotined!" she repeated for the twentieth time since that night. And she shuddered through all her frame.

"Hanged, my dearest! not guillotined; hanged by the neck 'till we are dead!" said the viscount, smiling.

"Ah! but you look like Mephistophiles when you say that!" she shrieked, covering her face with her hands.

"But there is no danger, none at all, I assure you. And now, my angel, I must leave you; I ordered the brougham to be at the door at twelve precisely to take me to Banff to meet the Aberdeen coach. And I have some preparations to make. Come down into the drawing-room, and wait to take leave of me, that is a dear!"

"Oh, yes, yes; but before you go, promise me you will write every day!"

"Every day, my angel!" said the viscount, bowing over her hand, before he withdrew from the room.

His preparations were soon made. Old Cuthbert performed the duties of valet. And punctually at twelve o'clock the viscount took leave of his evil demon and her chaperone, and departed for Banff, where he took the coach to Aberdeen, at which place he arrived in time to catch the night-train up to London.

CHAPTER XCIX.

THE COUNTESS OF HURST-MONCEAUX.

The beautiful woe that charms like faded light,
The cheek so pure that knows no youthful bloom,
Well sueth her dark brow and forehead white,
And in the sad endurance of her eye
Is all that love believes of woman's majesty. *Elliot.*

In the meantime Lady Vincent reached Banff.

She drove at once to the principal hotel, where she engaged a room into which her luggage was carried.

With a gratuity to the coachman who had driven her, she dismissed the carriage, which returned immediately to the castle.

Then she ordered a fly and drove to the police-station—at that time a mean little stone edifice, exceedingly repulsive without and excessively filthy within.

A crowd of disreputable-looking ragamuffins of both sexes and all ages obstructed the entrance. Surely it was a revolting scene to one of Lady Vincent's fastidious nature and refined habits. But she did not shrink from her duty. She made her way through this disgusting assemblage, and found just within the door a policeman, to whom she said:

"I wish, if you please, to see your inspector."

"You will have to wait in the outer room then, miss, because he is engaged now," replied the man, curtly; for the beauty of the woman, the costliness of her apparel and the fact of her having come unattended to a place like that, filled the mind of the officer with evil suspicions concerning her.

He opened a door on the left and let the visitor pass into the ante-room—a wretched stone-hall, whose floor was carpeted with dirt and whose windows were curtained with cobwebs. A bench ran along the wall at one end, on which sat several forlorn, stupefied or desperate-looking individuals waiting their turn to be examined. Two or three policemen walking up and down kept these persons in custody.

Claudia could not sit down among them; she walked to one of the windows and looked out.

She waited there some time, while one after another the prisoners were taken in and examined. Some returned from examination free, and walked out unattended and wearing satisfied countenances. Others came back in the custody of policemen and with downcast looks.

It seemed long before the inspector was at leisure to receive her. At length, however, the policeman she had seen at the door came up and said:

"Now, miss!"

Claudia arose and followed him to another room—a small, carpeted office, where Inspector Murray was seated at a desk.

He was a keener observer of character than the policeman had proved himself to be; and so, despite the suspicious circumstances which had awakened that worthy's doubts, Inspector Murray recognized in his visitor a lady of rank. He arose to receive her and handed her a chair, and then seated himself and respectfully waited for her to open her business.

Lady Vincent felt so much embarrassed that it was some time before she spoke. At length, however, she took courage to say:

"My errand here is a very painful one, sir."

The inspector bowed and looked attentive.

"Indeed it is of so strange and distressing a nature that I scarcely know how to explain it," she said.

"I beg you will feel no hesitation in making your communication, madam. We are accustomed to receive 'strange and distressing' complaints."

"Sir," said Claudia, gently preparing the way, "you have not failed, then, in the course of your professional experience, to observe that crime is not an inmate of the houses of the impoverished and the degraded only; but that it may be found in the mansions of the rich and the palaces of the nobility."

"Without a doubt, madam."

"Then you will be the less shocked when I inform you that the circumstances which have driven me to seek your aid occurred recently in Castle Cragg, in the family of Lord Vincent."

"It is not the murder that was lately committed there to which you allude?" gravely inquired the inspector.

"Oh, no, not that murder; but I greatly fear there has been another one," replied Claudia, with a shudder.

"Madam!" exclaimed the inspector in astonishment.

"I fear it is as I have hinted, sir," persisted Claudia.

"But who has been murdered?"

"I suspect that a harmless old female servant, named Katy Mortimer, who became possessed of a dangerous secret, has been!"

"And—by whom?"

"I fear by a woman called Faustina Dugald and a man named Alick Frisbie!"

Now, it is very difficult to surprise or startle an inspector of police. But Mr. Murray was really more than surprised or startled. He was shocked and appalled, as his countenance betrayed when he dropped his pen and fell back in his chair.

"Madam!" he said, "do you know what you are saying?"

"Full well, sir; and I entreat you to receive my statement in detail, and act upon it with promptitude. Your own investigation will discover how much cause I have for my suspicions," said Claudia, firmly.

The inspector drew some writing-paper before him, took up his pen, and said:

"Proceed, madam, if you please."

Claudia commenced her statement, but was almost immediately interrupted by the inspector, who said:

"Your name, madam, if you please."

Claudia started and blushed at her own forgetfulness; though, in truth, it had never occurred to her to introduce herself by name to an inspector of police. Now, however, she perceived how necessary it was that her name should attend her statement.

"I am Lady Vincent," she replied.

There was an instantaneous change in the inspector's manner. His deportment had been respectful from the first, because he had recognized his visitor as a lady; but his manner was obsequious now that he heard she was a titled lady.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," he said. "I had no idea that I was honoured with the presence of Lady Vincent. Pray, my lady, do not inconvenience yourself in the least by going over these painful things at the present hour, unless you feel that it is really necessary. I could wait on your ladyship at your residence and receive your communication there."

"Sir, I thank you for your courtesy; but I prefer to make my statement now and here," replied Claudia. The inspector dipped his pen in ink and looked attentive.

Claudia proceeded with her communication. She related all the circumstances that had come to her knowledge respecting the disappearance of Katy, and the inspector took down her words.

Then she mentioned the more recent evanishment of Sally and Jem; but she alluded to these facts only as collateral circumstances; she could not believe that the last two named had lost their lives.

When the inspector had taken down the whole of her statement, she arose to go.

The inspector also arose.

"Will you investigate this matter immediately?" she inquired.

"I will do so to-day, my lady," replied Mr. Murray, bowing deferentially.

"Can I be of any assistance to you in pursuing your inquiry into this affair?"

"Not at present, I thank your ladyship," replied the inspector, with a second bow.

"Then I will bid you good morning."

"I beg your ladyship's pardon; but would your ladyship deign to leave your address with me? We might need your ladyship's personal testimony."

"Certainly," said Claudia. "I shall go to Edinburgh to-day, where I shall remain at the best hotel, if you know which that is, for a few days; before I leave I

will write and advise you of my destination. And now there is one important part in my errand that I had nearly forgotten. It was to ask you to advertise for the missing servants, and to authorise you to offer a reward of two hundred pounds for any information that may lead to their recovery."

"I will do it immediately, my lady," replied Inspector Murray, as he obsequiously attended Lady Vincent to the door and put her into the fly.

She drove quickly back to her hotel, where she had only time to take a slight luncheon before starting in the eleven o'clock coach for Aberdeen, where, after four hours' ride through a wildly picturesque country, she arrived just in time to take the afternoon train to Edinburgh. It was the express train, and reached the old city at seven o'clock that evening.

Among the many hotels whose handbills, pasted on the walls of the railway station, claimed the attention of travellers, Claudia selected "MacGruder's," because it was opposite Scott's monument.

She took a cab and drove there. She liked the appearance of the house, and engaged a comfortable suite of apartments, consisting of a parlour, bed-chamber and bathroom, and ordered dinner.

Now, by all the rules of tradition, Claudia, ignominiously expelled from her husband's house; deprived of her servants' attendance; far from all her friends; alone in a strange hotel; with a degrading trial threatening her; Claudia, I say, ought to have been very unhappy.

But she was not! She was almost happy!

Her spirits rebounded from their long depression. Her sensations were those of escape, freedom, independence! She felt like a bird freed from its cage; a prisoner released from captivity; a soul delivered from purgatory! Oh, she was so glad—so glad to get away entirely, to get away for ever—from that hold of sin, that Castle Cragg, where she had been buried alive so long; where she had lived in torment among lost spirits; where the monotony had been like the gloom of the grave, and the guilt like the corruption of death!

She had passed through the depths of hatred, and was happy—how happy!—to rise to the upper air again and see the stars. This, only, was enough for the present. And she scarcely thought of the future. Whatever that unknown future might bring her, it would not bring back Castle Cragg, Lord Vincent, Faustina, or Frisbie!

After she had refreshed herself, and changed her dress, she went into the sitting-room, where she found a warm fire, a bright light, and a neatly-laid table.

And whatever you may think of her, she really enjoyed the broiled salmon, roasted mutton, and cabinet custard, she had ordered for dinner.

After the service was removed, she sat comfortably in her easy-chair before the fire, and reflected on her future movements.

She liked her quarters in this hotel very much. The rooms were clean and comfortable; the servants were polite and attentive; the meals delicately prepared and elegantly served.

And she resolved to remain here for the present, to write to her father.

(To be continued.)

IRISH VERSUS ENGLISH.

THE other week one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Cork Theatre was attracted to it by the promised attendance at the performance of the fox-hunters of the south of Ireland in full hunting costume. Connected with this incident is a story which contains a strong spice of romance.

A gentleman residing in Cork, of considerable eminence in the scientific world, as well as distinguished in the hunting-field, and in social circles, was recently at a ball near Queenstown, at which a young lady of great beauty was present. In the course of the evening the gentleman, who had been but a short time previously introduced to the lady, managed to monopolise her conversation so much as to excite some little annoyance among various other gentlemen present. Among these were two English officers, one of whom in the course of the evening made a remark to the Irish gentleman which by implication, meant that he would not be as successful in more manly contests.

The Irish gentleman, at once accepted the implied challenge, and said that if the lady would give him her bracelet to wear as a gage at the next day's hunt, which was to come off near Fermoy, he would undertake to come in at the finish before either of the two officers, and would then write a song to be dedicated to the lady, and in her praise, which he would get set to music, and afterwards have sung before one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Cork Theatre.

The wager was at once accepted, £20 being the sum staked. The lady with much spirit gave her bracelet, the hunt came off, the gentleman wore it, and rode in triumphantly at the head of the field. He afterwards did compose the song, and got it set to music, and this

was the pretty ballad which Mr. Bowler sang so charmingly after the opera.

To secure the large house on that night the patronage of the foxhunters of the south of Ireland was obtained by the gentleman who played such a prominent part in the transaction, and the highly successful result was to be found in the crammed condition of every part of the building.

The next morning a letter was delivered to the hero of the adventure, containing a cheque for £20, from his rival, with whom he had made the bet, who thus acknowledged the Irishman's superiority as a courtier, a cavalier, and a poet. The following is the song:—

Thy colours in my cap I wore,
Thy presence in my heart I bore!
Surely a charmed life was mine
Since it in thought was linked with thine.
Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee.

No craven fear my bosom e'erost,
I cared not if the race were lost;
So thou couldst look on me with pride
For thee I'd willingly have died.

Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee.

But, thanks to fate, the word's reversed,
And I can sing what I've rehearsed
So often in the weary night,
For thee I win! for thee I fight!

Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee.

Then, as reward for every task
Performed for thee, I only ask
One single, simple glance of love
From the bright eyes of my own Dove.

Dora mia, Dora mi,
Only love me as I love thee."

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Priestess," "Minnigrey," &c.

CHAPTER LXIV.

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which, with an hour's heat,
Dissolves in water. *Shakespeare.*

ALTHOUGH Margaret—thanks to the watchful tenderness of her mother—had recovered from the burning fever which for several days threatened her existence, the insidious disease still lurked within her veins: her cheeks were colourless, but there were moments when her eyes flashed with more than usual brilliancy.

The poor desolate girl loved to be alone, to commune with her heart—to mourn, like some wounded dove, over the sad remembrance of the past; for the future, she shrank from contemplating it—everything appeared so dark and hopeless.

"She will die!" Mabel frequently murmured to herself, as she watched the abstracted air of her child; "and I shall lose her—the tie which binds my heart to life, the chord which tells me that it still is human!"

As for Ned, to do him justice, he was thoroughly miserable: the pale countenance of his daughter was a continual reproach to him. A hundred times a day he cursed his ungovernable temper; and as frequently resolved to school himself; but resolutions founded in regret, instead of principle, are seldom lasting. Several times he broke forth, in her presence, in bitter reproaches against his offending wife, to whom he attributed not only the misfortunes of his early life, but the estrangement of his child.

The repetition of these scenes was slowly destroying the object of his love. Like some delicate flower exposed to the rays of a burning sun, Margaret was daily fading: her heart required repose—it found only excitement.

On the road leading from Bordenclough to the moor, was a sheltered nook, formed by the meeting of two hills: the view from it, which was most extensive, had doubtless induced some former resident at the tower to erect a rustic seat, surrounded by trellis-work, over which shrubs and such hardy plants as could draw their nurture from the half-gravelly soil, had been trained.

This was a favourite place of resort with the sorrow-stricken Margaret, who seldom failed, when the weather permitted her quitting home, to direct her steps to the spot, whose loneliness harmonised with the sad complexion of her thoughts and feelings.

One great source of uneasiness was the inexplicable silence of Mary and her husband—no answer had been received to her letter—all seemed to have forgotten or abandoned her.

The remembrance of her lover—the ingrate who had won her innocent affections only to outrage them—was ever present to her mind. True, she never permitted her lips to breathe his name—but it was written in her

heart; his ingratitude, like a secret wound, still festered there. Insulted delicacy and pride—that strong ingredient in the character of Margaret—both contributed to augment her sufferings.

She was seated one morning, as usual, in her rustic retreat; the volume with which she had attempted to beguile her thoughts from the past had fallen at her feet; her listless, distracted air denoted her perfect unconsciousness of the fact.

"Forgotten!" she murmured; "forgotten by all who loved me once! Even Mary—the sister of my childhood—happy in the arms of her husband, has ceased to think of the daughter of the felon Cantor! No—no!" she added, after a moment's pause; "I wrong her true heart and affectionate nature! Mary has not forgotten me: either she is ill, my letter has never reached her, or some terrible calamity has overwhelmed Lady Briancon! I can doubt all things save her love!"

"And mine!" breathed a soft voice near her.

Margaret raised her eyes in terror and surprise—Harry Sinclair was by her side: he had sought her far and wide—traced her with the patience of the hunter tracking his prey—and now presented himself, not with the generous purpose of atonement—of pouring balm into the wound he had inflicted, or bidding the heart he had crushed; but in the selfish hope that the poor girl, disgusted with the home to which her father had removed her, would listen to the proposals she had formerly rejected with the scorn and bitterness of insulted virtue.

"Mr. Sinclair," she said, attempting to rise and quit the seat, to which weakness, despite her feeble efforts, retained her, "this is ungenerous—unmanly! Leave me—pray leave me!"

"Not Mr. Sinclair, Jane!" replied the young man, addressing her by the name so long familiar to his lips; "not that cold and formal word! Harry—you used to call me Harry!"

"Such familiarity might have been permitted," answered the poor girl, "whilst I believed myself your equal in birth—the possessor of a pure unsullied name; but I have schooled myself to bear the truth—to gaze upon the spectre reality face to face! I know my position, sir; and humble as it is, I can respect it!"

"By heavens!" exclaimed the libertine, mistaking her proud humility for an encouragement of his insidious design, "but I respect you, Jane, as much—no, more than I did in the days you speak of! I was too precipitate—too rash! I shocked your pure and sensitive nature by words inconsiderately spoken! Can you not pardon them?"

Margaret looked at him for an instant, as he knelt at her feet; and the thought that he had returned in penitence to implore her forgiveness for his heartlessness, although it raised no vain hopes in her breast, afforded her the only consolation she could feel.

Alas! how quickly was she doomed to be undeceived.

"Freely, Harry," she replied; "there! My lips have spoken the name again. I did not think my heart had been so weak. And now leave me," she added; "I shall think of the past with less bitterness after this meeting."

"And must we part?" he insidiously whispered in her ear, at the same time attempting to steal his arm around her waist; "are there no means to avoid this cruel separation? When I reflect upon the future—so drear and wretched for you—I feel unnerved."

"Never!" she faltered; "never can I be your wife—in after years you would repent the sacrifice! A cold word or an unkind look would kill me!"

"There are other ties!" he murmured, attempting at the same time to press her closer to his bosom: "ties which Heaven smiles upon, although the cold, unfeeling world may not approve them! Why sacrifice our hearts to a mere prejudice? Nay, hear me!" he continued; "I feel that I cannot live without you. You say truly—this hateful discovery of your parentage renders our marriage impossible! Be mine, then, by a dearer tie than that of wife—and—"

With a desperate exertion of strength for one in her enfeebled state, the insulted girl, doubly outraged by this second proposal, released herself from the arms which, like a serpent's fold had been gradually entwined around her, and stood for an instant pale and motionless as a statue of grief before him.

"Leave me!" she said.

"I will never marry, if you desire I should not," he continued. "Be mine, and another shall never possess the right fate deities to you."

With a look of agony she pointed to the narrow path, for him to depart.

"The instant I am Sir Henry Sinclair, I will settle such a fortune on you as shall—"

The infamous proposal was interrupted by a laugh so loud and strange, which broke from the lips of Margaret, that for an instant the seducer thought her senses had deserted her.

The cup of her agony was full, but the gall which overflowed its brim had suddenly and completely changed her nature,

"Jane—dear Jane!"

"I am weak," she answered; "weak and suffering!"

"Repose on my bosom!"

"No!" she answered in a hurried manner; "not yet—not yet!"

The words "not yet" filled his selfish soul with joy: they announced, as he imagined, his approaching triumph over her innocence and virtue.

"Hurry," she continued, with painful effort, "urge me no further now! I must reflect on what you have said. I feel that my father's house is no longer a home for me—it cannot even protect me against insult!" she added, bitterly.

"But these arms can!" whispered the tempter; "when, my sweetest girl—say when we shall meet again?"

"In five days."

"Here?"

"No—no! It is too near the mansion," she answered, hastily; "we might encounter my parents, and, felon as he is, he loves his child! He is a man of resolution, and—"

"Say where, dearest?" urged Henry Sinclair, now fully persuaded that Margaret really meant to confide her future happiness to his protection: that, we believe, is the cant word beneath which the heartless libertine too often veils the infamy and degradation he proposes.

"At the churchyard!" whispered Margaret; "it is beyond the village—no curious eye will note our meeting there! You can have a carriage ready, and—spare me—spare me the rest!"

Henry Sinclair was profuse in his thanks and protestations of eternal fidelity and devotion. He even ventured to kiss her hand. Had he seen the inward shudder and the icy glance of irony of the supposed dupe, he would not have felt so confident of his triumph.

"Leave me!" she said; "I entreat you to leave me now! My father may come this way, and—"

"But you will meet me?"

"I have promised!"

"And the hour?"

"Ay, true—true!" muttered, the poor girl; "I had forgotten the hour—we must have the day before us! At this very hour!" she added, in a firmer tone; "and, if living, I will be there!"

The seducer looked at his watch—it wanted half an hour of noon.

Some one was heard approaching the rustic seat—a circumstance which, fortunately for the feelings of the speaker, cut short the adieu of Henry Sinclair. Hastily impressing a second kiss upon her hand, he darted down the narrow road, and Margaret was once more left alone.

The intruder proved to be only one of the herdsmen employed upon the farm at Borderclough. The old man touched his bonnet as he passed his young mistress, and continued his way towards the moor.

Margaret remained for some time in silent prayer.

Many of our readers, perhaps, will wonder, after the promise she had given, that she could pray. Let them suspend their judgment—they know not yet the resolution to which outraged honour and affection had suddenly given birth. Up to the present period of our tale, they have seen woman depicted only in her weakness—the time is fast approaching when they may contemplate her in her strength.

There was something strange in the appearance of the convict's daughter, as she rose from her knees. Her manner was completely changed, betraying neither hesitation nor weakness. Although her features retained their paleness, her eyes flashed with more than usual brilliancy, and her upper lip, curved like the Love-God's bow, was curled in scorn.

"The world will censure me," she said, "and call me heartless! Let it—I owe it neither deference nor affection! Mary will blame me; and my poor, desolate, deserted mother! Oh!" she added, with a burst of emotion, "let me not talk of them! My lot is cast, and it were childish to shrink from it!"

With these words she left the rustic seat, and directed her steps towards the tower. Before she reached the gate, Mabel met her, with a letter. It was the long-expected one from Mary. Knowing how anxiously her child had expected it, the affectionate creature had watched for her return to give it!

Under pretence of reading it, Margaret retired to her room, where she remained for several hours. When she once more left the house, with a letter in her hand, she concealed it in her bosom as her mother approached. The meek, broken-spirited woman noticed the action, but she was too humble, even with her own child, to ask for an explanation.

"Going to walk again, Margaret?" she observed, in an anxious tone; "you will fatigue yourself!"

"No—no!" answered her daughter, hurriedly; "where is my father?"

Mabel looked at her with surprise: it was the first time, since she had been restored to them, that she had ever asked such a question.

"Gone to Haddington!" she replied.

"And when will he return?"

"Not before night!"

Margaret made no reply, but kissing her mother upon the cheek, left the tower. The affectionate parent gazed after her long and anxiously. There was something strange and unusual in her daughter's manner which alarmed her.

"She will die here!" she murmured; "die like some tender flower, torn from its native soil! The loneliness of this secluded place adds to the desolation of her young heart! Who can that letter be from?" she added, "unless from my poor mistress's child; and if from her, why not name it to me?"

Evening was drawing on before Margaret returned. The poor girl shuddered as her mother clasped her thin, white hand in hers.

"You are cold, darling!" she said; "cold and ill! The air has chilled you!"

"It has cooled me!" answered her daughter, calmly; "cooled the fever which still lingers in my blood. Believe me, I am better now!"

During the evening, when seated in the lower room of the tower, by a cheerful fire—for the nights were getting cold—Margaret drew the letter from her bosom, and read it to her mother. As she suspected, it was from Mary, and full of words of affection and consolation.

The writer accounted for her long silence by informing her dear sister—as she still fondly styled the companion of her childhood—that she had been suddenly recalled from the rectory at Fulton by the severe illness of Lady Briancourt, whose life for a long time had been despaired of.

"I have much to tell you," it added, in conclusion, "but reserve it till our meeting. Two days after you receive this I shall be at Borderclough with my husband, who sends you a brother's love and affectionate remembrance. He is all my heart could wish him!"

Poor Margaret! There was no envy in the sigh which followed the reading of the last lines of Mary's letter; and yet she could not avoid contrasting the manly, true-hearted Charles with the selfish, worthless Harry Sinclair.

"That letter," exclaimed the gratified Mabel, "is worthy the child of my dear young mistress! How I shall rejoice to see her! As an infant, she resembled her mother! May her fate be a happier one!"

Her daughter, who had been informed of the sad destiny of the unfortunate Clara Briancourt, echoed the wish by a silent prayer.

"Is it not strange," she observed, "that no tidings have ever been obtained of her father, Mr. Stanley?"

"Very!" answered Mabel, with a sigh.

Margaret looked at her inquiringly.

"I know nothing, my dear child!" continued her parent. "Your father might, perhaps! But no—no! I wrong him by such a thought!"

It was late when Ned Cantor returned home, accompanied by Frank Hazleton. His first inquiry was for Meg, as he called her.

"She has retired to rest," answered his wife. "I fear she has walked too much; the air had chilled her."

"Then what the deuce did you let her go out for?" growled the domestic tyrant, glad to have some one to vent his spleen upon. "It is time to put an end to such follies. Has she not a good home?" he added, fiercely.

"Yes, Ned—yes."

"And an affectionate father?"

"True, Ned," answered Mabel. "You do love our child. But when I see her pale cheek and broken spirit, I have not the heart to restrain her."

"And why should her cheek be pale, and her spirit broken?" impatiently demanded her husband.

The meek-spirited woman looked the answer she had not the courage to speak.

"Here," he continued, "she has everything she can desire. Not a lady in the land has better clothes, if she chooses to wear them. Her dainty fingers have never been soiled by a day's work. But let it rest," he added; "I will reason and talk with Meg in the morning."

This threat did not in the least alarm the heart of the anxious mother, who knew that it was a mere boast to give himself importance in the eyes of his companion. Bold and reckless as he was of the feelings of every human being in the world except Margaret, he was almost gentle with her. There were few points on which he ventured to contradict, or even attempt to influence his child.

"Win her, Frank," he said, addressing the young farmer, as soon as they were alone. "A husband would cure her of these fancies. Meg is a good girl—an affectionate girl—only a little spoiled by the indulgence of the lady who brought her up from childhood."

"Lady Moretown, I presume you mean?" observed the young man.

A dry negative was Ned's only reply. With the

cunning peculiar to his character, he did not choose to give the least clue by which his past career could be traced.

"I don't know how it is," observed his guest, "but in the presence of your daughter I feel tongue-tied. A hundred times I have resolved to speak to her upon the subject nearest my heart; but, somehow or other, when it came to the point, my courage failed me; and all the fine words I had conned over in my brain escaped. And yet she is kind to me."

"Of course she is," answered Ned, who felt a secret pride in the idea of the speaker's sense of inferiority in the presence of his child.

"Accepts the flowers which I bring her."

"Ay, ay—that's the way. Girls are fond of flowers and such trifles," said the father of poor Margaret, who little imagined the purport of Frank Hazleton's attention, so respectful and timid had his manner invariably been towards her.

It was finally arranged that on the following day the young farmer should ascertain his fate from the lips of the poor girl herself.

"And here," said Ned, draining his glass, "is to your success, my fine fellow! Only make Meg a good husband, and you shall find me no niggard when it comes to the point. Courage!" he added, seeing that the suitor still hesitated. "Declaration and marriage are much alike—they much resemble a cold bath: cowards stand shivering on the brink—the brave man makes one plunge, and all is over!"

With this not very poetical illustration of his sentiments, the master of Borderclough saw his visitor to the door; and, being tired with his journey, soon afterwards retired to rest.

CHAPTER LXXV.

When true friends meet in adverse hour,

'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower;

A watery ray an instant seen,

The darkly-closing clouds between. Scott.

WHEN Ned was informed by his wife of the expected arrival at Borderclough, he expressed his dissatisfaction in a series of inarticulate growls. Not but he felt a secret degree of pride in receiving at his house the grand-daughter of Lady Briancourt—a name which, from his earliest boyhood, he had been accustomed to look up to with profound respect;—his fear was, that the meeting with her fine friends—as he termed them—would render his daughter dissatisfied with her home and the associations connected with it.

"No fear of that," observed Mabel. "Margaret loves us."

"Loves you, you mean!" replied her husband, bitterly. "I can't understand it! When she was a child, you were always thwarting her with, 'Meg, don't do this!' 'Meg, you must not do that!' Now, I never contradicted her!"

"A mother naturally wins the confidence of a daughter sooner than a father," answered his wife, in a deprecatory tone—for she had long noticed the feeling of jealousy with which Ned regarded the affection existing between her and Margaret.

"I shall be off," said her husband, in a tone of ill-concealed bitterness. "They won't want to see me!"

"I am sure Mr. Harland and his lady will be happy to see you."

"Pooh!" interrupted the convict, with a sneer; "you know that you are uttering a lie when you tell me so! The girl would shrink from me as Margaret does; and the fine spark, her husband, would think his hand polluted by pressing it to mine. I'll none of it," he added. "But I won't baulk Meg of the pleasure of meeting her friends. Come what may, she shan't accuse me of unkindness."

Mabel made no reply, for she really felt satisfied with the arrangement—in which, after all, there was a degree of delicacy and consideration she had scarcely given her husband credit for. The faithful creature longed to see the child of her lost mistress—to press her in her arms with a mother's love. Next to Margaret, the daughter of Clara Briancourt held the nearest place in her affections.

The next morning Ned Cantor sought Frank Hazleton at the farm, and advised him to postpone his declaration till after the departure of the expected visitors.

"Meg," he urged, "would be sure to consult her friend upon the subject." And he justly feared the influence of Mary's opinion and advice.

It was to her sense of loneliness—the utterly isolated position in which his daughter was placed—that he trusted for the accomplishment of his project.

The young farmer yielded with readiness to his suggestion: the deferring of the interview was rather a relief than otherwise. He had a deeper knowledge of the heart of woman than his adviser: he saw that some hidden grief was preying upon the spirits of Margaret; and, loving her as sincerely as he did, he trembled to risk all by a precipitate avowal of his passion.

When Ned returned home, he noticed with satisfaction that Margaret, with the assistance of her mother, was busily employed in making up one of the silk dresses he had bought her. True, it was the plainest of the selection—the only one her simple taste permitted her to wear: a very light grey, almost approaching to white.

"All right," he muttered to himself with a chuckle; "when a woman begins to think of dress, it is a sign that the wound in the heart is healing."

"Surely, Meg," he observed, seating himself by the little table, which had been drawn close to the window, "you might have chosen a prettier thing than this! Why not wear that beautiful yellow, with the flowers, I bought you?"

"Too fine, father—much too fine," answered his daughter, with a faint smile, "for one in my station!"

"Not a whit," exclaimed the ostentatious Ned; "not a whit—I can afford it, Meg! As for that gloomy-looking thing," he added, pointing contemptuously to the silk, "I only wonder how I came to buy it—it will look like a shroud."

Mabel shuddered at the word, and raised her eyes imploringly to her husband, who bit his lips at his indiscretion.

"Or the wedding-dress of a Quakeress!" he continued, "that is a better simile! I can't make it out: when you were a child, you were fond of smart things. I could not afford them then; and now I can, you won't wear them."

"You are kind—very kind," answered Margaret, mildly, at the same time laying her delicate hand upon his arm; "and if I do not thank you as I ought, it is not that I am ungrateful."

"I am sure you are not," exclaimed the delighted father.

"And when I am gone—that is," continued Margaret, correcting herself, "should I be taken from you, you will be kind to my poor mother, for my sake—will you not?"

Ned could not reply. The quiet manner of his daughter, so full of hopeless resignation, touched, perhaps, the only chord in his rough heart susceptible of feeling. With passionate tenderness he clasped her in his arms, and sobbed, rather than uttered:

"Don't talk of dying—don't talk of leaving us, Meg. Home would no longer be home, without you! I was a bad man when you were a child; losing you made me worse. I became reckless—desperate. I should become so again, if you were taken from me."

With these words he rushed from the room. A single tear stole down the cheek of the unhappy girl, who felt a momentary pang at the secret resolution she had formed. Mabel eyed her narrowly; the change in Margaret's manner had not escaped her watchful love: she trembled with the apprehension of some vague misfortune.

"My child," she said, "you could not. No, no—it is too terrible."

"Could not, what?" dear mother.

"Nothing, darling—nothing. It was one of those wild thoughts which sometimes startle reason."

"However unhappy I may be," continued the poor girl, again relapsing into that unnatural calmness which excited the suspicion of her parent, "be assured I shall never forget the duty which the creature owes to the Creator. Your child will never be a suicide."

So saying, she calmly resumed her work.

At an earlier hour even than the impatience of Margaret anticipated, Mary and her husband arrived at Borderleugh. The happy bride threw herself into the arms of the companion of her childhood.

"Jane," she said, regarding her tearless eyes and pale features, "how changed you are! This place is destroying you!"

"It is my home!" calmly observed the unhappy girl.

"But must be so no longer!" replied Mary. "My home must be yours! I can scarcely feel that I have one without you!"

"You forget," interrupted her friend, "that I have a mother."

The meeting between Mabel and the daughter of her former mistress was more the reunion of long-separated friends than the introduction of two strangers. Mary had learned how deeply her mother was indebted to the fidelity and affection of her humble friend; she threw herself upon her neck—kissed and thanked her; then begged her to consider her as a second daughter, whom Providence had restored to her.

Ned, agreeably to his promise, was absent; and if painful thoughts and memories mingled with their joy, still it was a day of joy at Borderleugh.

No entreaties—and Mary and her husband both urged it—could induce Margaret to return with them to the rectory at Fulton.

"She had a task to perform," she said, "and she was resolved to go through with it. Besides," she added, "my presence would only mar your happiness. What would the world say, if they knew that the child of—"

"Hush!" whispered her sister.

"You—the grand-daughter and heiress of Lady Briancourt," continued Margaret, "to receive as a friend and sister—"

"But I am not the heiress of Lady Briancourt!" again interrupted Mary.

Mabel and her daughter both looked surprised.

"There is a doubt," continued the speaker, blushing deeply, "whether the marriage ceremony really took place between my parents!"

"And who dares to doubt it?" demanded the former confidante of Clara Briancourt; "surely not the child of her who was an angel of purity, as well as suffering, upon earth! Your mother was the wife of Mr. Stanley, no less in the eyes of man than in those of heaven!"

"I knew it!" exclaimed the agitated bride; "my heart told me so!"

"And my lips confirm it!" replied Mabel. "Your father was too honourable to abuse the confidence my mistress reposed in him when she fled her mother's house, and trusted her person to his protection! Lady Briancourt and her unnatural brother wished to obtain from her the proofs of her marriage: they proffered gold—gold to her, when she was starving—to resign them!"

"And did she?" he hastily exclaimed Charles Harland. "She died!" was the reply; "died in the home of her youth, to which she obtained admittance, in the hope of softening the heart of her stern mother; but before she made her last useless appeal, she confided to the hands of a poor but faithful friend the proofs of her child's legitimacy and her own purity!"

"To you, mother?" exclaimed Margaret, proudly; "to you?"

Mabel smiled.

"Generous, faithful friend!" sobbed Mary; "how can I ever repay your fidelity and love?"

"You have repaid it," continued the speaker, "by your affection to my child! Not that I deserve your gratitude for a simple act of duty. My dear lady was more than a kind mistress—she was a friend to the poor girl who, driven from the home of her childhood, sought her service. She instructed my uninformed mind—loved me—treated me as an equal and a sister!"

Although the heart of Charles Harland was perfectly free from selfish as well as mercenary feelings, still it was not without considerable satisfaction that he heard the positive assurance of the legitimacy of his young bride; he rejoiced at it for her own sake—for the sake of their children, should their marriage be blessed with any—and for the opinion of the world.

"Is your husband aware of this?" he inquired, in an anxious tone.

"No."

"And do you still possess the proofs?"

"They are safe," answered Mabel, evasively; "when compelled to quit my cottage at Lenden, I consigned them to the hands of one who, without knowing the importance of the trust, I am well assured has kept them faithfully."

"To whom?" demanded both the sisters.

"To the daughter of Nicholas Arden, the miser—now Countess of Moretown!"

"Alas!" said Margaret, with a sigh—for she retained a grateful recollection of the kindness Alice had shown her in her youth—"are you not aware that Lady Moretown for several years has been insane?"

"Insane!" repeated the astonished Mabel.

"And secluded, more like a prisoner than a wife, at the abbey!"

The speaker could not comprehend the agitation of the mother, who trembled and would have fallen to the earth at the intelligence, had not the arm of her daughter sustained her. During the few days Mabel had been an inmate of the abbey, she had seen quite enough to convince her that its mistress was unhappy. She had heard rumours in the servants' hall of the *liaison* existing between the earl and the governess, and, judging of the peer's cruel conduct to his unfortunate brother—conduct which she had witnessed in her childish days—she more than suspected what it had been to his wife.

"And I am helpless!" she murmured; "helpless to assist her!"

"Assist whom, dear mother?" inquired her child.

It was some time before Mabel was sufficiently recovered to answer the questions which were proposed to her.

"Can I not seek them?" inquired Charles.

"No!" replied the faithful creature.

"Nor I?" said Mary.

"When I received the papers from the hand of your dying mother," continued Mabel, "I promised never to disclose the secret but to two persons—to her husband, George Stanley, should he live to return and claim them, or to yourself, when you had a husband to protect you! I must consider," she added, "how best to obtain the deposit from the hands of Lady Moretown—none else can do so!"

"Perhaps you are not aware," interrupted Charles, in a tone of despondency, "that Quirk, who, next to his infamous grandson, is the party most interested in suppressing the proofs of my wife's legitimacy, is the agent of the earl?"

"I know it," was the reply.

"Should he or his lordship have discovered them?" "I have no fear of that!" answered Mabel. "The eye of suspicion might rest upon their hiding-place, and fail to detect them! They shall be yours," she added, turning to Mary, "within a month, I solemnly promise you, no matter at what sacrifice! Ned can but beat me!" she thought to herself; and to right the child of her dear mistress, her former servant would have risked a much more formidable danger.

Margaret and Mary had much to say to each other, after their painful separation, to say nothing of the events which had so lately occurred. The latter related to her astonished friend the particulars of the charge which Quirk and his grandson had had the infancy to bring against Lady Briancourt; its triumphant refutation, which had ended in stripping Sir Phineas of his title and estates.

"You, then," observed her sister, "will be Lady Briancourt?"

"That will not change me!" she replied; "though misfortune has sadly changed you, dearest Jane! But all is not dark and hopeless yet! Charles met Harry—there, don't start at the name—only yesterday, as we changed horses at Alnwick. He reproached him with his heartlessness towards you!"

"He did not feel it!" observed Margaret, with a sigh.

"You wrong him there—he did feel it!" continued Mary; "and assured my husband that in a few days he trusted not only to be reconciled to you, but to devote the rest of his life to your happiness!"

A cold and bitter smile curled the lips of her listener.

"Do not look so—pray, do not look so!" exclaimed the speaker, throwing her arms around her; "you terrify me, Jane! Even to me you are changed! I feel you have withdrawn the confidence which once existed between us. Perhaps I was wrong—very wrong—to urge a word in extenuation of his fault; but I know how difficult it is to root from the heart the affection which has grown with it!"

"It is hard!" was the reply.

"You love him still?"

"Love him!" repeated Margaret; "aye, as we love the venomous snake from whose slimy folds we have escaped! Love him! as we love the thing most abhorrent to our nature! Would you believe it," she added, "that Harry—I may call him by that name to you—sought me even here?"

"In penitence?"

"In derision!" continued the excited girl. "He acknowledged that his first proposal was too abrupt—that he should have given me time to reflect, to become reconciled to a life of infamy and dishonour—promised that, as soon as he should succeed to his uncle's title and estates, he would provide for me, as if gold could cover shame and renew his offer of making me his—Spare me the word—the thing I blush to name!"

"Villain!" murmured the astonished and indignant Mary; "heartless and unmanly villain!"

"And yet you ask me if I love him still!"

"Forgive me, Jane! I knew not—could not suspect such baseness! Speak of him no more! Leave his punishment to Heaven!"

"He will be punished!" answered Margaret, with forced calmness; "I could not rest in my grave, Mary, with such an injury unatoned!"

Her companion looked at her with surprise.

"No!" continued the speaker; "poor, degraded, and humbled as he thinks me, I can crush him in his pride—disappoint him in the dream of his ambition—make his life as lonely, his heart as desolate, as I have rendered mine!"

"Explain—I do not understand you, dearest Jane. For Heaven's sake, do nothing rashly—unbecomingly of yourself. I am sure you never will."

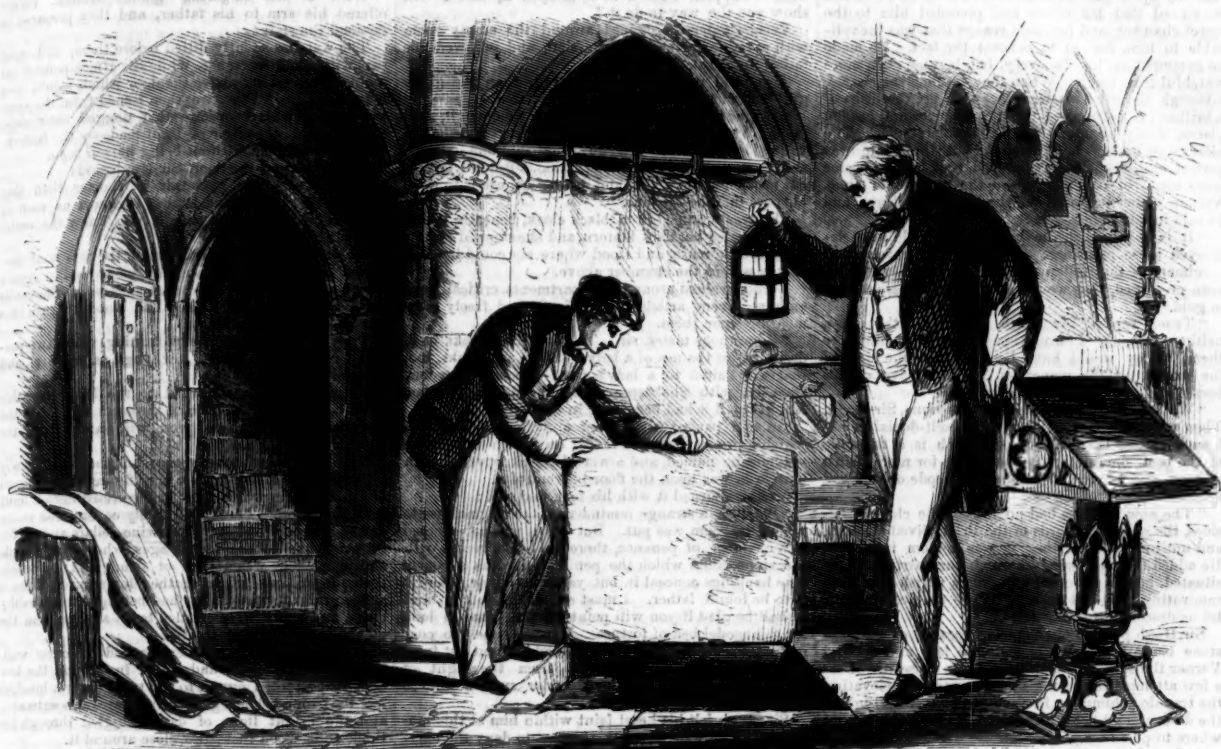
"The world will applaud me," answered her sister; "but its applause and blame are now alike indifferent to me."

Although repeatedly urged both by Mary and Charles to return with them to the rectory, Margaret firmly declined. Not that she anticipated a refusal on the part of her parents, but she had made up her mind to a certain course, and was resolved no human influence should interfere with her design.

She saw them depart with a tearless eye; but not without a promise, on their part, of speedily visiting her again.

(To be continued.)

COST OF TOWNLEY'S DEFENCE.—The fees paid to the counsel for defending Townley were as follows:—Mr. Macaulay, Q.C., received 150 guineas; Mr. Serjeant O'Brien, seventy-five guineas; and Mr. F. Stephen, twenty-five guineas.



[SIR HUGH SHOWS HIS SON THE SECRET PASSAGE.]

THE SECRET CHAMBER.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR HUGH usually took his breakfast in his own room, and the late hour at which he rang did not excite any surprise. Vernon came in with the servant who brought him his tea and toast, and inquired with much solicitude concerning the state of his father's health.

The baronet replied, with a faint smile:

"I am quite strong again, and to-day I shall be able to do what I have promised. I will accompany you whither we proposed to go after I have finished my breakfast."

Vernor nodded and looked pleased; but he said nothing more till John had retired, and closed the door after him. Then he eagerly spoke:

"Father, if we would carry out our plans with reference to Ethel, we must invent some story to satisfy Aunt Agnes. She has been annoying me with her inquiries until I am quite out of patience, and she evidently suspects our motive for the change towards the child. It is my belief that she will oppose the marriage, unless some better reason is found for it than either you or I are prepared to give."

Sir Hugh burst into a volley of curses, and, having exhausted his irritable feelings in this congenial manner, said:

"Mrs. Methurn has no power to stop it, and if she attempts to circumvent me, I will threaten to remove my ward from her altogether, and place her in a boarding-school."

"That might silence her, sir; but it will be better to make her believe that it will be to Ethel's interest as much as my own to let the marriage ceremony be performed between us."

"But how is that to be done?"

"I have turned the affair over in my own mind, and I think I can manage it, if you do not object."

"Why should I object to anything that is to serve your interests? What do you propose to do?"

"Only to forge a letter which is to be shown to her in place of the one that came from Mr. Winston. From that she shall learn that the fortune is left to Ethel on the conditions that she shall become the wife of your son, as it was the only method left to him to show his gratitude for a service rendered to him by you many years ago."

"Service! What service? I never heard of the man till I got that notice from the Amsterdam lawyers."

"Pshaw! Sir Hugh, how dull you are! How is

my aunt to know that? You have mixed largely with men, and I dare say you have sometimes done a favour that did not cost you much. This man may as well have been the recipient of some such kindness as any other; at all events, you can say he was, and who is to contradict you? Leave the management of this to me, and I will prove to you that I have a pretty talent for mystifying."

"Oh, well, if you can make so shrewd a woman as Agnes Methurn, believe your assertions, I can have no objection. If she knows Ethel to be an heiress she may wish to keep her free for her own son; the lad was always fonder of her than you were, at any rate."

"Yes; if Gerald was here I should have a far more difficult part to play. Ethel was very much attached to him, too; but she is learning to like me quite as well as she once liked my cousin. After we have visited the secret chamber, I will compose my letter, and I can disguise my hand so that Aunt Agnes will never recognize it. It will be some amusement in this dull old den to play this trick on my dignified and stately kinswoman."

"Well, well, arrange it to suit yourself. When your own interests are at stake, you will have shrewdness enough to serve them well, I dare say."

"Never fear, sir. I have quite a talent for invention, and this is as good a field as any other to try it in. My aunt will probably consider Mr. Winston as a romantic old fool, but that is no concern of ours. Luckily he is safe in his grave, and cannot contradict anything I may make him say."

Sir Hugh laughed and patted his son on the shoulder as he said:

"Then you begin to see the thing as I do, and you no longer wish to throw away this chance to win a fortune?"

"Well, the fact is, sir Ethel is more attractive than I believed her to be. I have set myself to studying her good points, and she will develop into a very passable woman. She's deucedly small, but I hope she'll take a sudden start, and grow tall. But large or small, pretty or ugly, I must take her, for I see no escape from my dull life here, but in gaining possession of her fortune. Besides, it will be many years before I shall be compelled to claim her. By that time I shall have sown my wild oats, and I shall care very little who is the mistress of my establishment."

"Bravo, Vernon! for so young a man I must say that you are quite a philosopher. Carry out your plan; win Ethel's consent to marry you on any terms, and I am content. Our fortunes are at a very low ebb, and if we cannot mend them by getting possession of

hers, we shall be utterly ruined. New claims, which are imperative, have lately come against me, and they must be provided for, even if I sacrifice a portion of my small income to liquidate them."

"I was not aware that you had contracted debts, Sir Hugh. I thought that of late years we have lived meanly enough to keep within bounds."

"So we have, but this is a long-neglected claim. It comes to me in such a form that I cannot set it aside. It is useless to explain to you; only enable me to settle it and all will be well."

"If it depends on me, sir, you shall have that power before very long. Will it not be better to make our visit to the chamber at an early hour of the day? I am quite ready now to accompany you."

"Yes—we will go at once," replied Sir Hugh, with a show of willingness, yet his heart sank within him at the trial before him, and he would gladly have postponed the performance of his promise; but since he must go through the ordeal, he nerved himself to the task, and with seeming alacrity drew the keys from their hiding-place.

"These," he said, "will unlock the doors through which we must pass; I have also provided a lantern to light us through the labyrinth of the vaults."

Vernor took up the lantern, and remarked:

"This has lately been used, for the candle in it is burned to the socket. Have you already visited the place, Sir Hugh?" and he fixed his eyes upon his father as if he would read his inmost soul.

"Pooh! why should you suppose that I would go through the subterranean apartments alone, when you were ready to accompany me? I ordered John to bring me a lantern, and probably this one came from the stable."

"Then John is very extravagant, for we cannot afford to use wax candles in the stable."

"You are very prying, Vernon," said Sir Hugh, in an irritated tone. "The candle-ends are good, for nothing, and doubtless Old Maud gave him that. Take the fragment out, and put in yonder piece from the candlestick. I am quite ready to go, and quite anxious to get through with this visit."

Vernor obeyed him, and lighted the candle from the brazier, over which the tea-kettle was boiling; but his suspicions were aroused, and he was on the qui-vive for any discovery he might make.

"They passed through the empty, echoing room that joined Sir Hugh's, and the old man unlocked the door that led into the corridor. When they stood beneath the low oak ceiling, Vernon paused and flashed his light in every direction. He plainly saw the marks of recent footsteps on the thick coating of dust

that lay upon the floor, and in his own mind he felt convinced that his father had preceded him to the secret chamber, and for some reason that was inexplicable to him, desired to conceal the fact. He made no comment on his discovery, but became even more watchful than before. When they reached the chapel, although the windows were boarded up, the light of a brilliant day struggled through crevices and broken places, dimly illuminating the desolate spot. The altar was broken and defaced, but the choir was perfect still, and the lofty arched roof, whose beams were made of oak, still defied the ravages of time. Verner glanced around on the defaced pictures, and he said in a tone of regret:

"It is a pity that the barbarians should have destroyed these paintings. Some of them were fair specimens of the Italian school of art, and if they had been preserved, they would now be worth their weight in gold."

"True," replied Sir Hugh. "But in that case, neither you nor I would have been benefited by them. They would have been sold by the lords of the manor, for the owners of Netham have always been a reckless and extravagant race."

"We have had blood and strong passions, Sir Hugh. Then why expect of us the virtuous self-denial? Yet I am surprised that this chapel, which is a fine relic of the past, should have been shut up for more than a century, and allowed to become the abode of ruin and spiders."

"The new masters had no use for the chapel; besides, the successive lords of the Priory lived at court, and until my father's time, it was seldom inhabited. He added the new wing in which our apartments are situated, but he preferred building a parish church to renovating this old ruin. But we are losing time; let us descend into the vaults."

Sir Hugh pointed out the exact locality of the flagstone beneath which the staircase lay, and showed Verner the spot on which to press to raise it. After a few attempts the young man succeeded in elevating the trap-door himself; he then proceeded Sir Hugh in the descent, and held the lantern so that he could see where to place his gaiter foot.

At length they stood side by side upon the ground, and Verner looked about him with the feeble light he carried, with intense curiosity. Three avenues, leading to different points, branched off from the foot of the stairs, looking like black gulfs, from which damp and mouldy vapours exhaled. Sir Hugh struck into the one to the left, and pursued its tortuous windings, always turning in the same direction. He said to Verner:

"Remember that you must always turn to the left, for if you were to take the opposite direction, you would lose your way, and probably perish in these lonely vaults. If you flash your light upon the wall, you will see a cross cut in the stone at intervals, and they indicate the road to the secret chamber. Even the old monks found it necessary to mark the way."

"It seems to me, sir, that we are circuitously approaching the modern portion of the house, and the place we seek must be situated somewhere near it."

"That may be. I never speculated on the position of the room. It is so constructed that its existence would never be suspected, and it served well in the days of Cromwell. A great man found refuge there. You will not find a bare room; though it will probably be desolate enough in your estimation."

"I thought the secret of this room was known only to yourself, and the woman who referred to it so strangely; yet you now speak of others," said Verner, carelessly.

"That is true; but they are long since dead."

At length they reached the termination of their pilgrimage. Sir Hugh bade Verner remark that two crosses were cut in the rock very near each other, followed by the figure five, and a straight line a few inches in length. He said:

"The double cross indicates that we have gone far enough; the figure and the mark tell you to measure five feet in a direct line, and the entrance is found. See if you can indicate it."

Verner had a quick eye, and he ran his fingers along in front of the rugged wall, till it rested on a slight protuberance.

"I have found the spring at the first trial," he said.

"Is not this the spot, Sir Hugh?"

"Right! You are quick-witted and observant, Verner; you will make your way in the world."

"I hope so. I intend to try, at all events. And now what shall we do next?"

"Observe! Now I press downward—so. See, the wall that seems so solid gives way, and leaves an open space. Let us pass into the vault, from which we will descend to the chamber we seek."

"In there no way of opening the door from within? It would be rather awkward for us if it were to fall back in the place while we are above."

"There is no danger of that; but if such a thing

were to happen, I know how to open it, and I will show you the way to do it."

Verner entered, glanced around the empty room with a vague feeling of aggression, and followed his father up the staircase.

They had no sooner disappeared, than the gipsy glided through the opening, and muttered:

"Ho, ho! you will show him how to open it, will you? You would never show me, for you had a vague idea that some day you would shut me up here, and leave me to perish of starvation. But I'll find it out now, in spite of you, and, it may be, use it to good purpose in time to come."

She was wrapped in a black cloak, beneath which she concealed her dark lantern, and she stepped lightly upon the staircase, and stood where she could hear all that passed in the chamber above.

Verner walked around the apartments, critically examining every article it contained, and freely commenting upon them.

"Sumptuous tastes, sir. The furniture looks as if designed for the use of a lady. These are books, too, that are suited to a lady's taste—Spenser, Dryden, Chaucer, with Shakespeare and the Bible, the last looking as if it had been long in use."

He had paused in front of a niche in the wall, in which a prayer book was fitted, on which rested the volumes he named, and a worn hawk, covered with haircloth, was upon the floor in front of it.

Verner spurned it with his foot, and said:

"There is a strange reminder of the original use to which the room was put. But if this was constructed as a chamber of penance, there must be a recess with the stone coffin which the penitent used as a couch. The hangings conceal it, but you must know where it is to be found, father. I must see all the horrors, and I shall be glad if you will point out the place to look for this model bed of torture. What a time the poor devil that lay in it must have had! Shut out from all human sympathy—covered from the light of day! Oh, I should go mad under such a fate as that!"

Sir Hugh felt his heart faint within him at this moment, and he was strongly tempted to deny the existence of the sarcophagus; but he knew that Verner would return to that apartment again, and examine every nook in it, therefore, he thought it best to tell the truth. He lifted his shaking hand, and pointed toward the recess behind the table. Verner pushed it aside and was lifting the hangings, when the baronet suddenly remembered the square of velvet on which the name and age of his wife were embroidered. This would give to him a clue to the terrible secret connected with that chamber, and he rushed forward, clutched the hangings which he almost tore down in his eagerness to grasp the fatal evidence of his crime. He succeeded in getting possession of it, and thrust it in his bosom, while Verner regarded him with astonishment, in which much suspicion was mingled.

"Really, sir, you seem greatly excited, and I perceive that the secrets of this room are not all to be confided to my keeping. Pray what tell-tale trophy have you wrested from this stone concern, which it seems some one has taken the pains to cover. I expected to find the lid resting against the wall."

The old man again drew on his invention:

"It was open till Lord Trevor came hither. A young girl, disguised as a page, fought beside him in battle. In saving him she received a fatal wound, and he held her before him on his horse when he fled from the field. She died a few hours after, and was placed in that coffin. The body is still there."

"And the velvet rag you were so anxious to keep from my sight—has her name upon it, I suppose? I should think that it can be no object to you to conceal that from me, sir."

"Yes; it is my desire to do so; for she belonged to a noble house, and the world has never known her fate. There is no need to betray her name, even to you."

Verner listened to this explanation with evident incredulity, and after a pause, said:

"I have half a mind to look in the remains of this faithful damsel. I am interested in her history; but I think you would have done better to make her a grave in the vault below."

"There was no time to do that. Come, I am weary and sick. Let us leave this spot, for I feel as if I shall have another attack of my late malady if I remain here much longer."

The young man looked at his pale face, and saw that he really seemed ill. He knew that if Sir Hugh became helpless, he could never get him back to his room without assistance, and he at once said:

"Let us go, then. But I may take these books with me, I suppose? They came from the library and should be restored to it."

"Not to-day. You must assist me, for I feel quite overcome with the unusual exertions I have made. Let us descend at once, for the air in this room stifles me."

With a last lingering glance around, Verner offered his arm to his father, and they prepared to descend the stairs.

The watcher silently flitted before them, and stood just without the entrance, while Sir Hugh pointed out to his son a spring above the door which would open it from within. The two then issued from the aperture, but the dark spectre that dogged their steps, flitted beyond the circle of light made by the lantern, and watched them without being himself seen.

"After closing the door, Sir Hugh said: "The way to the open air is shorter than that through the chapel, and I must regain it as soon as possible. Besides, you should also know the outlet toward the wood."

Sir Hugh bowed heavily upon the arm that sustained him, and more than once he paused to regain his breath, for the confined atmosphere of the vaults choked his lungs, and caused the blood to rush in a torrent toward his brain.

They went on to an abrupt turning, where two passages crossed each other. Sir Hugh paused here, and impressively said:

"Hitherto we have turned to the left; from this point, at every intersection of these corridors, take the right-hand passage, and you will safely reach the outer world."

Verner promised to remember, and they went slowly forward, now followed by a dim figure that stole out of a passage in which she had secreted herself until they passed on. These elaborately constructed vaults it was supposed had served as wine-cellar and deposit for provisions in the feudal ages, when every castle and monastery was a kind of stronghold, in which their dependants might gather for security from a sudden raid; for the Priory had belonged to a wealthy order, and many were entitled to an asylum from the monks in the times of trouble.

After many windings, they reached the outer wall, which had crumbled and fallen in around the low door that afforded access to the park. For a hundred feet the ground sloped gradually toward this entrance; and the bright light of day struggled through the thick underwood that grew close around it.

The door hung loosely upon its hinges, and the father and son passed out into the broad glare of sunshine. Green undulations swept away from the walls, covered with rank vegetation, and the old trees rustled their unpruned branches against each other. Verner extinguished his light, and the two walked on in silence till they gained Sir Hugh's chamber. He sat into his chair, and wiping the gathered moisture from his brow, said:

"I am glad it is over. Never ask me to go to that den again, for such a jaunt quite overcomes me."

"Many thanks, sir, for the effort you have made to gratify my curiosity. I shall make a memorandum of your directions for finding the place again, though that will scarcely be necessary, for every step of the route is indelibly impressed on my memory. I feel a presentiment that that chamber will be of use to me in the future, and it is well to know how to enter it. I only wish that the secret of its existence was confined to ourselves. How came the gipsy to know anything about it?"

Sir Hugh had expected this inquiry, and was prepared to answer it with another falsehood.

"You need have no fear as far as she is concerned, for she is faithful to my interests."

Verner would have given much to penetrate the mystery which linked his father with this wild wanderer; but he felt assured that Sir Hugh would not reveal the truth, and he refrained from further questioning.

Minchen tracked them to the outlet, and then proceeding the dark lantern which her cloak had veiled, retraced her steps to the spot they had left. In a few moments she stood within the room, and she laughed aloud as she said:

"Sir Hugh took my word that every memento of his lady wife had been removed; but these books would have told more than he cared to have revealed, if the young man had persisted in looking over them. I'll put them out of sight, and choose my own time for divulging the darkest horror of this lonely place."

She gathered the volumes together, and lifting the lid of the reading-desk, thrust them in a recess in the bottom so contrived as to escape observation. Then descending to the lower room, she raised her lantern and examined the casing of the door till she found the knob which Sir Hugh had pointed out to his son.

"I now know all I care to find out," she muttered, as she passed out and closed the wall behind her. In a short time she gained the outlet, and passed through the park towards the encampment.

CHAPTER IX.

WITH silent sorrow Mrs. Methurn saw the influence which Verner was daily acquiring over her young

protegee, concealed tried to solve. Both all her came the slightest. Let mother with but he how much her fully said. "Dear and see like to sh dresses know m. "Do you so m you, Eth will prov The li. "Why than I should be. "My lot is cas have lea. "But every da that, ple let my sent, bu he pays no right has. "My dear, I did Hugh's l. "He co he was, for me. "Perh something young h unfortun Gerald in. The ch. "Oh, I and Verner absence. lonely—" "That speak thou attended you my. "Ethel over her collegian, words of more of V faithful th usurp the. "Ethel entered it thurn. "If you thing of it. "I was I can stop your com have late. "He laug "You and it is the time sent me news, wh myself." Mrs. M listen. S. "Why I cannot gother." "That protegee property, myself; th Mrs. Me. "Pray you, Verner. "About lessly repl Ethel and bride's hes devotion, far, and if

protégée. She felt assured that some deep motive lay concealed beneath this sudden devotion, and she vainly tried to gain some light which might guide her to its solution.

Both Sir Hugh and his son were impenetrable, and all her endeavours were baffled to discover whence came the money which was lavished to gratify the slightest caprice of the young orphan.

Letters came from Gerald in which he informed his mother of his safe arrival at Oxford, and of the energy with which he had thrown himself into his studies; but he did not forget to speak of Ethel, and to say how much he missed her, how tenderly he remembered her. The child read the letter, and she gratefully said:

"Dear Gerald! I only wish he could look in on us, and see how things have changed with me. I should like to show him my beautiful pony, and the lovely dresses Sir Hugh has given me. He would hardly know me again in all this finery."

"Do you then think that fine clothes would change you so much that a loving heart could not recognize you, Ethel? I am afraid the change you rejoice in will prove sad news to Gerald."

The little girl opened her eyes in astonishment.

"Why should it?" she asked. "I am far happier than I used to be, and if Gerald were only here, I should be as gay as a singing bird."

"My son will not return to the Priory now. His lot is cast far from it, and perhaps it is well that you have learned to be happy without him."

"But I am not quite happy, Aunt. I miss Gerald every day, in spite of Vernon's kindness. Tell him that, please, and besides, I mean to write him a long letter myself—I shall tell him of all my beautiful presents, but I wish Sir Hugh would divide the money he pays for them, and give Gerald half. I have no right to all these things, and his own nephew has."

"My son does not need his uncle's assistance, my dear. I have saved the means to educate him myself, as I did not wish him to become a burden on Sir Hugh's limited fortune."

"He can't be poor any longer," said Ethel; "for if he was, he couldn't afford to buy so many pretty things for me."

"Perhaps those things are intended to purchase something infinitely more precious, my child. Your young heart is to be won over for some end that is unwholesome to me. You will soon cease to think of Gerald in your increasing attachment to Vernon."

The child flushed deeply, and she quickly said:

"Oh, I love them both. They are my dear brothers, and Vernon only takes the place left vacant by Gerald's absence. But for his kindness, I should have been so lonely—so lonely."

"That is quite true, my love, and I am wrong to speak thus. Go to your studies now, and after I have attended to my housekeeping, I will come up and give you my usual assistance."

Ethel ascended to her room, and listlessly turned over her books, but her thoughts were with the absent collegian, and she wept a few tears as she recalled the words of his mother. She felt that she had thought more of Vernon of late, and she knew that she was unfaithful to her best friend in permitting any one to usurp the place in her affections.

Ethel had scarcely left the room when Vernon entered it, and arrested the departure of Mrs. Methurn.

"If you have time to listen to me, I have something of importance to say to you, Aunt Agnes."

"I was going on my usual rounds for the day, but I can stop long enough to hear you, Vernon. I hope your communications will have more point than any have lately made to me."

He laughed gaily, and said:

"You recent being kept in the dark about Ethel, and it is very natural that you should do so; but now the time has come for an explanation. My father has sent me hither to communicate a strange piece of news, which involves possible good fortune to her and myself."

Mrs. Methurn sat down, and composed herself to listen. She asked:

"Why do you blend Ethel's fate with your own. I cannot see in what way they can be linked together."

"That is precisely what I am to show you. Your *protégée* has become the heiress to a very handsome property, on the condition that it shall be shared with myself; that is, that she shall become my wife."

Mrs. Methurn uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Pray how long is it since this became known to you, Vernon?"

"About the time that Gerald went away," he carelessly replied. "Since so much was at stake both for Ethel and myself, I thought it best to win my little bride's heart before betraying the cause of my sudden devotion. I flatter myself that I have succeeded thus far, and if you do not influence her against me, she

will not refuse to comply with the wishes of her mother's uncle."

"I was not aware that she had such a relation; the inheritance then comes from him?"

"You are right. Mr. Winston was the brother of her grandfather; he has lived in Amsterdam for many years, engaged in trade. He cared nothing for his family till he felt that he was dying, then he caused inquiries to be made for them, and he learned that Ethel is the only descendant still living; and that she had been under the protection of my father. By a curious coincidence, Sir Hugh had befriended Mr. Winston in early life; he had furnished him with letters of introduction to the commercial house by which he was first employed as a clerk. He finally became its head, but he never forgot the kindness of his early friend, and he has taken a most romantic and unusual way to prove his gratitude. This letter, written a few days before his death, will explain his wishes. It was forwarded among some other papers to Sir Hugh by the lawyers of Mr. Winston; and at the request of my father I have brought it to show to you."

Mrs. Methurn took the offered letter and carefully perused the scrawled and blotted lines purporting to have been traced by the feeble hand of a dying man.

"SIR HUGH METHURN: Dear Sir,—Go back to the days of your early manhood, and recall a pale, friendless man who casually attracted your notice when you called at your lawyer's office many years ago. I was seeking employment, and asked a recommendation from the lawyer, who had known me from my childhood. He refused, on the ground that of late years he had known little of me, and could not judge of my qualifications to fill a post of trust."

"You heard his refusal, followed me, and after satisfying yourself that I was qualified to become a clerk, you obtained from a friend of yours a situation for me in Amsterdam. Though it exasperated me, I gladly accepted the employment, for I was on the verge of starvation."

"I came to this city, and for thirty-five years I have never left it. I eventually rose to be a partner in the firm into which I was received as a clerk, and I have accumulated wealth. Just as I thought of retiring to enjoy my fortune, my health broke down, and nothing remained to me but to settle my worldly affairs and die."

"I had left a brother with one child in England, but after a few years of absence all communication between us ceased. Thirty years had nearly elapsed since I heard from Thomas Winston or his daughter; but I wished my earnings to go to the pretty child I remembered with interest. I caused such inquiries to be made in England, as resulted in the certainty that my brother and his child were both dead—that the latter had married into a noble family which refused to acknowledge her; and after the untimely death of her husband, she died of a broken heart, leaving a little girl, who, but for your noble generosity, would have been thrown upon the world without a protector."

"You took the orphan to your home, treated her as your own child; and deep is my gratitude for the benevolence which rescued her from poverty and wretchedness. I have since pondered deeply on the means of serving you, and at the same time securing the future welfare of my grandniece."

"I have ascertained that you have one son—a handsome, promising youth, who is of suitable age to become the husband of Ethel Clifton. He must be worthy of this trust if he resembles you [Vernor winced a little when he wrote this], and I wish to secure my heiress from the snare of a fortune-hunter. Marriages among minors in England have been of common occurrence, and it is my desire that Ethel shall become the wife of your son as soon as the marriage can be conveniently celebrated. Thus they will be jointly endowed with the fortune I wish them equally to enjoy."

"I have made my will in conformity with this wish; to my niece I have bequeathed my estate on the sole condition that she accept your son at once. If she refuses to comply with my wishes, the whole of the estate passes unconditionally to Vernon Methurn, and Ethel will only have a life annuity from it of fifty pounds per annum."

"But she will not refuse to comply with the wish that is nearest the heart of her dying uncle. She is too young to have a will of her own in such a matter, and it will be best for her to grow to womanhood with the certainty that her allegiance is due to the husband I have chosen for her."

"I have directed that she shall remain in the charge of Mrs. Methurn, who I am informed has been a second mother to her, till she attains her eighteenth year. Then Vernon Methurn will claim her as his wife, and they will come in possession of the real estate which is in Amsterdam. The ready money, which is much the largest portion of my fortune, will be under your

control till then, and it is my desire that the income arising from it shall be equally shared between Ethel and your son, provided she accepts the terms on which it is bequeathed to her."

"I have bequeathed to you, my best friend, a thousand pounds as a feeble testimonial of my gratitude, and all that now remains for me to do is to return my thanks for your kindness to my orphan niece."

"Your old friend, "JOSIAH WINSTON."

Beneath this was written in a different hand:

"Three days after writing the above Mr. Winston died, and his will is in conformity with the statement made therein. "THORN & BROTHER."

Mrs. Methurn perused these lines with a feeling of utter bewilderment, and a strong impression that the writer must have been slightly insane when he penned them. He must have been utterly ignorant of Sir Hugh's reckless and improvident life, or he would surely never have placed the person and fortune of Ethel so entirely in his power. Vernon watched her face as she read, and he was prepared for the question she abruptly asked:

"Could Mr. Winston have been in his right mind when he laid such an absurd injunction upon a child who is too young to judge of what will be best for her future happiness? He must have been aware that marriages between minors have rarely led to anything but misery to both parties."

"I do not perceive any evidence of insanity in this production; on the contrary, I think it is clearly expressed, and evinces much forethought for the destiny of Ethel. This marriage, I flatter myself, will prove a happy one, in spite of your doubt, Aunt Agnes."

"Then, it is really your purpose to accept the terms, and irrevocably bind this poor girl to you, before she can possibly know what her feelings toward you will be when she is old enough to choose a partner for life?"

"What other course is open to me? If I refuse to comply with the conditions of the will, I disinherit her, for nothing is said except with reference to her refusal."

"You can, when you are of age, restore her inheritance to her, and allow her to grow up, even to accept or reject you, as her heart may dictate. A fortune trammelled with such conditions is scarcely worth accepting."

"Thank you, for your disinterested advice," replied Vernon, with an ill-concealed sneer. "I am quite willing to risk the future with her as my wife. I shall not find it difficult to love her, and she seems as well disposed towards me as I could wish. That is, since Gerald went away, and I shall not trust to the chances of being rivalled by him in future. Once mine by an indissoluble tie, Ethel will know that to me belongs her allegiance, and she will grow to womanhood feeling that it is her duty to love me."

Mrs. Methurn flushed slightly at the allusion to her son, and fearing that opposition from her would lead Vernon to misconstrue her motives, she said:

"If such is your resolution, I, of course, can do nothing to defeat the wishes of the deceased Mr. Winston. My son and Ethel are strongly attached to each other, but you need fear no attempt at rivalry from him. Gerald would the friendless child, but the heiress he will never seek."

(To be continued.)

MAN OF GENIUS.—It is a generally-received opinion that men of genius have been indebted to their mothers rather than to their fathers for any portion of their abilities that may have been hereditary. In the acceptance of this opinion we are more gallant than correct. The Basires, engravers, present one of a string of examples we might thread, in which a particular talent was handed down from father to son, and thence to grandsons. James and John Bernouilli, with the son Daniel and grandson John of the latter, all of European celebrity for their scientific attainments, might be placed on the same list; as might also, the instance of Thomas Gale, author of the inscriptions on the Monument, and his son Rogers and Samuel, all of whom were antiquarian writers of eminence. The father of Raffaello was a painter; the father of Mozart, a musician of no mean distinction, being vice-chaplainmaster and composer to the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg; Cuyt was the son of a painter, as was also Paul Potter; Bernard Picard, the engraver, author of "The Religious Ceremonies of all Nations," was the son of an engraver; and Nollekens, the sculptor, was the son of an artist. The two Pitts, father and son, in recognition of the same description of talent—statesmanship—were, with an interval of 26 years, both accorded the distinction of a public funeral; the great Earl of Cork and his sons, grandsons, and great grandsons, present a succession of four generations of literary and philosophical talents entailed in the male line; the Mylnes, architects; the Darwins; the Sheridans; the Burneys, father, son, and daugh-

ters; the Edgeworths, father and daughter; the Herschels, father, son, and grandson; the Stephensons, and further instances we might cite. We would not, however, appear desirous of detracting from a full and free acknowledgment of the great influence the female parent must possess, both congenitally and educationally, upon her offspring, and gladly admit that there are many indisputable cases on record of celebrities who could have owed their genius to no other source.

THE CENSUS.

THE Report on the "numbering of the people," which the Census Commissioners of 1861 have just published, as the completion of the great work entrusted to them, is an inexhaustible mine of the most valuable statistical facts, and abounds in national information of the greatest interest. In our last number we gave an epitome of the first portion of this Report, and we now continue our summary:—

TERRITORIAL DISTRIBUTION AND SUBDIVISION.

1. TOWNS.

781 towns contained 10,960,998 inhabitants; while the villages and country parishes contained 9,105,226, a large population in itself, but less by 1,855,772 than that of the towns in 1861, and showing that the population, without losing its hold on the country, and still largely diffused over 87 million acres of territory, has assumed the character of a preponderating city population. The area which the 781 towns covered was 2,991 square miles; while the area of the rest of the country was 55,330 square miles. There were 10,960,998 people living on these 2,991 square miles, and 9,105,226 people living on the remaining 55,330 square miles.

The average population of a town is 14,035; and the average size is represented by a square of two miles to the side. The people are distributed unequally, but the mean town density is expressed by 3,665 persons to a square mile, 5.73 persons to an acre. In the country around the towns there are nearly 4 acres to a person, 165 persons to a square mile. The increase of the population of the country parishes is 6.5 per cent., and of the towns 17.3 per cent.

Three-fourths of the total increase of population has taken place in the towns; and the difference in the rates of increase is due to migration from country to town.

There are seventy-two towns in England of an average population of 106,495, none of them having less than twenty thousand inhabitants. Their rates of increase varied to a great extent; thus Birkenhead, on the south side of the Mersey, had 667 inhabitants at the beginning of the century, and 51,649 in 1861; Canterbury had at the same dates 9,000 and 21,324 inhabitants. The population of York grew from 16,846 to 40,433; of Bradford, from 13,264 to 106,218. In population, next to London stands Liverpool, 443,938, and Manchester, 357,979; Birmingham, 296,076; Leeds, 207,165; and Sheffield, 185,172; and Bristol, 154,093. London still maintains its pre-eminence as the metropolis of the empire, of which it amply expresses the growth. Its population was 958,868 in 1801, and 2,808,989 in 1861. The increase in the population of London during this century was 1,845,126, and the increase in the other seventy-one large towns and cities was 3,600,743; making the aggregate increase of the population of the great towns 5,445,869. The increase in the towns of less than twenty thousand inhabitants, as well as in villages and in the country, was 5,727,819. The velocity at which the great towns increase is double the rate at which the rest of the population increases. The country and assize towns increased in the ten years since 1851 at the rate of 1.39 annually; the manufacturing towns at the rate of 1.85, the towns where silk and woollen goods and gloves were made increasing most slowly, the towns famous for cotton, stockings, shoes, and strawplait, increasing most rapidly; the inland watering places—Cheltenham, Bath, Leamington, and Tunbridge Wells—increased slowly; those on the coast much more rapidly. The increase of population was most rapid in the seaport towns, and in the towns amidst the mining districts where hardware is made. In that direction the tide of national industry has recently flowed.

2. DENSITY AND PROXIMITY.

Placing a person on each square yard, 3,097,600 persons might stand upon a square mile, and if the whole population of England were mustered they might stand upon an area a mile deep and 63 miles long. By supposing them to be equally distributed over the 58,821 miles of territory, it may be said that the density of the population is such that there are 344 persons to a square mile, or 1 person to 1.86 acres.

3. CHANGES IN TERRITORIAL DIVISIONS.

The changes that have occurred in these divisions

during the last ten years are chiefly of a local rather than general interest; but we may note that eleven towns have received charters of incorporation, namely—Aberavon, Brighton, Burnley, Dewsbury, Hanley, Margate, Middlesbrough, Rochdale, Stalybridge, Wrexham, and Yeovil. The municipal boundaries of the borough of Salford have been extended, and made co-extensive with those of the parliamentary borough; those of Stockton have also been enlarged. By the disfranchisement of Sudbury and St. Albans, the new parliamentary borough of Birkenhead was constituted, and one member assigned to it. The West Riding of Yorkshire was divided into Northern and Southern Divisions, each to return two members, after the present Parliament; and an additional member was assigned to the Southern Division of Lancashire.

AGES OF THE POPULATION.

A century is the natural limit of human life, and of every generation a few men and women attain the age of a hundred years, where the last waves of population break. 201 reputed centenarians were returned in 1861, out of a population of twenty millions. The men and women of the ages 80-100 were 81,546 in 1821, and 113,349 in 1861; the increase was 31,803, 39 per cent. in forty years. The persons of the age of 60 to 80 rose from 822,792 in 1821, to 1,378,930 in 1861; so the increase was 556,138, or 68 per cent. in 40 years. The men and women of 40-60 were 1,927,844 in 1821, and 3,506,510 in 1861, so the increase was 1,578,666, that is, 82 per cent. 3,489,926 of the age of 20-40, the athletic age of men, and the prolific age of women, were enumerated in 1821, and 6,147,201 in 1861; being an increase of 2,707,275, or 79 per cent. 3,917,831 children and youths of the first twenty years of life were enumerated in 1821, and 9,185,396 in 1861, the increase being 5,267,565, or 54 per cent. in 40 years. The increase in the 40 years from 1821 to 1861 was greatest in the middle ages of life (20-60).

CONJUGAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

1. HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

In 1851, when the conjugal condition of the people was first inquired into, 2,958,564 husbands and 3,015,634 wives were enumerated in England. In 1861, the husbands in England amounted to 3,428,443, the wives to 3,488,952. About 60,509 husbands whose wives were at home, were absent from this country in 1861.

The increase in ten years was 469,879, in the number of husbands, and 473,318 in the number of wives at home. The married women of the age 15-55 increased at the rate of 16 per cent. This rapid rate of increase in the married part of the English population at home will dissipate the fears of those who entertain any apprehensions that Englishmen of the present day are less disposed to contract marriage, and to take upon themselves the duty of heads of families, than their ancestors.

The average age of the husbands in England is 43.0 years, and of their wives 40.5 years. The husband is 2.5 years older than the wife. 474,808 husbands of the age 80 and under 85, lived with 1,168 wives of the age 15 and under 20, 35,483 of the age 20-25, 153,548 of the age 25-30, 209,788 of their own age 30-35, 57,276 of the age 35-40, and of one wife 90-95, unless there is some mistake in the strange return. The like suspicion attaches to the statement that 491,515 wives of 30-35 one was married to a husband of 90-95; but there is not the same reason to doubt the accuracy of the return of these young wives having 10 husbands of 85-90, and 32 of 80-85, and 75 of 75-80, and 209 of 70-75. The extreme disparities of age are rare, and in the majority of marriages the ages are well assorted.

2. WIDOWERS AND WIDOWS.

As husband and wife never die in the same instant of time, every marriage ends in widowhood; and as many widowed persons are left annually as there are annual marriages. As more widowers re-marry than widows the widows exceed the widowers in number.

The widowers in 1861 amounted to 359,955, and the widows to 736,717. Of 100 men of the age of 20 and upwards 6.8 are widowers; while of 100 women of those ages 13.2 are widows. To five wives there is one widow.

The proportional number of widowers increases with age; thus at 25-30 the proportion in 100 men is 1.1; at 50-55 it is 8.9; at 60-65 it is 17.9. After the age of 30 the proportion of widowers to the number of men at the several ages is doubled every ten years. The proportion of widows is still greater even in the earlier ages; and at the age of 60-65 more than one in three; at 70-75 more than one in two women living are widows; at 80 and upwards four out of five living are widows.

3. BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS.

The proportion of bachelors and of spinsters at all the ages between 20 and 40 has decreased; and the husbands and wives at those prolific ages have not

only increased in number but in proportion. The wives of the age of 20-40 were 1,608,216 in 1851 and 1,846,514 in 1861, the increase having been nearly two hundred thousand. The spinsters of the age of 20-40 were 1,229,051; only 60,665 more than the numbers unmarried at the same ages ten years ago. The bachelors of the age of 20-40 were 1,198,050 in 1851; and so rapidly do they abandon this state that their numbers are scarcely increasing; they amounted to 1,201,576 in 1861. If all the unmarried men of the age of 20 and upwards are classed as bachelors their numbers in 1861 were 1,447,919; including besides the 1,201,576 unmarried men of the age of 20-40 no less than 187,221 men of the age of 40-60; 55,145 of 60-80; and 3,371 whom it is allowable to call old bachelors, for they are of the age 80-100; and as if to show that celibacy is compatible with long life, six proclaimed themselves centenarians.

Besides 944,714 girls of 15 and under 20, there were more than a million and a half (1,587,814) spinsters of the age of 20 and upwards in England; including 643,366 of 20-25, and 307,633 of 25-30, and 168,169 of 30-35, and 109,952 of 35-40; at 40-60 their numbers fell to 223,205; at 60-80 to 78,618; at 80-100 to 6,440. Twenty of these spinsters were centenarians.

To 100 men of the age of 20 and upwards, 28 are bachelors; to 100 women of the corresponding age, 27 are spinsters. Between the ages of 20-40 of 100 women, 39 are spinsters, 58 wives, and 3 are widows.

4. WOMEN LIVING IN CELIBACY, AND OTHERS.

42,317 children of unmarried women are registered annually. Now, 100 wives of the age of 15-55 bear 22 children (21.938) annually; consequently, 192,938 married women of the age of 15-55 would bear 42,317 children. The inference is probable, then, that as far as child-bearing women are in question, 192,938 must be added to the wives and deducted from the spinsters.

Of women of the age of 15-55, about three millions are married, or are otherwise to the same extent as married women bearing children, and one million are living in a state of celibacy.

While out of 100 married women of the age of 15-55 full 21.9 bear children annually; 100 unmarried women bear children in the proportion of 1.7.

If the mothers of all the children are of the age 20-40, then 35.0 in 100 married women and 3.3 unmarried women bear children annually; and of the unmarried women of that age the proportion is one in 30.

Chapters V. and VI. of the report, which discuss the increase of the population of England and Wales since 1851, and the laws regulating the growth of nations, are of too purely a statistical and philosophical nature for our pages, and we therefore pass on to chapter VII.

OCCUPATIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

We omit the first seven sections of this chapter, as they possess an interest of only an abstract character.

The whole of the population was arranged under eighteen orders, each distinguished by the character of its occupation, and the orders were collected under six classes.

CLASS I. (PROFESSIONAL.)

The professional class comprises 481,957 persons; 385,345 males and 96,612 females. 87,350 persons are engaged in the general or local government of the country; and 79,658 of them are men of the age of 20 and upwards. 43,138 men are officers of the Government; 35,319 are officers of municipal and other local governing bodies; and 1,201 are officers of the East Indian and Colonial Government. The civil servant, not in the post-office and revenue departments, amount to 6,996; the post-office and the revenue departments employ 22,518; 2,429 Government messengers and workmen were enumerated; 13,995 artificers and labourers were engaged in the dockyards. A great number of the men in the service of the Government, it thus appears, belong to the industrial classes.

2,526 magistrates, 299 sheriffs' officers, with 21,398 police, 2,612 prison officers, 6,133 union, district, and parish officers, constitute the majority of the officers of local government; but 361 officers of local boards, 560 mayors, aldermen, and municipal officers, and 834 firemen also fill other offices. High sheriffs, lord lieutenants, deputy lieutenants, coroners, high constables, clerks of the peace, and clerks of magistrates are often returned under other titles.

There are 47 health officers in the return. This is a new medical office, and the health officers, though few in number, have already done incalculable good.

1,822 women are returned in the employ of the post-office; 1,507 fill the offices of matrons, &c. in the various unions; and 458 are prison officers. The ancient office of executioner has one representative left in England.

The Second Order consists of 131,944 men at home—in the army and navy, effectives and ineffectives.

Adding the number abroad, the effectives in the order are 308,062.

The Third Order has in its ranks 262,663 persons in the learned professions, or engaged in literature, art, or science.

19,195 clergymen, 7,840 Protestant ministers, 1,216 Roman Catholic priests, and 103 priests of other bodies were enumerated; besides 1,916 missionaries, itinerant preachers, and Scripture readers, 743 theological students are specified; also sacristans and other church officers, officers of religious societies and clerical agents; of the officiating parish clerks of the kingdom only 2,140 are so returned, the others appearing under other heads. 1,067 sextons are returned, and 161 sextonesses, who probably act by deputy. The men of this sub-order are 85,483, and the women 8,053. Among the women are 585 nuns of all ages, 90 pupils at convents, 236 young sisters of charity or mercy, and 752 poor operators. The female Scripture readers, religious teachers, and inmates of religious institutions are numerous.

The Law Sub-order includes 34,991 persons, of whom only 21 are women chiefly law stationers;—60 judges, 3,071 barristers, 11,886 solicitors and attorneys, and 70 parliamentary agents are at the head of the list; 706 law students, 1,896 officers of law courts, and 16,605 law clerks follow; 1,172 law stationers and others complete the list.

The Medical Sub-order comprises 38,441 persons, of whom 35,995 are men and 2,446 are women; 14,415 physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries are at the head of the list; 3,566 medical assistants and students, 1,567 dentists, and 16,026 chemists and druggists, including apprentices and assistants (3,388 of age 10-20), follow. There are of men, cuppers 10, officers of medical societies and agents 21, corn-cutters 56, professors of hydropathy and homoeopathy 27, herb doctors and patent medicine vendors 92; 82 medical botanists, 50 galvanists, 12 mesmerists, 21 bone-setters, 22 quack doctors, so returned, and 2 cancer doctors, besides others. The women consist chiefly of druggists 388 and midwives 1,913.

The numbers of men engaged respectively in the highest and lowest departments of the three learned professions are nearly equal; 35,483 are enrolled in divinity, 34,970 in law, and 35,995 in medicine; thus they constitute in the aggregate an array of 106,448 men, who, with their wives and children, would fill a large city.

We have now, for the first time, placed with these three sub-orders, six others, namely, literary men, artists, musicians, actors, teachers, and scientific men. The teachers are a numerous sub-order, amounting to 30,347 men, to 80,017 women, and exclusive of these, the five other sub-orders comprise 33,170 men, 7,161 women. In the literary section, 1,528 authors, editors, and public writers are counted, 636 reporters; among the artists are 4,637 painters, 612 sculptors, 4,667 engravers, and 2,366 photographers (a new occupation); and there are besides 853 women painters, and 168 photographic artists. Of actors there are 1,311, of actresses 891. There are dancers and danseuses, and equestrians, conjurers and acrobats, ventriloquists (14), cricketers (192), pugilists (18), pedestrians, aeronauts, turfites and betting-men, bookkeepers, shooting-gallery keepers, and others engaged in the lowest fields of public amusement; 10,470 men and 4,721 women are devoted to music, including the great masters of song, the *prima donne*, the solo performers on instruments, the chorus-singers, the teachers of music, the street ballad-singers, and organ-grinders.

The class shows various rates of increase in its various ranks. Thus in 1851 and 1861 the clergy of the Church of England were 17,820 and 19,195; Protestant ministers, 6,405 and 7,840; Roman Catholic priests, 966 and 1,216. Barristers increased little, 2,816 to 3,071; solicitors and attorneys were stationary, 15,350 and 11,886. Physicians and surgeons decreased, 15,241 and 14,415; but medical students, assistants, and dentists increased. Upon the three groups in the aggregate, there was an increase. The chemists and druggists rose in number from 14,307 to 16,414. Photography had interfered with engraving; for we have at the two censuses, photographers, 45 and 2,534; engravers, 4,948 and 4,715; but, while the decrease of engravers is inconsiderable, the increase of the artists in photography is enormous. The taste for the beautiful art of music is more diffused; the musicians and music masters were 11,105 in 1851, and 15,021 in 1861. Of actors and actresses there was an increase. Civil engineering is also a profession rapidly increasing: the numbers were 2,577 and 3,329.

KERTCH PRIZE MONEY.—Notice is given that the distribution of the naval portion of the Parliamentary grant for stores captured at Kertch and Yenikale in the year 1855 (in which the officers and crews of her Majesty's ships undernamed are entitled to share), will take place on and after Tuesday, the 10th proximo, in

the Prize branch of the Department of the Accountant-General of the Navy, Admiralty, Somerset House, between the hours of 11 and 3.—The *Algeria*, *Agamemnon*, *Ardent*, *Arrow*, *Banshee*, *Beagle*, *Curlew*, *Caradoc*, *Furious*, *Gladiator*, *Hannibal*, *Highflyer*, *Leopard*, *Lynx*, *Miranda*, *Medina*, *Princess Royal*, *Recruit*, *Royal Albert*, *Sidon*, *Simoom*, *Sphinx*, *Spitfire*, *Swallow*, *Stromboli*, *Snake*, *St. Jean d'Acres*, *Tribune*, *Terrible*, *Valorous*, *Vesuvius*, *Viper*, *Wrangler*, *Danube*, *Sulina*, or *Minna*, the three ships last named being tenders. The following are the shares due to an individual in the several classes:—Flags, £2968 16s.; Captains, Royal Navy, and Lieut.-Cols., Royal Marines, each, £246 17s. 1d.; Commanders, each, £124 8s. 7d.; Lieut. in command, each, £82 19s. 1d.; first class, £52 18s. 8d.; second, £41 3s. 4d.; third, £32 18s. 8d.; fourth, £21 3s. 5d.; fifth, £11 15s. 4d.; sixth, £10 11s. 9d.; seventh, £7 1s. 8d.; eighth, £3 10s. 7d.; ninth, £2 7s.; and tenth, £1 3s. 6d.

COTTON IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.—There are somewhere in the South at the present time three million bales of cotton. At fifty cents per pound, this is worth about six hundred million dollars!

SCIENCE.

HEAT AND LIGHT.—If a body, as a piece of iron, be heated and allowed to cool in the open air, the heat gradually passes off from the surface in straight lines, in the form of rays, in the same manner as light proceeds from a candle or from the sun; this is called radiant heat.

A NEW VENTILATING HAT.—A most simple and complete ventilating hat, and which is applicable to helmets and other head coverings, can be easily and cheaply constructed, by merely perforating the hard and stiff inside body of the hat, after the manner of perforating the paper used for postage and receipt stamps. By the principle on which the proposed hat would be ventilated, the head would always be kept cool and comfortable, conducing to the general health of the body, preventing premature baldness and loss of hair.

THE COMET.

The new comet is gradually emerging from the solar rays in order to become visible to the naked eye for a few nights. Its distance from the sun on the 27th December last, was 29,469,000 leagues, and 43 millions of leagues on the 10th instant. Its velocity is about 90 times that of a cannon ball at the moment it leaves the mouth of the piece, namely, about 950,000 leagues per day, but it is constantly decreasing. On the 18th of February it fell to 860,000 leagues, and about the middle of August, 1890, when it will pass through its aphelion, it will be 20,000 leagues.

TO MAKE CANDLES.—Take of alum 5 lbs., dissolve entirely in 16 gallons of water, bring the solution to the boiling point, and add 20 lbs. of tallow, boiling the whole for an hour, skimming constantly. Upon cooling a little, strain through thick muslin or flannel; set aside for a day or two for the tallow to harden; take it from the vessel, lay aside for an hour or so for the water to drip from it, then heat in a clean vessel sufficiently to mould; when moulded, if you desire to bleach them, lay upon a plank by a window, turning every two or three days. Candles made strictly by the above recipe will burn with a brilliancy equal to the best adamantine, and fully as long.

OIL CAKE.—This cake, on which cattle are fed, is nothing more than vegetable oil-seeds, which have been crushed for manufacturing purposes. The spurious nuts, which grow on the top of the palm-tree, are crushed at Harburg, on the Elbe, and the oil extracted from them is converted into a toilet soap, which is largely consumed in Germany. The crushed nuts are exported to England as oil cake for cattle. The crushed seeds of the poppy form a valuable oil cake, as it causes that tranquillity and sleepiness which conduce to the rapid growth of young cattle. Walnuts are crushed extensively in France to extract a juice for culinary purposes, and the crushed nuts form a useful oil cake, but it gets rancid too rapidly to be of use when exported. Oil cake is also formed from crushed dodder, sesame and cotton seed.

SURFACING FIBROUS MATERIALS.—This invention relates to the applying of a glazing or size to fibrous substances, such as cotton wadding, &c., in such a manner that a quite thin sizing may be used and applied to the material to be sized, glazed or surfaced, as it is technically termed, and said material dried at the same operation. To this end the invention consists in the use of a smooth or polished metal cylinder, heated by steam or otherwise, over a portion of which the web to be surfaced passes and has a heated pressure roller bearing against it; the metal cylinder having the glazing or size distributed over its exterior by means of a revolving brush or its equivalent, and at a point sufficiently distant from that where the belt

comes in contact with the cylinder, that the glazing may become partially dry before being brought in contact with and applied to the web. The above parts are used in connection with a roller for cleaning the cylinder.

A NEW CURE FOR BURNS.—A new cure for burns is noticed as infallible by a French scientific journal. The affected part is kept under water in a basin, or a bath, the negative pole of a Volta-Faradic apparatus in communication with the water, while the positive pole communicates with some part of the body out of water and near the injury. The patient feels no pain, and the inflammation is subdued generally in an hour. When the whole person has been in flame, the patient must be put into a bath, with the negative pole in the direction of the feet, and the positive one touching the nape of the neck. Some of the water must be changed every fifteen minutes, to prevent it becoming warm.

IMPROVEMENT IN ORDNANCE.—This invention relates to the manufacture of ordnance of a central core or barrel containing the bore and a system of bands, hoops, or rings of wrought-iron, surrounding the said core from the breech to within any desirable distance of the muzzle; and it consists in a certain novel construction of and mode of combining the several parts, whereby the fibrous character of the wrought-iron is preserved and the union of the several parts is rendered such that their proper relation will not be disturbed by the firing of the piece, or by the heating and cooling to which it is subject in use, and in short, to so construct ordnance as to obtain the necessary strength with the least weight of metal.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PENDULUM.—The principal object of this invention is to apply to the pendulum power obtained from an electro-magnet, to maintain and also, if desired, to initiate its motion without subjecting it to the direct attraction of the magnet, or in any way attaching to it an armature or fixed magnet, or any piece of metal subject to the attraction of a magnet. The invention consists chiefly in the employment of wedge-shaped pallets in combination with the armature of the electro-magnet, and with one or more impulse bars and springs, whereby the whole result is obtained. It also consists in so applying the said pallets in the circuit in which the electro-magnet is placed, that the opening of the circuit to produce the necessary intermissions of the current takes place between the said pallets.

LECTURE ON LEAD FOR WORKING MEN.—Dr. Percy has been lecturing on metallurgy at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn-street. In lecturing on lead, he remarked that if lead is heated it tarnishes, which is due to the action of oxygen on the metal. If we raise the temperature to a low red-heat, it is converted into a yellow powder, known as litharge. If heated further, it passes into the state of a higher oxide, which is red-lead. The oxides may be easily reduced to the metallic state by being heated along with carbon. The carbon burns at the expense of the oxygen. The lecturer now alluded to lead poisoning, and suggested a remedy in the use of beer slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid, which converts the soluble oxide into the insoluble sulphate, thereby preventing absorption. The principal ore from which lead is obtained is the sulphide known as galena.

THE METRIC SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

At the Society of Arts, Adelphi, on the 27th ult., the paper read was "On the Metric system of Weights and Measures, and its Proposed Adoption in this Country," by Mr. Samuel Brown, F.R.S., Vice-president of the Institution of Actuaries; in the course of which he expatiated on the great advantages, social, commercial, and political, which would attend the use of one system of weights, measures, and coins throughout the world.

Such a result, he said, is frequently deemed to be merely the dream of a visionary, or the speculation of a philosopher who has no practical knowledge of the world, and it must be granted that the difficulties are great. Yet, the present century has witnessed great changes in the old practice, and all tending towards a uniform standard. He then proceeded to give a sketch of the present position of the question, and to show what has been done and is doing to carry it out.

In conclusion, he remarked that though the metric system appears to be in all respects distinct and opposed to our own, there are several points in which it would nearly accord with existing weights and measures. A meter, which is the basis of all, corresponds to 39.37 English inches, about 1.1 yard; 1 pole or perch (5½ yards) equal to 5.029 meters, about 5 metres; 1 furlong (220 yards) equal to 201.165, about 200 meters; 5 furlongs equal to 1,055.822, about 1 kilometre; 1 foot equal to 3.048 decimeters, about 3 decimeters; they are equal to 119.5 square yards, nearly 120; the liter equal to 61.03 cubic inches, or 2.1135 wine pints, nearly 1 quart; the gram equal to

15,434 grains; the kilogram equal to 2,205 lb. avoirdupois; the half-kilogram equal to about 1 lb.; the ton equal to 1,015.65 kilograms, say 1,000.

Our exports to countries using the metric system have increased from £23,696,000, in 1847, to £55,242,000 in 1861; an increase of 133 per cent.; whilst to countries using the English system they increased only from £16,262,000 in 1847, to £24,211,000 in 1861, or less than 50 per cent. increase.

THE POTTERS' NEW DRYING CHAMBER.—Simple and efficient drying-rooms have been recently introduced at the works of Messrs Minton and Co., Stoke, and Messrs L. Elliot and Son, Dalehall, which entirely remove all the hitherto attendant evils of the drying process on the health of the workmen and boys, and at the same time facilitate the operation and economise heat. The principle of these plans is a rotating cylinder, which in the one case is placed vertically, in the other horizontally, both fitted with shelves, and enclosed in a chamber furnished with flues, so that a uniform heat is maintained at all parts. The cylinder is subdivided into several sections, and is easily turned as required by the hand of the mould-runner; each of these is filled in rotation with the greatest facility, through an aperture for the purpose, and with very little escape of heat.

FACETIA.

When you offer oats to a horse, he may say *neigh*, but he don't mean it.

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look-out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look-in.

A **HEAVY JOKE.**—Why are the Germans the heaviest fellows in the world? Because they are all Teuton (*two-ton*) men.

PROFESSIONAL DISAGREEMENTS.—Doctors disagree but they ought not to. Their legitimate business is to find out what disagrees with their patients.

A **FACT NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.**—The proverbial unhealthiness of low lands is the reason why sick people are called valley-tadnarians.

DANGER OF LEARNING THE ALPHABET.—It would be a bad thing for a child to get a wasp in his mouth; but he can't even say his alphabet without getting A B in it.

A **FEMININE ADVANTAGE.**—Women have many advantages over men; one of them is, that his will has no operation until he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her lifetime.

REAL ECONOMY.—A north countryman, on being told that a certain kind of stove would "save half the coal," said, "Then, I'll take two of them, and save it all."

LONGEVITY.—A young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was asked by a country apothecary, "How it happened the patriarchs lived to such extreme old age?" To which impertinent question he immediately replied, "They took no physic."

DIVERS.

The Port Royal correspondent gives an account of the operations of the divers employed to clean the bottoms of the Monitors. He says that the principal diver—appropriately named *Waters*—is so used to this work that he has become almost amphibious, remaining for five or six hours at a time under water.

The work is very arduous. The diver sits upon a spar lashed athwart the bottom of the vessel, so arranged as to be moved as the work progresses, and, with a scraper fixed to a long handle, works on both sides of himself as far as he can reach.

The mass of oysters, that become attached to the iron hulls of one of the Monitors, even during one summer here, is immense. By actual measurement it was estimated that 260 bushels of oysters, shells, and seaweed were taken from the bottom of the Montauk alone. The captains of the Monitors have sometimes indulged in the novelty of a moss of oysters raised on the hulls of their own vessels.

When the diver is below the surface, he can instantly bring himself up, by closing momentarily the aperture in the helmet for the escape of the air. His buoyancy is immediately increased, and he pops up like a cork and floats at will upon the surface.

Waters has his own ideas of a joke, and when he has a curious audience will wave his scraper about as he "bobs around" on the water with the air of a veritable river god.

While he was employed scraping the hull of one of the Monitors, a negro from one of the up-river plantations came alongside with a boatload of water-melons. While busy selling his melons the diver came up and rested on the side of the boat. The negro stared at the extraordinary appearance thus suddenly coming out of the water with alarmed wonder, but when the diver seized one of the best melons in his

boat and disappeared under the water, the gurgling of the air from the helmet mixing with his muffled laughter, the fright of the negro reached a climax. Hastily seizing his oars, without waiting to be paid for his melons, he put off at his best speed, and has not been seen in the vicinity of Station Creek since. He believes the Yankees have brought river devils to aid them in making war.

MODERN PHRASEOLOGY.—Folks don't go to bed now-a-days—they retire to rest. Nobody eats his dinner—people take some refreshment. Nobody goes to church—but people attend divine service. No one gets his tooth pulled out—he has it extracted. No one forges a check—he puts his name on paper.

PLAYING FIRST-FIDDLE AT A CORONATION.—The Queen of Madagascar has been crowned with great pomp in the presence of 40,000 people. Of course there was the usual struggle between the English and French who should play first fiddle, and it appears our countrymen secured the privilege of performing on that instrument.

CENSUS ODDITIES.—Some of the people of Massachusetts gave the following account of their occupations: Jack-of-all-trades, 5; misers, 2; philanthropists, 2; practical Christian, 1; anything that pays, 2; loafers, 8; poet, 1; retired mechanic, 1; restorationer, 1; ruler, 1; wild men of Borneo, 2; nothing, a very large number.

A **YOUNG PUPPY.**—A cellier having taken a looking-glass home in his trunk, one of his hopeful offspring was anxious to see the contents of the mysterious box. The mirror was on the top, when the youngster opened it, gave one brief look at his own shock head, dropped the lid, and, with joy depicted on every feature, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, mother, father has brought home a young puppy!"

AN AUTOCRAT.

The first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late W. Shakespeare has it, he took command in our house. Everything was subservient to him. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the food, he regulated the servants, he regulated me.

For the first six months of that precious existence he had me up, on an average, six times a night.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "bring a light here, do; the baby looks strangely; I'm afraid it will have a fit."

Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist, like a little white bear as he was.

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "I think I feel a draft of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick."

Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew very well.

"Blifkins," said my wife, just as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes—strange that you have no more consideration."

I arranged the light, and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep again:

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "did you think to buy that aroma-to-day, for the baby?"

"My dear," said I, "will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?"

She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scapegoat. I forgave her, and, without saying a word more to her, I addressed myself to sleep.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so—you will wake the baby."

"Just so—just so," said I, half-asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "will you get up and hand me that warm gruel from the nurse-lamp for baby?—the dear child! if it wasn't for its mother I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so, Mr. Blifkins?"

"I suspect, my dear," said I, "that it was because I am tired."

"Oh, it's very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife. "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a wife with a baby."

I tried to soothe her, by telling her she had no patience at all, and got up for the posset. Having aided in assevering to the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping.

"Oh, dear!" said that estimable woman, in a great apparent anguish, "how can a man, who has arrived at the honour of a live baby of his own, sleep, when he don't know that the dear creature will live till morning?"

I remained silent, and, after a while, deeming that Mrs. Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose. How long I slept I don't know, but I was

awakened by a furious jab in the forehead from some sharp instrument. I started up, and Mrs. Blifkins was sitting up in bed, adjusting some portion of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for the pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pincushion. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several perforations in my forehead, and told me I should willingly bear such trifling ills for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty as a parent to the immortal, required the surrender of my forehead as a pincushion.

This was one of the many nights passed in this way. The truth was, that baby was what every man's first baby is, an autocrat—absolute and unlimited.

HOW TO FIGHT A DUEL.—There have been two duels, one serious, one comic. The latter was got up at a restaurant supper, when the quarrellers, two clerks, having taken too much wine, were induced to go out early in the morning to have their eyes bandaged, and fight at ten paces. The seconds took care to load the pistols with powder only, and at the moment of firing one who was present stuck a pin into the body of the principal below the waist. He set up a dreadful howl, and, falling down for dead, insisted upon moaning out that he was so.

WANTS.—The rich in many cases want—sympathy for the indigent. The lawyer wants—a rich client. The physician wants—patients to use up his pills and pay off his bills. The mechanic wants—plenty of work, good spirits to do it, and prompt pay when 'tis done. The merchant wants—cash customers and extension of credit. Printers and editors want—every man to do what is right, and to give them their dues. It is whispered that some young ladies want—husbands, we think this may be a mistake, if it is we will be happy to correct it.

A **SEVERE REBUKE.**—Lord Braco, a miser of the most intense class, was a Scotch judge of the last century. One of his farmers, seeing him one day pick up a farthing, said, "I would give a shilling, Lord Braco, to have a sight of all the gold and silver you possess." "Well, man," his lordship replied, "it shall cost you no more." The shilling was paid down in hand, and his lordship fulfilled his part of the bargain, exhibiting to his tenant a considerable number of iron boxes filled with gold and silver money. "Now, my lord," said the tenant, "I am as rich as you, after all." "How, my man?" said his lordship. "Because I see the money, my lord; and you have not the heart to do anything more with it."

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

COLD CREAM.—1 lb. of lard, 3oz. of spermaceti. Melt with a gentle heat, and when cooling stir in orange flower water, 1oz, essence of lavender, 26 drops.

FROST BITES.—Raw cotton and castor oil have restored frost-bitten limbs when amputation was thought to be necessary to preserve life. The cure is said to be infallible.

TO PERFUME CLOTHES.—Cloves in coarse powder, 1 ounce; cassia, 1 ounce; lavender-flowers, 1 ounce; lemon-peel, 1 ounce. Mix and put them into little bags, and place them where the clothes are kept, or wrap the clothes round them. They will keep off insects.

TO REMOVE IRON-MOULD.—Dr. Thomson recommends that the part stained should be moistened with ink; and this removed by the use of muriatic acid, diluted with five or six times its weight of water, when the old and new stain will be simultaneously removed.

TO CLEAN KNIVES.—A small, clean potato, with the end cut off, is a very convenient medium of applying brick dust to knives, keeping it about the right moisture, while the juice of the potato assists in removing stains from the surface. A better polish can be obtained by this method than by any other we have tried, and with less labour.

TO MAKE AND CLEAN COFFEE.—Put a sufficient quantity of the coffee into the pot, and pour boiling water on it; stir it, and place it on the fire. Make it boil, and as soon as four or five bubbles have risen take it off the fire and pour out a teaspoonful and return it; set it down for one minute, then pour gently over the top one teaspoonful of cold water; let it stand one minute longer, and it will be bright and fine. The cold water, by its greater density, sinks and carries the grounds with it.

PEA CHEESE.—There is a very close resemblance between several animal and vegetable substances. Thus animal milk contains a large quantity of casein, which is the principal substance in cheese; and peas also contain a large amount of the same substance.

The Chinese, who have exhibited such an aptitude for domestic economies, that they even make soup of birds' nests, have also found out that cheese can be made of peas. For this purpose peas are boiled into a thin paste, then passed through a sieve, and an acid added to the pea solution, which becomes curdled like sweet milk by the action of the common rennet upon the latter. The solid part is then salted, pressed into cheese moulds, and it gradually acquires the taste and smell of cheese. It is sold in the streets of Canton under the name of "Taofoo," and when fresh it is a favourite article of Chinese food.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. James Garth Marshall, of Leeds, assures us that his London physician and Sir Benjamin Brodie were convinced by Mr. Yount, the celebrated veterinary surgeon, who, with his assistants, had been frequently bitten by mad dogs, that a perfect cure is to be found by allowing the common nitrate of silver, easily procured, to filter into the wound, as it decomposes the saliva and destroys the virus. The subject being so important to the world, it is as well to give it publicity.

STATISTICS.

SAVINGS BANKS.—The following particulars respecting the operations of savings banks in the United Kingdom are given in a Parliamentary statement which was published the other day. England and Wales, with a population of 20,061,725, have 615 of these banks; Scotland, with a population of 3,061,251, 52 banks; Ireland, with a population of 5,764,543, 53 banks; and the islands in the British seas, containing a population of 143,779, 2 banks. The total number of officers employed by all these banks was—unpaid, 688; paid, 1,294; amount of security given by the unpaid officers, £388,170; by paid officers, £369,079; salaries and allowances of the paid officers, £59,791 7s. 11d.; annual expenses of management, inclusive of all payments and salaries, for the year ending November 20th, 1862, £137,631 7s. 5d.; number of accounts remaining open on the same date, £1,588,189; total amount owing to depositors on November 20th, £40,563,188 15s. 11d.; total amount invested with the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, including the surplus fund, £40,410,396 19s. 7d.; balance in the hands of the treasurer, £313,280 6s. 7d.; rate of interest paid to depositors, £2 13s. 1d.; total amount of the surplus fund in the hands of the Commissioners, £361,119 0s. 7d. Total number of annuities granted from the commencement—Life: number, 16,868; amount, £192,067 2s. 6d.; deferred—number, 946; amount, £16,789 14s. For term of years: immediate—number, 291; amount, £4,918 14s. 6d.; deferred—number, 17; amount, £275. Rate per cent. per annum on the capital of the bank for the expenses of management, 6s. 8d.; annual number of receipts from depositors for the year ended November 20th, 1862, £1,692,694; annual number of payments to depositors for the same date, £1,654,563; average amount of receipts from depositors for the same period, £46. 4s. 4d.; while the average amount of payments to depositors was £8 17s. 4d.

GEMS.

He that knows a little of the world, will admire it enough to fall down and worship it; but he that knows most, will most despise it.

When a man attains power, he has all the virtue of an epitaph; let him fall into misfortune, and he has all the vices of the prodigal son.

The man who gives his children a habit of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friend after friend departs,
Who has not lost a friend?

How beautiful, yet how sad the words, and in what boom do they not find a lodgment? Gone, yes, gone for ever. For when once this earthly lamp flickers, fades away and dies, mortal hands cannot relight it again on earth. A friend, and there is no light seeming to be attached to the word friend, one who is true and sincere.

But, alas, how many who appear to be our friends, in days of prosperity and health, desert us the moment sickness or adversity appears. Such are not our friends, but our companions, who are always ready to desert us the moment a favourable opportunity presents itself.

To the child of adversity doubly dear is the word friend; a friend who has succoured and assisted them when hope had well-nigh fled, when life seemed rather as a curse than a blessing. Then it is that the presence of a true and loving friend seems more like the presence of an angel than a human being.

To the high-born and the child of wealth a true

friend will not fail to make a good adviser, and as such ought to be looked up to with confidence and trust. But to the orphan bereft of fond and loving parents to guard and guide and protect his tender years through the crooked paths of this ever-changing and shifting life, how valued then the presence and influence of a friend! One whose walk through life is bound up in the interest of his fellow man.

How sweet the reflection, when a wanderer away from home and friends, surrounded by strangers, or if not strangers, those who do not take an interest in our welfare, to know that there are those at home who are true, even in death.

People living in large cities are apt to acquire feelings foreign to their natures. This may not be applicable as a general rule, but it is frequently the case. The many wrecks of humanity which we see every day in our midst are sad realities of the erring nature of mankind.

But amid all thy griefs, never despair, never falter, never lose sight of the prize that awaits those who are faithful to the end.

Beat on, beat on, O weary heart,
Through sorrow and through pain;
Amid the darkest earthly scenes
Be thou in faith the same!

Beat on, beat on, and falter not
Till life's sad journey's o'er,
For yonder, 'neath the lifting clouds,
There lies a brighter shore.

Beat on, beat on, O weary heart,
Ner cease thy throbbings o'er,
Till every doubt has passed away,
And vanished every fear!

Beat on, beat on in joyous hope,
Till life's last, lingering ray
Has faded into shades of night,
That ends in cloudless day!

N. A. S.

PACK your cares in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself and not let them annoy others.

THE WINE-BOTTLE.—"I think the intimacy which is begotten over the wine-bottle, has no heart," says Thackeray. "I never knew a good feeling come from it, or an honest friendship made by it: it only entices men, and ruins them; it is only a phantom of friendship and feeling, called up by the delicious blood and the wicked spells of the wine."

OH, COME AGAIN.

Oh! come again, once more, I pray,
Ye joyous spring-time hours,
With balmy breath and sunny skies,
And fragrant, blooming flowers.

Return once more, and from the vale,
The wildwood and the plain,
Shall echo forth a gladsome song,
A thrilling, sweet refrain.

The purling brooks will then awake
From winter's cold embrace,
And gaily through the meadows green
Their silvery courses trace.

The tender buds that hid away
From winter's snow and gloom,
Their tiny leaves will quick unfold
And robe the fields in bloom.

Ah! then, we'll wait with anxious gaze,
Through days so dark and drear,
For tokens on the snow-clad hills
Which tell that thou art near.

And when the sunbeams softly play
O'er every plant and living thing,
We'll join once more the chorus band
And of thy praises sing.

N. A. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LARGE FORTUNE.—It is said that the Duke of Cleveland has left nearly a million sterling of personal property.

VISIT OF THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN TO ROME.—We have heard that, before the Archduke Maximilian comes to Paris, he is going to Rome to arrange with the Pope the future conduct of religious matters in Mexico.

THE OLD COPPER COINAGE.—We hear that the old copper coin will here long be declared an illegal tender, and that the Master of the Mint is particularly desirous to afford ample facilities for its return to the Mint previous to the issue of an official proclamation to the above effect.

THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM.—The royal tomb-house at Windsor is being decorated at the expense of the Royal children. The spaces between the carved stone

ribs of the roof, which spring from the capitals of the finely-cut pilasters of the walls, are being filled with the richest enamelled mosaics, consisting of thousands of pieces, arranged in the most costly and beautiful designs.

A FRASULENT DEALER.—One of the largest French dealers in English bottle-beer has just been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and 5,000 francs fine, for vending spurious beer under the labels of English brewers. It is pretty nearly time that a little protection was offered in this matter.

WEDDING CAKES.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales revived the good old custom, at his marriage, of sending slices of bride-cake around to his friends and acquaintances; and this fashion is now followed very extensively by our aristocracy, and will doubtless again become general.

WARLIKE ANTIQUARIANS.—We hear on the best authority that General Garibaldi and the King of Italy, who are in perfect accord, are so confident of the spread of war in the spring that a descent on the coast of Dalmatia is already arranged, for which a celebrated English volunteer, who has before served under Garibaldi, has already received his commission.

A PREVENTIVE.—The glass chimneys used for kerosene and gas burners are often broken by being suddenly placed, when cold, over the flame. The danger of fracture may be prevented, it is said, by making a minute notch on the bottom of the chimney with a diamond. This precaution has been used in large establishments, and not a single glass has been broken, by heat, in three years.

CAMPOR BALIA.—1. Melt three drachms of apertacet and four drachms of white wax with one ounce of almond oil; and stir in three drachms of powdered camphor. Pour the compound into gallipots, so as to form cakes. They may be coloured with alkanet, &c. 2. Lard, two ounces; white wax, two ounces; powdered camphor, half an ounce; melt, and proceed as before. Used for rubbing on the hands after washing them, to prevent chaps, and also to whiten the skin.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—The causes for which a Mahometan woman may demand a divorce are clearly and broadly laid down in the Koran, and her evidence is sufficient, because the Mahometan law supposes that a woman must be violently aggrieved before the modesty of her sex will allow her to appear in public with such application. All she has to do is to place her slipper, reversed—that is, with the sole upward—before the cadi, and the case is finished; the divorce is granted without further inquiry.

ROYAL VISIT TO NETLEY HOSPITAL.

It will be remembered that one of the first visits paid by her Majesty after her bereavement was to the large military hospital at Netley, which was opened for invalids last spring. The Queen has again shown her care for the army and for this hospital, in which the late Prince Consort took a warm interest, by paying it a second visit.

Her Majesty proved at once that she had not forgotten any of the incidents of her former visit by desiring to see first the women's quarters, with which she was not pleased on that occasion, but was now satisfied with the arrangements. The Queen then visited the wards, a less laborious task than last year, as there are very few patients in the hospital, the invalids from the home stations having now ceased to come, and the ships with the tropical invalids not arriving till a month or two later.

Her Majesty said a few kind words to the men in bed, and then made particular inquiries of Dr. Anderson, the Inspector-General, as to the health of the men to whom she had spoken last year. That officer was no little surprised to find that the Queen had a distinct recollection of several cases, although her notice of them must have been almost momentary. Her Majesty also entered the dining-hall, where the men who were able to leave their beds were at dinner, and carefully inspected the arrangements there.

The Queen then left the office, and went to the medical officers' messroom—a fine large room which has just been completed, and in which are placed her own portrait and that of the late Prince Consort, presented by herself. Her Majesty expressed her approval of everything, and desired that she might be informed when the invalids from the foreign stations would arrive, so that it is hoped Netley will be honoured by another visit.

During her visit the Queen was attended by the entire military and medical staff, including Colonel Wilbraham, C.B., the Commandant; Dr. Anderson, Inspector-General; Deputy-Inspectors Longmore and Maclean, Major Rawlings, the Professors of the Army Medical School, Mr. Tucker, the Rev. Mr. Crezier, and Staff-Surgeons Moorhead, Fyffe, Smith, Davidson, &c.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A MARINER.—Keelage means the duty paid by a ship on coming into port.

ROBERT BAKER.—The most beautiful of the minor poems of Milton is unquestionably his "Hymn to the Nativity."

P. S.—The elephant is the most gigantic of existing quadrupeds. The mastodon is extinct.

A YOUNG MARINER, whose age is twenty-two, and who has served ten years upon salt water, would be happy to correspond with "Marion M."

W. J. P.—The back numbers of the LONDON READER have been republished. In reply to your other questions, we refer you to the notices at the end of this page.

ALICE timidly intimates that she is twenty-eight, tall, dark, and slender, but has no money, and is desirous to meet with a kind husband.

BENJAMIN.—If you possess all the qualifications you specify, we think you are certainly eligible for a situation in either a book-house or a merchant's office.

D. PROVER.—Never mind the falsehoods, they are like the distorted reflections from an uneven mirror, which suffer death by contact with each other.

BABO.—A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides: when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

ALICE.—You are like the lady who, upon being separated from her husband, changed her religion, being determined, as she said, to avoid his company in this world and the next.

TEMPLE desires to correspond with "Constance." Is twenty-eight years of age, 6 ft. in height, and very good-looking; has an income of over £1,300 per annum; is of good family; and will be happy to exchange *cartes-de-visite*.

J. HANDY, of Nottinghamshire, replies to "Bella" that he is a young bachelor, very good-looking, highly-respectably connected; and will be happy to correspond and exchange *cartes-de-visite*.

F. J. HILLY.—The standard height of the Life Guards is 6 ft.; growing lads of eighteen are, however, taken at 5 ft. 10 in. The standard of recruits for the line varies, according to the exigencies of the service.

LIBERTY.—Although a musical tragedy was enacted at Rome towards the end of the 15th century, the real epoch of the music of the drama can scarcely be dated before 1597, and its first appearance was at Florence.

F. L.—Sir Isaac Newton was the first to examine the prismatic colours. 2. For a table of the dissipative powers of a great number of different substances, see Brewster's *Optics in the Cabinet Cyclopaedia*.

B. BAW.—No; form is the primary source of all beauty in the three arts; on that alone must the artist depend if he would produce a work capable of giving universal pleasure.

G. P.—Yes; both cavalry and infantry are frequently counted by their weapons. Thus we say a thousand horses for the one, and ten thousand bayonets, as it may be, for the other.

CLARA MANFIELD.—Personal charms may indeed gain you admirers; but there must be mental qualities to retain them. Horace had a delicate feeling of this when he refused to restrict the pleasures of the lover merely to his eyes, but added also those of the ear.

MEREDITH.—Your position would seem to be certainly a difficult one; but you should reflect that it is better to have a great deal of harm happen to one than a little: a great deal may rouse you to remove what only a little would accustom you to endure.

JAMES BRADSHAW.—The lines on the origin of Edinburgh are very pungent, and the witty satire has something like the real *Asie* salt in it. But it would suit the columns of "Notes and Queries" better than our own; and we therefore decline it, with many thanks.

MATILDA.—The hoar frost or white frost which appears in the mornings, chiefly in spring and autumn, is merely frozen dew. It is generally the consequence of a sudden clearing up of the weather after rain, when a considerable degree of cold is produced by the rapid evaporation.

YOUNG ARTIST.—Elydoric painting is effected by a vehicle composed of oil and water, invented by M. Vincent, of Montpellier. Its object is to add the fresh appearance of water colours and the extreme finish of miniature painting to the mellowness of oil colours.

HEARTREASE desires to become acquainted (with a view to matrimony) with some gentleman of high character and respectable connections; her age is twenty. She is tall, with dark eyes and hair, and would make an affectionate and industrious wife.

AN ASPIRANT OF THE MUSES.—The expression of passion, sentiment, or pathos is the most common and universal of all sources of poetical pleasure. It is the very soul of all early and simple poetry, and pervades no less that of the most civilized communities. Yet this class of poetry is less truly and emphatically poetical than the imaginative,

although more popular. The pleasure occasioned by it is of a mixed nature, and arises from the excitement of peculiar sympathies, not produced but heightened only by the form in which that excitement is conveyed. This is the reason why mere popularity is not a test of the elegance of poetry. The uncritical reader calls that the best poetry by which he is most pleased.

WALTER MANFRED, who is nearly twenty years of age, fair complexion, height 5 ft. 6 in., good-tempered, fond of home, and in a business of his own worth £100 a year, would like to marry a young lady about seventeen or eighteen years of age.

LILY of the VALLEY posifies that she is disengaged. "Lily" is very fair, with light, long, curling hair, bright blue eyes, highly accomplished and thoroughly domesticated. She is seventeen, and has good prospects. A dark gentleman is "Lily's" *beau idéal*.

R. SMITH.—No; labor is the sole source of exchangeable value, and consequently of wealth. It is the talisman that has raised man from the condition of the savage; that has changed the desert and the forest into cultivated fields; that has covered the earth with cities and the ocean with ships; that has given us abundance, comfort and elegance, instead of want, misery and barbarism.

"All is the gift of industry; whatever Enslaves, embellishes, and renders life Delightful."

A ROUGH PEBBLE sends us the following: "Mr. Editor, I consider compliments, no matter whether coming from male or female, as nothing more than prismatic bubbles, blown with the assistance of 'soft soap.' What do the ladies, especially, think of the 'pebble'?"

VIOLETT.—It is a weak experiment to call in gratitude as an ally to love. Love is a debt which inclines us always to pay obligation never; and the moment it becomes lukewarm and evanescent, reminiscences on the score of gratitude only serve to smother the flame. Rely upon it, you are still heart-whole.

THE MARINER'S FAREWELL.

I love thee! I love thee! yet bid thee adieu!

The dark clouds are flitting my pathway above, The home of my youth soon will fade from my view, But my lone-star shall still be the light of thy love.

The grin frown of Fortune is now hanging o'er me, The sunshine of Hope has long fled far away, My course through the future uncertain before me, And only illum'd by thy love's gentle ray.

I love thee! I love thee! but, dearest, awhile We part till the gloom of the present is gone; The dark clouds may vanish, and Fortune may smile, And I, safe returning, may claim thee anon.

I love thee! I love thee! but, dearest, adieu— My comrades await me, my boat stems the tide— Yet ever to thee I'll be faithful and true, For thy love is my lone-star, my trust, and my guide.

OMEGA Z.

T. JOHNSON.—Your letter almost put us out of patience. You write nonsense; why should "you despise the world and all that is in it?" The world is a very good world; and was not made simply to be despised by us. You have evidently imbibed the detestable cant of some false teacher of the Mawworm tribe.

A SUFFRAGER.—The following simple method is given by a person who has been cured of stammering:—Take a large kernel of barley or wheat, or a smooth pebble, and place it under the tongue, in the centre and as far back as possible; and keep it there, except when eating or sleeping, until the cure is complete.

J. F. W., who is 5 ft. 8 in. in height, twenty-two years of age, of dark complexion, hazel brown eyes, dark wavy hair and moustache, and in moderate circumstances in life, would be happy to correspond with "Maud," and is sure that he would make a good husband. Will "Maud" try the experiment?

G. F.—In the Greek mythology the Elysium Fields is the region to which the souls of the virtuous were said, by the poets, to be transported after death. They are variously represented as a part of the infernal realms, or islands situated in the Western Ocean, beyond the columns of Hercules. The enjoyments of the blessed spirits in this abode were held to consist in the same pursuits as under their delight on earth, carried on in a calmer and happier climate, beautifully described in the well-known passage in the *Odyssey*:

"Thou to the Elysian plains, earth's farthest end,
Where Bhamandanthus dwells, the gods shall send;
Where mortals easiest pass the careless hour;
There neither winter comes, nor snow, nor shower;
But o'er them ever to refresh mankind,
Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."

CLARA BELL.—The substances applied to the teeth, to cleanse and beautify them, are called dentifrices. The ingredients employed should not be too hard or gritty, lest they should injure the enamel of the teeth; nor should they be too soft or adhesive, for, in that case, they would adhere to the gums and be disagreeable. Finely-powdered pumice-stone is one of those substances that act entirely by mechanical attrition, and is hence an objectionable ingredient in tooth-powder intended for daily use. It is, however, generally to be found in the various advertised dentifrices, which are remarkable for their rapid action in whitening the teeth. Finely-powdered Bath-brick is another substance of a similar nature to pumice, and like that article, should only be occasionally employed. Oatmeal, fish-bone, coral and prepared chalk are also commonly used for the same purpose, but the latter is rather too soft and absorbent to form the sole ingredient of a tooth-powder. Charcoal acts partly mechanically and partly by its chemical properties of destroying foul smells and arresting putrefaction. For this purpose it should be nearly burnt and kept in well-closed vessels, as by exposure to the air it rapidly loses its antiseptic powers. Powdered rhubarb, cinchona bark, and catechu are used as astringents, and are very useful in foulness and sponginess of the gums. Myrrh and mastic are employed on account of their presumed preservative action. Sulphate of potash and cream of tartar are often used, because of the grittiness of their powders and their slight solubility in water. Phosphate of soda and common salt are often employed, and possess the advantage of being

readily removed from the mouth by means of a little water. Among those substances that chemically decolor and remove unpleasant odours are charcoal, and the chloride of lime and soda. The two latter may be used by brushing the teeth with water to which a little of their solution has been added. A very weak solution of chloride of lime is commonly employed by smokers to remove the odour and colour imparted by tobacco to the teeth. The juice of the common strawberry is an elegant natural dentifrice, as it readily dissolves the tartarous incrustations on the teeth, and imparts an agreeable odour to the breath.

ALIX.—A pontoon is a kind of flat-bottomed boat, generally lined within and without with tin. Our pontoons are about 21 feet long, 5 feet broad, and 2 deep. They are carried along with an army for the purpose of making temporary bridges, called *pontoon bridges*, by which an army is pursued over rivers.

E. D. F.—Kaolin is nothing more than the Chinese name for porcelain clay. Its essential component parts are silica and alumina; the former usually preponderates. The kaolin of Cornwall, and probably of other countries, is derived from the decomposition of the felspar of granite rocks.

J. COX.—Take time before you come to the conclusion you speak of. Your Flora may have many more virtues than have yet disclosed themselves to your eyes. Remember that when a prejudice is formed, it is like a perspective glass, which magnifies things at one end, and diminishes them at the other.

L. M. N.—The Elgin marbles, which you say you hear so much about, consist chiefly of the decorations of the Parthenon at Athens, and are now deposited with some additions at the British Museum. They consist of ancient bas-reliefs, statues, &c., and are unquestionably the finest productions of sculpture in the world.

A. T. P.—We do not believe that servants are "the greatest plague of life," as it is the flippant fashion to declare. The expression is a mere pet, parrot phrase, and, if it means anything, indicates a heartless want of consideration on the part of those who utter it. We recommend you to think over the advice of wise old Fuller: "If thou art a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf."

GEORGE EVANS would have much pleasure in corresponding with "Constance." He has an income of £200 per annum, and on the death of an aged relative expects a considerable increase. His position is that of army surgeon. Will be happy to exchange *cartes-de-visite*, is over 6 ft. in height, has dark hair and complexion, and is generally considered handsome.

PETER WRIGHT.—The term horse-power, as applied to steam engines, refers to the weight which they are capable of raising to a given height in a given time. Watt estimated a single horse-power at 32,000 pounds, avoirdupois, lifted to the height of one foot per minute; this is, however, nearly double the work of a single horse, as usually applied to raising weights.

DAMES.—If she does not by-and-bye, in conversation, throw off her sentimentality, you may safely come to the conclusion that her feelings for you are not very deep. The less water you have in your kettle the sooner it begins to make a noise and smokes; and people who are always talking sentiment are generally very shallow in their feelings.

A. JAMES.—If we are to credit Foster, and we are not acquainted with a better authority, that implies little and common, battle. He further adds that it was invented in Wales in the reign of Canute, and false dice were much used in the game. The board of the thirteenth century is not divided in the middle, and the points are not pyramidal but parallelograms.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—CLARA HANCOCK: We have not been able to learn what is the diminutive of the name, for a cognate one, however, what of Maria, we believe "E" is used familiarly.—AN AMATEUR: We could not supply you with the proper amount of information in our limited space. Consult some practical man.—DESPAIRING OKE: You need not despair for anything we can see; from your description of yourself we should think you are likely to "get an offer." Handwriting requires improvement.—CONSTANT READER: At present we cannot call to mind any work on the art of appearing and cannot consequently tell you the price. We may be able to supply you with some practical details in a week or two.—A. B. S.: We believe the practice is illegal. Beins should, of course, be of proper strength—no peculiar thickness is imperative.—JOSIAH L.: Your handwriting would do very well for an attorney's office.—FLOWERY: We will not lose sight of your request. Have you consulted the "oracle" of cookery?—LIZELLE: When you meet with the "pretty, golden-haired, pliant, warm-hearted little maiden who seems to be your ideal, your war, and you will have taken the best means to ascertain whether she will consent to be your wife. You know, probably, that Shakespeare says, "He that bath a tongue is no man, if, with his tongue, he cannot win a woman."—BETA: Declined, with thanks.—LITTELLA EVEREST: We do not know the precise date, but will make inquiry.—HARLEY: The Duke of Angoulême, the Pretender to the Danish Duchies, is, by marriage, a nephew of Queen Victoria.—LARA: If you cannot inspire your charmer with love for you, fill her to the brim with love of herself, and all that runs over will be yours.—J. W.: You will very kindly find all the information which you require in Dr. Lardner's "Museum of Science and Art," of which volume six treats of the locomotive.

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PART 11, VOL. II.—APRIL, 1864.

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